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THE

SERVANT's FRIEND,

AN

EXEMPLARY TALE:

DESIGNED TO ENFORCE THE

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTIONS

GIVEN AT

SUNDAY AND OTHER CHARITY SCHOOLS,

BY POINTING OUT THE PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF THEM IN A STATE OF SERVICE.

SEVENTH EDITION

By Mrs. TRIMMER.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of the following little work assumes the title of the *Servant's Friend*, which she hopes will be allowed her by those for whose use it is designed, as she writes with a sincere desire of promoting their interest and happiness, by pointing out the proper application of that learning, which is bestowed upon them through the benevolence of their superiors.

By the institution of Sunday schools, Christian knowledge is liberally dispensed to the poor, and many children, who would otherwise have been left in the most deplorable ignorance, will now be brought up in an habitual discharge of religious duties. But a time will come when each must leave the societies in which they enjoy the advantage of good instruction, and go out into a world abounding with vice and impiety: where they will meet with many temptations, and be exposed to the ridicule of the impious and profane.

Domestic servants, in particular, are liable to be engaged in a variety of trying scenes; it is therefore necessary that they should prepare themselves beforehand to *resist evil*, and *hold fast that which is good*; instead of going to service, as too many do, with no other view but to their *worldly* profit and advantage. The connexion between masters and mistresses and servants is of a very endearing nature; and the happiness of each depends, in a great measure, on the proper discharge of their respective duties; the frequent neglect of which counteracts the wise designs of Providence in appointing different ranks, and fills the world with just complaints. Heads of families lament that they cannot confide in the fidelity and affection of their domestics; servants allege, that

they cannot look up to their maſters and miſtreſſes for examples of religious virtues; and that, inſtead of being conſidered by them as humble friends, they are regarded as mere mercenary ſlaves. To which ſide the greateſt ſhare of blame belongs, is hard to determine; but the *Servant's Friend* will venture to aſſure them, that, however faſhion and infidelity may render many in ſuperior ſtations unmindful of family duties, there are ſtill numbers of maſters and miſtreſſes ſincerely diſpoſed to act with kindneſs and juſtice; who know when they are well ſerved, and rejoice to reward merit: nor are ſuch difficult to be found by thoſe who prefer a quiet regular life, with moderate profits, to ſcenes of licentious riot and profuſion; and who can be contented to remain in good places when they have met with them.

If any hints contained in the following pages ſhall contribute to direct the young and inexperienced in a proper choice of maſters and miſtreſſes, or tend to regulate their conduct in ſerving them conſcientiouſly, the Author will rejoice in the idea of having been eſſentially uſeful to ſociety.

THE

SERVANT's FRIEND.

CHAP. I.

THOMAS SIMPKINS, when a little boy, was an exceedingly dutiful good child; the comfort of his father and mother, who were very induſtrious honeſt people: they taught him betimes *to fear and ſerve God*, and *to do unto others as he would they ſhould do unto him*; and he paid ſuch regard to their inſtructions, that he never neglected to ſay his prayers morning and evening, nor on any account miſſed going to church twice a day on Sundays, unleſs prevented by illneſs or attending on his father and mother, if they chanced to be ſick. Neither would he injure or vex any human creature, or hurt by deſign even a worm or a fly. When Thomas was about ten years old, his father died of a fever, which grieved him very much, and he feared it would break his poor mother's heart; but ſhe was a good woman, and in a ſhort time tried to overcome her grief, for ſhe conſidered that God Almighty knows what is beſt for all his creatures; and, as her huſband had led a pious life, ſhe truſted that he was gone to a better place, where, as he told her on his death-bed, he hoped he ſhould be happy for ever, and ſhe would meet him again, if it was not her own fault.

When Thomas ſaw his mother eaſier in mind he began to be ſo too; though ſcarcely a day paſſed in which the remembrance of his father's tenderneſs to-

him did not draw tears from his eyes; he miſſed him at every meal; and, alas! both he and his mother miſſed the fruits of his induſtry, which the good man did not ſpend at an alehouſe, but conſtantly brought home to his family.

Fortunately for Thomas, he had been uſed to work from his infancy, and he was a fine ſturdy ſtrong boy; he therefore prayed to God to give him a continuance of health and ſtrength; and aſſured his mother that he would do every thing in his power towards earning his living; and ſaid he did not doubt but that the Almighty would bleſs both her and him, as he had heard his father read in the Bible, that "*the "Lord is a huſband to the widow, and a father to the "fatherleſs, if they put their truſt in him.*" The poor woman rejoiced greatly at hearing her ſon talk in this manner, and declared her own truſt in the Almighty, who ſhe ſaid *would never leave nor forſake his faithful ſervants.* Though poor Simpkins had beſtowed what time he could ſpare in teaching Thomas to read, the boy was not in his Teſtament; for his father had no leiſure to inſtruct him, excepting on Sundays, and ſometimes on evenings in the week, when the weather was bad, for he was a very hard working man, and made it a cuſtom to put his own little garden to rights when he came home from his daily labour; and many a nice diſh of peaſe and beans, &c. he obtained for his family this way, which they would not otherwiſe have been able to procure. Mrs. Simpkins could not read a word herſelf, for ſhe was never taught when young; and after ſhe became a wife ſhe had ſo much to do, that ſhe had no time to learn in the week, and her huſband could not well teach her and his ſon too on Sundays, as they went to church twice a day, and he liked to read the Scriptures to them beſides. Mrs. Simpkins felt great concern that the Bible, which the Rector had given them, and which contained ſo much comfort for the afflicted,

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was in a manner useless to her, because she did not know how to read; but flattered herself she should get Thomas into the charity-school the next year, and, till he was able, she hoped she should find some good neighbour or other, who would step in now and then and read a chapter to her; "for," said she, "Thomas, we had better be without bread, than without hearing the word of God."

But though this worthy woman had such pious thoughts, it was not her wish to be reading and praying all day long, because she knew that it was the duty of poor people to labour for their food and raiment; she therefore resolved to continue to be industrious, and to go out to washing and ironing, as she used to do. Thomas also applied to a neighbouring farmer, who had long employed his father; and, as he was a very good boy, he gladly gave him work; so that he earned two shillings a week, all of which he carried home to his mother, who sometimes gained five or six shillings more; upon which they lived very comfortably, without being chargeable to the parish, which was a great satisfaction to them. Not that they were too proud to be beholden to a parish, or to go into a workhouse; on the contrary, Mrs. Simpkins often rejoiced that there was such provision made for the poor: but she said she thought it very cruel and unjust, for those who had their health and limbs, to receive what was intended for people who had no means of getting a livelihood; *it was not doing as one would wish to be done by*; and she was well assured, from what she had heard the parson preach at church, and from what poor John used to read in the Bible, that people who do not mind that rule never will be happy here or hereafter; for JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, taught it as a rule; and therefore it is the duty of every one to mind it; and she thanked God it is so easy, that even such a poor ignorant soul as she might understand and practise it.

By thinking and acting in this manner, the good woman gained the favour of God Almighty, who bleſſed her with good health; and ſhe had plenty of work to do; ſo that her time never hung heavy on her hands in the week day; for, when ſhe was not at Gentlemen's houſes, ſhe had enough to do to mend and make for Thomas and herſelf; and, therefore, had ſhe been able to read, would not have had leiſure for it; but, let her be ever ſo tired, ſhe never failed to ſay her prayers; for ſhe ſaid ſhe ſhould be afraid to go to ſleep before ſhe had begged God's pardon for her ſins, and implored his protection from all evil; for who could tell when they lay down to ſleep that they ſhould ever wake again; and what a dreadful thing it would be to appear before the judgment ſeat of Chriſt, without having made one's peace with God! Thomas followed her example; and after the fatigue of the day enjoyed ſweet repoſe, till the crowing of the cock, the lowing of the cows, and other rural ſounds, awakened him; when he ſprung from his humble pallet, and, having waſhed and combed himſelf, haſtened to begin his daily labour.

Before Thomas's good father died, he had taught him to ſay by heart a few of Dr. Watt's divine ſongs, which he uſed to repeat to himſelf over and over again when at work, and they afforded him great pleaſure; but he had ſo ſtrong a deſire to learn to read better, that he knew not how to make himſelf quite happy without it; and many a time did he pray that God Almighty, of his great goodneſs, would raiſe him up a friend to get him into the charity-ſchool. The Almighty is no reſpecter of perſons; he values not men becauſe they are rich and great, but ſhews them his favour and loving-kindneſs according to the lives they lead: he will grant the prayer of a poor child as ſoon as that of the wiſeſt or richeſt man on the earth, provided he prays in a

proper

proper manner, with submission to his holy will. God alone knows whether what we pray for is best for us or not: many things may appear to us desirable, which, if they were granted, would be very hurtful to us; and therefore, if we pray for particular blessings, we must always pray that God will grant them if they appear good to his infinite wisdom, or else make us contented without them.

Praying for an opportunity of learning to read, in order to be able to know God's will from the Holy Scripture, is such a petition as is very likely to be attended with success; and a child, who offers it with a serious devout mind, may form great hopes that God Almighty will order things so that he shall some way or other have his request granted, especially now that there are so many Sunday schools: but should God ordain otherwise, he ought to rest contented, as he may be certain God will accept his desire of serving him, and not cast him off for ignorance, which he cannot help; but he must in this case be very attentive at church, and treasure up in his mind what he hears there, that he may think of it all the week, by which means he may learn enough to save his soul, if he will but live accordingly.

Thomas Simpkins's prayer was granted; for, about four months after his father's decease, Will Fuller, being old enough to go 'prentice, left the school, and Squire Villars, knowing how industrious Mrs. Simpkins and her son were, very readily promised, on Mrs. Simpkins's asking the favour, that he would get Thomas to fill up the vacancy immediately.

As soon as Mrs. Simpkins went home from the squire's she kneeled down on her knees, and returned humble thanks to God Almighty for his great goodness to her, and then sat down to work, full of the pleasing thoughts that Thomas would soon be a scholar; for she was certain he would spare no pains to learn.

At seven in the evening Thomas came home with a great rent in the only coat he had, having unfortunately torn it with a nail: he had been lamenting to himself that he must trouble his mother to mend it, when perhaps she was already tired with a hard day's work; and that, after all, it would not be fit to go to church in. He entered with a sorrowful countenance, which soon cleared up on his mother's informing him of the squire's goodness.

"Thank God! thank God!" said Thomas; "now I shall learn to read the Bible, and to use a Prayer-book at church. I will take a deal of pains, mother: and, when I have learnt well enough, will read to you every evening as you sit at work; how charming that will be!" Then taking down the Bible from the shelf, on which it was deposited in a neat wash-leather case, he eyed it with delight, and dropped a tear of joy on the cover, which he wiped away with his hand, that it might do no injury; then, putting the Bible again in it's case, he replaced it on the shelf, saying as he did so, "You shall not lie long useless as you have done:" Then turning to Mrs. Simpkins, "And when," said he, "dear mother, am I to go to school?"—"On Monday next," replied she. It was now Wednesday; and the following day he went to return thanks to Squire Villars, who bid him be a good boy: which Thomas with great sincerity promised him he would; and then went to the taylors to be measured for his clothes, as the squire had given notice that he should send him in Will Fuller's room. On Sunday Thomas took care to be early at church, and did not forget, when he was saying his prayers, to return thanks to God for granting him his heart's desire, resolving at the same time to improve the blessing to the utmost of his power.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

AT length the wiſhed-for day arrived; a whole ſuit of apparel was ſent home for him; and Thomas, with a joyful heart, put on the coat of grey, the band and cap, and other articles which compoſed the uniform of the ſchool; and, though there was a badge on the ſleeve of the coat, his pride was not hurt at it, as that of many fourth boys has been, for he conſidered it as a mark which diſtinguiſhed him as one whom God favoured with clothes and the means of inſtruction, which many a poor, naked, ignorant wretch could not obtain. The eyes of his good mother now gliſtened with delight: and folding her ſon to her boſom, "Go," ſaid ſhe, "my dear Thomas, ſtudy your book, that you may learn your duty, and help your mother to learn her's; and be ſure you don't get any naughty tricks." Thomas promiſed he would not; and expreſſed great concern that he could not continue to earn his two ſhillings a week; but the good woman declared ſhe would make any ſhift in the world rather than he ſhould go without learning; and ſaid, ſhe did not doubt but God would grant her bread from day to day, if ſhe uſed her beſt endeavours to earn it, and truſted in his mercy.

Thomas ate his breakfaſt; and his kind mother put into a little bag for him, to take to ſchool for his dinner, a piece of bread and ſome cold bacon; and he waited with great impatience for Dick Long, a neighbour's ſon, who went to the charity ſchool, and had promiſed to call for him. In a few minutes Dick Long arrived, and the two boys ſet off on their walk. Dick Long appeared very dull, which ſurpriſed Thomas Simpkins a good deal, as he was a remarkably briſk boy; but on inquiry he found that

Dick had been out a bird's nesting the evening before, and, having neglected to learn his task, expected to be punished, and was therefore afraid to go to school. Thomas Simpkins said, he never could get up his heart to take birds' nests, for he thought it was very cruel to spoil what the poor little creatures had taken so much pains to make; and it must be a great sorrow for the old birds to lose their young ones. "My poor father used often to ask me," said he, "how I should like to be carried away from my parents, as many poor little birds are; and whether I did not think it would be a great sorrow to both him and my mother to be robbed of me? Never take birds' nests, therefore," said he, "Thomas, for it *is not doing as you would like to be done by*; consider that, my boy."—"Well," said Dick Long, "don't preach about it, I shall hear enough from my master;" he then began to look over his book, to try if he could learn a little of his spelling as he went along; but, unfortunately for him, as he walked without seeing his path he stumbled on a stone, and fell down, and made his nose bleed. In the mean time, Thomas Simpkins amused himself with thinking of the happiness he should have in learning to read, and made hearty resolutions to avoid idleness and cruelty. What pleasure, thought he to himself, can there be in taking birds' nests, equal to what may be found in learning one's duty, and how to please God, so as to go to heaven? At length they arrived at the school, and Thomas, advancing, made his bow to the master, who, pleased with his honest, good natured, open countenance, took very kind notice of him, and told him he was persuaded he would be a very good boy, and deserve the favour which squire Villars had bestowed on him. "I hope, my lad," added Mr. Allen, (which was the schoolmaster's name) "that you understand for what purpose you are sent to this school." Thomas made a bow, and said, "Yes, Sir: I come

here

here to get a little learning, that I may be able to read my Bible, and grow up a good man."—"A very proper anſwer indeed," ſaid Mr. Allen. "The deſign of charity ſchools is to give the children of poor people ſuch a degree of knowledge, as may enable them to learn from the holy ſcriptures their duty to God and man. For this happy advantage they are indebted to the benevolence of perſons in higher ſtations; and they ought to be very grateful for it; I therefore recommend it to you, Tom Simpkins, as you are become my ſcholar, to be very thankful to God Almighty, to whoſe providence you are in the firſt place to aſcribe your good fortune; and I alſo adviſe you to pray for bleſſings on thoſe who founded this ſchool, and on your benefactor ſquire Villars in particular, who gave you admittance into it.

"I ſhall now read you the rules of the ſchool, to which you muſt exactly conform." Mr. Allen then commanded ſilence, and read as follows:

Rules to be obſerved in this School.

I. Every boy is required to be here by ſeven o'clock in ſummer, and eight in winter: and muſt come with his hands and face waſhed, his hair combed, and all his apparel neat and clean.

II. No boy is allowed to talk, ſo as to diſturb others from ſtudying their leſſons.

III. No bad words are to be uſed by any boy belonging to this ſchool.

IV. No boy is allowed to fight a battle with another, neither is he to be called coward for refuſing to fight: for children educated at a charity ſchool are to conſider each other as brethren, and ſhew the utmoſt kindneſs, and no ill-will.

V. No toys, or playthings, are to be produced in ſchool hours, nor any gaming for money practiſed between them.

VI. Thoſe

VI. Thoſe who eat their dinners in the ſchool-room are to obſerve the utmoſt neatneſs, and neither greaſe nor ſlop the floor, forms, deſks, or their own clothes.

VII. No ink is to be wantonly ſpilt, or thrown about; neither muſt the forms and deſks be ſcrawled on, or cut.

VIII. Every book that is to be read in, muſt have a paper put over the cover, and be kept from ſcrawls and dogs' ears.

IX. Each boy is to put his book and ſlate in the proper place before he leaves the ſchool.

X. Every boy muſt make a bow at coming in and going out of the ſchool; and is adviſed to behave with humility and reſpect to perſons in ſuperior ſtations at all times.

Having finiſhed reading theſe rules, Mr. Allen inquired whether Thomas could read; and on finding he was very backward, ordered him to take the loweſt place in the ſchool, which was next to Sam Wilkins, a boy of nine years old, who was remarkably little of his age; Thomas took his ſeat, and determined in his own mind to uſe all his induſtry to raiſe himſelf higher: for, thought he, if a ſtranger ſhould come in he would take me for a great dunce, ſhould he ſee ſuch a little child above me.

It was ſome time before it was Thomas's turn to be called out, for there were nineteen boys to read before him: he ſaw ſeveral of them puniſhed for idleneſs, among the reſt Dick Long: others received praiſes; and Jerry Franks read, wrote, and cyphered ſo well, that his maſter gave him Dr. Watts's divine ſongs, a dozen of which had been left at ſchool by a charitable lady, to be given as rewards to any boys who ſhould be thought deſerving of them. Thomas Simpkins was ſo very good-natured, that he felt ſorrow for thoſe who were puniſhed, and joy for thoſe who were praiſed: ſo that when he ſaw the

book

book presented to Jerry Franks he was exceedingly happy; and, hearing that there were more in the master's possession, resolved to try if he could not get one himself in a short time.

While the other boys were reading and spelling, he sat quite still, not offering to play, though little Sam Wilkins tried to make him do so; but he said, "No, Sammy, I will play with you after school; we must be quiet now." At last it was Thomas's turn to go up to the master, who gave him a new spelling book, in which he wrote his name for him, and the date of the year, and the day of the month: "Now, my lad," said he, "let us see how long you will be before you get into the New Testament: as soon as you can read a chapter in that, I will give you such a book as I have given to Jerry Franks;" then, opening the spelling book, he heard him read some of the easy lessons, which he did tolerably well, though he had lost a good deal of what he learnt before his poor father died.

The boys next came out to say their catechism: here Thomas was at no loss, for his good father had taught it him very perfectly before he died; and he stood up with the rest of the boys. It so fell out that the explanation of the Lord's prayer came to his share, which he said quite right: nor did he miss one word in any of the answers, but repeated them distinctly, and loud enough to be heard: this gained him great credit. It was now twelve o'clock; and, school being over, the boys went out to play. Thomas wished to get acquainted with Jerry Franks, therefore asked him to play at marbles with him, who readily consented, and allowed him to take Sammy Wilkins into their party, as he had promised to play with him.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

AS Thomas's father and mother had kept him very much in, left he ſhould fall among bad boys, and learn id eneſs or wickedneſs, it ſeemed ſtrange to him at firſt to be among ſuch a number; but it was cheerful, and he had excellent ſpirits, and no objection to an innocent game of play.

Among ſo many boys there was a great variety of tempers; and ſome, having better parents than others, were better inſtructed at home, and conſequently were more agreeable in the ſchool; none however were ſuffered to remain there if notoriouſly bad.

Jerry Franks was the head boy in the ſchool; he was very forward in his learning, and a great favourite with all the boys on account of his good-nature, and particular kindneſs to the younger ones.

Whilſt they were at play, Ralph Jennings came up: and ſnatching a handful of marbles from Sammy Wilkins, ſaid to the others, "Are you not aſhamed, you two lubbers, to play with a baby? come and have a game with me." Sammy Wilkins, who was juſt upon the point of winning, and was hurt at being called ſuch a name, coloured exceedingly, and was ready to cry, but kept his tears from falling, becauſe he was reſolved he would not behave like a baby. Thomas Simpkins immediately ſnatched the marbles from Ralph, and gave them, with all that he had of his own, to Sammy; and ſaid to the former, "You are a ſtranger to me, but I muſt needs ſay I think you a very rude boy; what buſineſs is it of yours who we play with? for ſhame, how can you be ſo unkind to Sammy? you were once as little as he yourſelf, and would have thought it hard if nobody would

have

have played with you."—"Hold your tongue," replied Ralph, "or I will give you a knock of the head."—"I mind a knock of the head no more than you do," said Thomas, "and will soon shew you that I do not," and began to pull off his coat. "Stop, Thomas," said Jerry Franks, "you have heard, you know, that it is a rule in the school, that there should be no fighting; and if your master comes, he will have a bad opinion of you, should he see you quarrelling the first day." Ralph now began to fear that Jerry would complain of him, and walked off. Thomas, who was of a lively disposition, and not used to this kind of treatment, knew not how to pocket the affront; but Jerry Franks begged him to consider that it was very wrong for any one to put themselves in a passion, and particularly so for poor boys, who were placed at charity schools to learn Christian virtue. "If we live long in the world," said he, "and go out to be servants or 'prentices, we must not expect every one to bend their temper to ours; it will then be our duty to study the temper of others; and the more patience and meekness we have, the happier we shall be; therefore, the sooner we learn to govern our passions the better."

"What you say is very true," replied Thomas; "but must I have no spirit? am I to suffer all kinds of abuse without resentment? I am sure I would not willingly injure or vex any one; but must I stand still and take knocks of the head without defending myself?"—"By no means," answered Jerry Franks, "it would be dastardly to do that; but you were stripping to fight before you had received one knock, and in a place where you are forbidden to fight by one whose commands ought to be obeyed; therefore, it would not have been a disgrace to you to have refused. It very seldom happens that boys, who are themselves

ſelves good-natured, have occaſion to fight; and I think it a very brutiſh cuſtom to give black eyes and bloody noſes to one another. Poor folks may have opportunities enough of ſhewing their courage, by bearing different kinds of hardſhips, as my father ſays; and we ſhould not add to the ſufferings of thoſe who generally have a pretty large ſhare fall to their lot. Beſides, when you come to read the Teſtament, you will find that our Lord JESUS CHRIST himſelf met with a great deal of ill treatment, and bore it all with meekneſs and patience; and you know all Chriſtians ſhould ſtrive to be as much like him as poſſible." Thomas thought this advice very good, and reſolved to obſerve it. At this inſtant Ralph Jennings came up a ſecond time, and called him *coward*, on which Thomas found his anger riſing again; however he recollected himſelf, and replied with as much calmneſs as he could, "Call me coward or what you will, Ralph, I ſhall not break through the rules of the ſchool, though, were it put to the proof, I believe I could ſoon ſhew you that I have as much courage as yourſelf; and you had beſt not attack me out of ſchool; beſides, if you call me coward, my maſter ſhall know it." He ſpoke this with ſo much ſpirit, that Ralph, who was a mere bully, ſneaked away, fearing that he ſhould meet with more than his match. It was now time to go into the ſchool-room to eat their dinner; and, after they had done ſo, Thomas begged Jerry Franks to hear him his leſſon, which he kindly did. At two o'clock the maſter returned, and each boy took his place. Thomas ſat ſilent as before, liſtening to what the other boys read, and ſometimes looking over his ſpelling, till he was called out, when he ſpelt very well, and received high commendation, which gave him ſuch pleaſure, that

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he returned home with a heart as light as a feather, and his mother rejoiced to see him.

"Well, Thomas," said she, "how do you like school?" "O, vastly well, mother," replied he; "I should love to go, if it was only to hear others read. I have heard so many chapters to-day, you can't think. One boy read about God Almighty's making the world in six days, and commanding the seventh to be kept holy; another about Moses in the bulrushes; another about Elijah's being taken up into Heaven in a fiery chariot; I heard too of JESUS CHRIST being born and laid in a manger, and about his curing the lame and sick, and making blind people see; and a great deal more than I can tell you; but I want to know the whole history from beginning to end." "Then you must make haste and learn to read it," said his mother. "That I will," replied Thomas. Then, producing his spelling-book, "See," said he, "what has been given me for my own!" Thomas then sat down, and learnt a whole column of spelling.

CHAP. IV.

WHEN Thomas went up stairs to bed, before he began to say his prayers, he considered with himself, as his father had taught him to do, what sins he had committed that day, and was very sorry for having been in a passion with Ralph Jennings; however, he hoped that God would pardon him, as he did not *suffer the sun to go down on his wrath*, but had listened to the good advice of Jerry Franks; and then, kneeling down, earnestly besought the Almighty to forgive his offences, as he forgave those who offended him; imploring the aid of Divine Grace, to preserve him

him from anger and reſentment for the time to come; after this, with his heart glowing with piety to God, and charity and good-will to all mankind, he went to bed and ſlept in peace.

The next morning his firſt buſineſs, after he had ſaid his prayers, was to ſtudy his leſſon; and he thought he ſhould be able to pleaſe his maſter, which made him wiſh for the hour of going to ſchool: and, as Dick Long did not come exactly to the time, he ſet off without him, reſolving not to be too late; and indeed he was the firſt boy in the ſchool-room: but Jerry Franks ſoon arrived, and they began to talk about the quarrel which Thomas had had the day before; and this good boy expreſſed his thankfulneſs to Jerry for the part he had taken, and declared his reſolution of making it up: juſt as he had finiſhed ſpeaking, Ralph came in, and Thomas civilly aſked him how he did, and held out his hand to ſhake hands with him, which the other was glad to do, as he found, by inquiry in the neighbourhood, that Thomas was a very different boy from what he at firſt took him to be.

In a ſhort time afterwards the reſt of the boys came, the maſter entered, and ſchool began.

Thomas gained great praiſe from day to day both for reading and ſpelling, and went on extremely well, and nothing remarkable happened the firſt month; but then he was tempted to commit a fault, which, had he done it, would have brought him into great diſgrace.

It was the middle of Auguſt, when the apple and pear trees were loaded with fruit; and in the way to ſchool was a very fine orchard, belonging to a man named Andrew Lifter: it was impoſſible to ſee this fruit without wiſhing for a taſte of it; but Thomas always checked the deſire, becauſe he knew that we are forbidden to covet our neighbour's

bour's goods; gladly would he have purchaſed a halfpenny worth now and then, but the owner being a market gardener, would not ſell ſo ſmall a quantity.

Very near to Thomas lived two charity boys, one named Harry Bird, the other Timothy Cox; they had each of them parents, who attended more to providing for the children's bodies than their ſouls; and thought, when they had earned food for their families, they had done the whole of their duty, leaving it entirely to the ſchoolmaſter to teach them religious principles. Mr. Allen was extremely diligent in this reſpect, but he could not anſwer for their conduct when out of his ſight; and thoſe who had not good adviſers and examples at home, were very apt to forget what he ſaid to them.

All perſons, who put their children to charity ſchools, ſhould have a particular care to behave well themſelves; for it is a dreadful wicked thing for a parent to lead a child aſtray from the path of goodneſs, when God Almighty's Providence has put them into it. This, I am ſorry to ſay, both Harry Bird and Tim Cox's parents did, though they had the good luck to get their ſons into the charity ſchool; and would often boaſt before the children how they had taken people in, as they called cheating and telling lies; ſo that, though the boys were taught their catechiſm like the other ſcholars, they thought, from what their parents ſaid and did, there was no harm in pilfering little things. As Mrs. Simpkins knew what ſort of folks Bird and Cox and their wives were, ſhe had deſired Thomas not to make acquaintance with their ſons; but when they became his ſchoolfellows he could not be quite ſo ſhy of them as he was before, and ſometimes they would call in their way to ſchool, but had never happened to meet with him

till

till the day I am now ſpeaking of, becauſe he was, in common, too early: however, at this time having a ſcheme in their heads, to throw the blame on him if they were caught, they took care to be in time.

They ſaid nothing to Thomas till he was out of the houſe, leſt his mother ſhould hear; but, as ſoon as they were out of doors, mentioned their intention to him, and ſked him to join them, ſaying they might fill their pockets and ſatchels without being caught, as Andrew Liſter and his ſons were gone to market; and that they might ſoon run to Harry Bird's mother, who had promiſed to make ſome apple dumplings for dinner; and as it was a half-holiday, it would not ſignify playing truant for once, for they might eaſily invent an excuſe to deceive their maſter: they aſſured Thomas he ſhould have his ſhare of the apple dumplings, if he would go home and dine with them; but this good boy could not be perſuaded to join in any ſuch thing; he had the fear of God before his eyes, and told his companions he would not ſteal ſo much as a ſingle apple for the world: it was not doing by others as he would wiſh to be done by. "If every body ſhould take it into their heads," ſaid he, "to help themſelves, no one would know what to call his own, and poor neighbour Liſter would have nothing left to maintain his family. I remember ſome texts of ſcripture, that my poor dear father taught me by heart, which would keep me from ſtealing and lying as long as I live. Pray let me repeat them to you." But neither Harry Bird nor Timothy Cox would ſtay to hear them; they ſaid Tom might do as he pleaſed, but for their part an apple pudding they would have, let the Scriptures ſay what they would againſt it; and they threatened hard how they would ſerve Thomas, if he told of them; ſo away they went, leaving him to go to ſchool by himſelf.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

WHAT to do poor Thomas did not know; he was very averſe to telling tales, and yet he thought concealing the matter was making himſelf a party in the theft: ſo he determined to conſult his friend Jerry Franks upon the ſubject. Very luckily Jerry and he were, as uſual, the two firſt boys at ſchool, and it was a quarter of an hour before any others arrived. Thomas opened his heart, and told the whole affair, which Jerry was very ſorry to hear; but ſaid he thought he ought on no account to conceal it, and he wiſhed Thomas had ſtopped at Andrew Liſter's houſe as he came along, to tell his wife of it, as the apples would be a great loſs; however, he would by all means adviſe him to do ſo as he went back, if he found the robbery had been committed, but not to tell the other boys, as it was poſſible Harry and Tim might think better of it, and not do as they threatened. Thomas's head was ſo full of this diſagreeable affair, that he could not attend as uſual to his leſſons, and made ſeveral miſtakes when ſpelling to his maſter, which ſurpriſed Mr. Allen a good deal; who, perceiving that he had great difficulty to keep his tears from falling, aſked him what was the matter with him; Thomas replied, that ſomething vexed him, but he begged his maſter would give him leave to keep it to himſelf. "Well, Tom," ſaid Mr. Allen, "I can't think you have any wickedneſs in your heart, ſo will not aſk you: but if there is any thing I can do to ſerve your mother, let me know, and I will do it." Thomas thanked his maſter, but ſaid his mother was well, and in no want at preſent; and then ſat down, longing for the clock to ſtrike twelve.

Mr.

Mr. Allen, on calling over his liſt, had miſſed Harry Bird and Timothy Cox; and expreſſed his ſurpriſe that they were not come, but fortunately did not aſk the other boys if they knew the reaſon of their abſence; ſo that Thomas was not obliged to tell. At length the ſchool broke up; and, as it was was Saturday, they went home at noon; and Thomas begged Jerry Franks would go with him to ſee whether Harry and Tim had done the wicked deed; and if they had, to accompany him to Mr. Allen's.

In their way home they paſſed by the Cage, and were ſurpriſed to ſee a great crowd round it; but what was the aſtoniſhment and grief of Thomas and Jerry Franks, when they found Harry Bird and Tim Cox were confined in it!

It happened, unfortunately for them, that Andrew Liſter, having been ill in the morning, did not go himſelf to market; but being better ſoon afterward, went into his orchard with a neighbour, to ſhew him ſome fine pearmains and golden pippins, of which he hoped to make a great deal of money. He got to the place juſt as the young thieves had filled their pockets and ſatchels; they were ſtill on the trees, Liſter was greatly provoked, and called out haſtily, Get down, you little raſcals! on hearing which, Harry Bird let fall his ſatchel, and attempting to deſcend quickly, fell from the tree, and bruiſed himſelf a good deal: the owner of the fruit ſeized him, and added to his pain by giving him a hard knock or two, with a ſtick he had in his hand; in the mean time Benjamin Godfrey (which was the other man's name) ran to the tree on which Tim Cox was, and catching him by the arm, as he was alighting on the ground, gave him ſo ſudden a twiſt, that he threw him on his face, and made his noſe bleed, ſaying at the ſame time, What, you young villain, you are not contented with ſtealing my eggs, but you muſt have

ſome

ſome apples too! but come along, ſirrah, I am conſtable now, and you and your companion ſhall go to the cage for to-day, and in the evening I will take you before the juſtice. The boys begged and pleaded, but all in vain. Ben Godfrey ſaid it was his duty to take up thieves; ſo, aſſiſted by his neighbour Andrew Liſter, away he took them, and locked them up in the cage, where they ſat, expoſed to the deriſion of all the village, without a morſel of food.

Thomas and Jerry were exceedingly ſhocked indeed, and quite aſhamed of wearing the ſame kind of coat and badge as the wicked boys had on. It was now needleſs to call at Andrew Liſter's; ſo with ſorrowful hearts they returned home to their friends' houſes, but not a mouthful of dinner could they eat; and, longing to know how the matter would end, Thomas Simpkins aſked his mother's leave to go to the juſtice's in the evening, which ſhe readily gave, and he called upon Jerry Franks to accompany him. They arrived at the cage juſt as the boys were taken out by the conſtable, who, tying their arms behind their backs, faſtened a rope to each, and drove them before him, while a crowd of men, women, and children, ſurrounded them, hooting and reproaching them all the way. Not a theft had been committed in the village but they were ſuſpected of it. Theſe, ſays one, are the young rogues that robbed my henrooſt,—and I dare ſay, they ſtole my ducks, ſaid another—I make no doubt but they cut my cabbages, ſays a third.—At length they arrived at the houſe of the juſtice, Squire Villars, the ſame good gentleman that got Thomas into the ſchool. Andrew Liſter was called upon to make his accuſation.

"And pleaſe your worſhip, ſaid he, I am a poor working man, and have a wife and ſeven children to maintain, which, I bleſs God, I have done very decently, by ſelling fruit at market. Though the ſummer has been but bad, my beſt apple-trees bore

very well, so that I thought to make a good deal of money of them, as nobody hereabouts has such fruit; but these young rogues got into my orchard, and have gathered their pockets and bags full; and not only so, but have broke off branches from the trees, which will hurt them for the time to come. Now, please your worship, continued he, it is very hard for a poor man to have his children's bread taken out of their mouths in this manner. What I say, your honour, is very true, for neighbour Godfrey, as well as I, caught them in the fact." Godfrey then declared it was as Andrew Lister said, and that he had reason to think the boys were addicted to theft, and encouraged in it by their parents; and several persons present attested the same. Bird and Cox, and their wives, had followed their sons to the justice's, in order to beg them off; and, on hearing this charge against them, began protesting their own innocence, and pleading for their children, declaring that this was their first offence; adding, that many a boy robbed an orchard without any harm being thought of it: on this the justice commanded silence, and then spoke as follows:

"I know there are many persons in the world, who think it a trifling thing to rob a garden or orchard, and numbers of boys value themselves on their dexterity in doing it. But nothing can be a trifle, which is against the word of God and the law of the land. Now, whoever reads the Bible and Testament, will find that we are expressly charged not to defraud our neighbour; and are told that thieves, shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven: and scarcely any one is so ignorant, as not to know that there are laws appointed for the punishment of thieves, and magistrates to put the laws in execution. It is, therefore, astonishing that any one will be so wicked, or so foolish, as to steal, since they incur the just anger of God, and bring pain and disgrace upon themselves.

ſelves. Whoever takes what belongs to another without his leave, is a thief; ſo that robbing an orchard is no ſuch trifle: if he ſteals from a poor man, he is, as the wiſe king Solomon obſerves, *like a ſweeping rain, which leaveth no food*; and if he ſteal from the rich, it is ſtill *defrauding his neighbour*.

" It is the duty of every one to teach his children, from their early infancy, to be true and juſt in all their dealings; and thoſe who teach them otherwiſe, as I find the parents of theſe boys have done, will be called to a ſevere account for it at the day of judgment, and will be deſpiſed by all the good part of the world. Surely they do not conſider the danger they expoſe their children to; and that they are putting them in the direct way to the gallows; for thoſe who will take little things when they are young, will be tempted to take greater as they grow older; for, having no principle of honeſty in their hearts, or fear of God before their eyes, they will not be ſtopped, by the fear of human laws, from any theft which it comes into their wicked hearts to commit.

" It gives me great concern to have occaſion to puniſh two boys, who, from their dreſs I perceive, belong to the charity ſchool, and therefore ought to have known better than to ſteal, whatever their parents may teach them. They cannot plead the want of either good inſtruction, or good example." Then, turning to his clerk, he deſired him to make out their mittimus. The boys fell on their knees and pleaded for mercy. Their parents entreated moſt earneſtly for them; which moved the heart of Andrew Liſter ſo much, that he begged he might not be bound over to proſecute them. " Well," ſaid the juſtice, " you are very merciful; I will, at your requeſt, and in pity to their youth, diſmiſs them."

" But think not," ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to the boys, " that you are to eſcape ſo, if you are ever brought before me again for the like offence, how-

ever trifling your theft may be. Never take what belongs to another, for the life of thieves is one of the moſt dreadful that can be conceived; they are in continual danger of diſcovery; are afraid to walk about by day, leſt they ſhould be apprehended, and if taken up ſent to priſons, which are ſhocking beyond conception, being filled with wicked wretches, guilty of all manner of crimes, and hardened in guilt, to ſuch a degree, that they are like devils, ſwearing, curſing, and blaſpheming from morning to night. Some are loaded with heavy chains, and confined in dark dungeons, from which they are taken at laſt, and hanged like dogs, or ſent into ſlavery, to work like horſes. Go about your buſineſs now, but take care to let me ſee you here no more." Then, turning to their parents, he ſaid," Have you minded what I have been ſaying? If you have not, conſider it for the future, and do not, through your own wickedneſs, bring your children to a ſhameful death, and occaſion the loſs of their immortal ſouls; make reſtitution to your neighbour for the loſs of his fruit, and correct your boys for the fault they have committed, and be honeſt for the time to come." The boys were then ſet at liberty, and the crowd diſperſed to their reſpective houſes.

CHAP. VI.

THIS ſcene made a ſtriking impreſſion upon Thomas Simpkins and Jerry Franks; and they could neither of them get to reſt, till ſome time after they went to bed; and declared to their friends, that, were they either Tim Cox or Harry Bird, they ſhould never be able to ſhew their faces in the village again. But it was otherwiſe with theſe wicked boys. When they got home, their parents, inſtead of deſiring them to be thankful for the lenity which had

had been ſhewn them, and to remember the good advice they had received, began railing at the juſtice, for being partial to Andrew Liſter; and ſaid they ſaw no ſuch harm in taking a few apples, for that many a ſquire had done ſuch a thing before; by which means they hardened their boys' hearts inſtead of correcting them.

The next morning Thomas and Jerry, when they met to go to church, talked over the laſt day's adventure; and Jerry admoniſhed the other to return thanks to God for preſerving him from the ſnare which had been laid for him, and they both earneſtly beſought God to enable them to reſiſt all temptations to diſhoneſty and deceit.

Thomas greatly lamented that he could not write or read well himſelf, but, with his mother's leave, he went home with his friend Jerry after divine ſervice, who ſearched the Bible, and found, by means of the margin, a number of texts which he read to Thomas, and then wrote down for his own uſe, leſt he ſhould at any time be tempted to ſteal and lie; and he promiſed to give Thomas a copy of them as ſoon as he could read writing; and they both reſolved, with the grace of God, to be true and juſt in all their dealings, and to keep their hands from picking and ſtealing, and their tongues from evil ſpeaking, and lying: Jerry alſo read to Thomas the account of the death of Ananias and Sapphira.

As I hope all my readers have better diſpoſitions than Harry Bird and Tim Cox ſhewed, I will here add the texts which Jerry wrote out, as it is likely many good boys may not be able to write them for themſelves, and it is very neceſſary for all perſons to be perfectly acquainted with what the holy ſcripture ſays againſt the vices of ſtealing and lying, which many people practiſe without fear or ſhame, not conſidering the danger they run of loſing their own ſouls. I earneſtly entreat all who read this book to

learn by heart what follows, and alſo Dr. Watts's divine ſong, entitled "*The Thief*," and that "*On Lying*," as ſoon as they ſhall be able to obtain that inſtructive and amuſing book.

Exodus xx. 15. *Thou ſhalt not ſteal.* Prov. xxii. 22. *Rob not the poor, becauſe he is poor: neither oppreſs the afflicted in the gate.* Epheſ. iv. 28. *Let him that ſtole ſteal no more; but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth.* 1 Pet. iv. 15. *But let none of you ſuffer as a murderer, or as a theif, or as an evil doer, or as a buſy body in other men's matters.* 1 Cor. vi. 10. *Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, ſhall inherit the kingdom of God.* Lev. xix. 11. *Ye ſhall not ſteal, neither deal falſely, neither lie one to another.* Prov. xxiv. 28. *Be not a witneſs againſt thy neighbour without cauſe; and deceive not with thy lips.* Zech. viii. 16, 17. *Theſe are the things that ye ſhall do; ſpeak ye every man the truth to his neighbour; execute the judgment of truth and peace in your gates; and let none of you imagine evil in your hearts againſt his neighbour; and love no falſe oath; for all theſe are things that I hate, ſaith the Lord.* Eph. iv. 25. *Wherefore putting away lying, ſpeak every man truth with his neighbour: for we are members one of another.* Eccleſ. vii. 12. 13. *Deviſe not a lie againſt thy brother; neither do the like to thy friend. Uſe not to make any manner of lie, for the cuſtom thereof is not good.* Prov. xii. 22. *Lying lips are abomination to the Lord; but they that deal truly are his delight.* Pſ. v. 6. *The Lord will abhor both the blood-thirſty and deceitful man.* Prov. xii. 19. *The lip of truth ſhall be eſtabliſhed for ever; but a lying tongue is but for a moment.* Prov. xxix. 5—9. *A man that flattereth his neighbour ſpreadeth a net for his feet. In the tranſgreſſion of an evil man there is a ſnare: but the righteous doth ſing and rejoice. The righteous conſidereth the cauſe of the poor: but the wicked regardeth not to know it.* Rev. xxi. 8. *All liars ſhall have*

have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimſtone: which is the ſecond death. Eccleſ. xx. 24, 25, 26. *A lie is a foul blot in a man, yet it is continually in the mouth of the untaught. A thief is better than a man that is accuſtomed to lie: but they both ſhall have deſtruction to heritage. The diſpoſition of a liar is diſhonourable, and his ſhame is ever with him.* Pſ. ci. *I will ſing of mercy and judgment; unto thee, O Lord, will I ſing. I will behave myſelf wiſely in a perfect way; O when wilt thou come unto me? I will walk within my houſe with a perfect heart. I will ſet no wicked thing before mine eyes: I hate the work of them that turn aſide; it ſhall not cleave to me. A froward heart ſhall depart from me.* Pſ. cxix. 163. *I hate and abhor lying: but thy law do I love.* Pſ. cxx. 3, 4. *What ſhall be given unto thee, or what ſhall be done unto thee, thou falſe tongue? Sharp arrows of the mighty, with coals of juniper.* Prov. xix. 22. *A poor man is better than a liar.*

CHAP. VII.

THE next morning Thomas and Jerry, when they met to go to church, talking over the laſt night's adventure, and agreed in opinion, that Tim and Harry would never have the aſſurance to come to ſchool again; but they were miſtaken; for on Monday they both attended, having been perſuaded by their parents that their ſchool-fellows would laugh at the matter; and that, as they had paid Andrew Liſter, their maſter had no buſineſs with them. But they were deceived; for though many of the boys had faults, there was not one beſides themſelves who would have robbed a poor man's orchard; and not one of them would play with, or even ſpeak to, thoſe who had.

As ſoon as Mr. Allen had taken his ſeat, he called

them out before him, and ſaid, "I am really aſtoniſhed, Harry Bird and Tim Cox, to ſee you here after the crime you have been guilty of. How can either of you put on that coat and badge, which are the marks to diſtinguiſh boys educated in the principles of the Chriſtian religion? that divine religon, whoſe laws you have ſhamefully broke! You have not only done an injury to Andrew Liſter, but to the ſchool you belong to. As it is publicly known that you have been guilty of theft, ſome perſons may think ill of the inſtitution, and withhold their benefactions, ſo that in effect you may be ſaid to rob the ſchool itſelf. On this account I cannot keep you here; therefore, according to the orders I have received from the truſtees, I expel you, as unworthy of the charity, which was intended for good boys." Timothy and Harry immediately went away: their ſchool-fellows were much affected at this ſentence, but it was neceſſary and proper that Mr. Allen ſhould act thus, for the ſake of the other boys.

Timothy and Harry returned to their parents, who with their uſual folly blamed Mr. Allen; and inſtead of inſiſting on their boys begging pardon, and promiſing good behaviour for the future, ſaid they did not value him, nor the charity ſchool either, nor would they live any longer in the village; ſo in a ſhort time they left it, and went to a place at which they were not known, where they continued their bad practices; and their boys grew ſo wicked, that at laſt one turned highwayman, and was hanged; the other committed ſome crime, for which he was condemned to work in the ballaſt lighters.

Thomas Simpkins improved daily in his learning: in ſix weeks time he got above Sammy Wilkins, but did not exult over him, though he could not help rejoicing that he was no longer the loweſt boy in the ſchool. In two months time he was able to ſpell words of four ſyllables, and to read the Teſtament and the

the Prayer Book; and then his maſter gave him Watts's divine ſongs, and put him higher in the ſchool, and began teaching him to write and cypher; and Thomas took great delight in the hymn book, which had been given him as a reward; and learnt to repeat a number of the hymns by heart, and to anſwer moſt of the queſtions in a book concerning the catechiſm, which was uſed in the ſchool; and he added ſome of the hymns to his morning and evening devotions, ſeldom omitting that which contains praiſes to God for learning to read.

But it happened, unfortunately for poor Thomas, that his mother was taken ſo ill that ſhe could not go out to work; and, having no money beforehand, ſhe did not know what to do for bread. Thomas, though very unwilling to loſe his learning, could not bear to leave her long by herſelf in that condition; ſo ran to ſchool, and begged his maſter to excuſe his not going till ſhe was better. The maſter, knowing that he was too fond of his book to wiſh to ſtay away, readily conſented: but ſtill the principal diſtreſs remained? Thomas's mother was ſick, and he had no means of getting any thing to do her good, which made him cry ſadly at firſt; but he ſoon recollected that he had read in many places in the Bible and Teſtament, that *God has promiſed to hear all his faithful ſervants, who call upon him in the day of trouble*; and he was ſure God would keep his promiſe; he therefore fell on his knees, and beſought the Almighty to have compaſſion on his diſtreſs; and, if it was his good pleaſure, to reſtore his dear mother to health, and to put it into the heart of ſome good Chriſtian to relieve them.

His prayer was heard, for God Almighty's providence ſo ordered it, that an account of this good woman's illneſs was carried to Mrs. Andrews, a very charitable humane lady in the neighbourhood, who came that afternoon to ſee her, gave her money for a

preſent ſupply, and ſent her from day to day medicines and nouriſhing things, till ſhe was quite recovered, and able to work again. The ſchoolmaſter alſo recommended her to the rector, who made a little collection; to which all the gentry, who heard what a good woman Mrs. Simpkins was, readily contributed; and her poor neighbours came and did what they could for her; and when ſhe got well ſhe had money enough left to pay a quarter's rent, which ſhe had been in great care about: ſo ſhe and Thomas were convinced that God can bring good out of evil, and turn misfortunes into bleſſings.

When Thomas's mother was quite recovered, he went to ſchool again, and uſed his beſt diligence to recover his loſt time; though indeed he had not entirely neglected his learning; for while he ſat by his mother's bedſide, he got his taſk every day, in the ſame manner as if he had been expected at ſchool: and his maſter was ſo good, as not only to hear him repeat them, but alſo gave him, as a reward for his induſtry, a book called the Chriſtian Scholar; and at the ſame time recommended him as an example to the reſt of the boys, who were in general glad to hear his praiſes, and reſolved to be like him. It is ſo natural to deſire praiſe and commendation, that one wonders every boy ſhould not endeavour to obtain it; and yet many act as if they were indifferent in reſpect to what the world think of them, not conſidering the value of a good character, which often puts people forward in the world, and is of more advantage to them than a large ſum of money without it. "*A good name*," (ſays the wiſe king Solomon) "*is rather to be choſen than great riches, and loving favour than ſilver and gold.*" It is particularly neceſſary for thoſe who are educated at charity ſchools, becauſe no perſon will take them after they come away without a character from the maſter: and ſurely no teacher will be induced to ſpeak well

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of one who does not deserve it. Besides it is to be remembered that our LORD JESUS CHRIST himself did not despise the good opinion of the world; for it is said of him, that when but twelve years old *he increased in wisdom and stature, and grew in favour with God and man.*

CHAP. VIII.

IT would make my story too long were I to give an account of every remarkable instance of Thomas Simpkins's good behaviour while he went to the charity school; but there is one particular which I cannot pass over, because many boys are not so scrupulous on the subject as they ought to be, and perhaps some who read this history may be the better for his example. He would not pay away a bad halfpenny, knowing it to be so, on any account, because he thought it was cheating, as it could not be properly called money; and besides he was afraid that at last it might come to some poor wretch who had not another in the world; and he had rather work a day, or even a week more, than that this should be the case; for a thing which happened a little before he went to school, made his very heart ache, and he could never mention it without tears in his eyes. It was this: When he came home from work one evening, his mother sent him to the chandler's shop for a three-penny loaf. At the same time a very miserable looking man came in, and desired to have a quartern loaf and a pound of cheese, for which he laid down a shilling. The man of the shop looked at it, and said it was a bad one: at hearing this the poor creature was ready to sink into the earth, and declared he did not know it to be so; but the shopkeeper immediately drove a nail through the shilling, and fastened it to the counter, bidding

him be gone for a cheat. The poor wretch, who was lame and could not work, had not another farthing; and this ſhilling had been given him in charity by a ſtranger: ſo he was obliged to go away without the bread and cheeſe. Thomas followed him, and ſaw him enter an old barn, where four children met him, crying out with one voice, "Where's the bread and cheeſe, daddy?" The little creatures had had no food all day; their poor father could not tell them he had none for them, but burſt into tears, and threw himſelf on the ground, endeavouring to ſtifle his ſobs.—Thomas, who could not bear the ſight of ſo much diſtreſs, ran home, and begged his mother to carry them ſomething to eat. Mrs. Simpkins, having had but little work that week, was rather ſhort of money; however, ſhe thought of *the widow's mite*, and reſolved to give all ſhe had to theſe poor ſtrangers, who were ſo much worſe off than herſelf; ſo ſhe cheerfully took the three-penny loaf, and her ſtock of cheeſe, and divided it amongſt them. Thomas alſo fetched a meſs of milk, which had been provided for his ſupper; this he cheerfully gave to the ſtrangers; and both he and his mother were contented to go without food themſelves; and even rejoiced that God Almighty had put it in their power to feed the hungry, as they had heard the parſon read in the Teſtament, the very Sunday before, that "our LORD and SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST will look upon ſuch actions as done to himſelf, and will reward them in heaven;" and Mrs. Simpkins deſired Thomas to think what happineſs it would be to hear his bleſſed Lord ſay, when he ſhould come in the clouds with all his holy angels, "*Come, ye bleſſed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world—For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat; I was thirſty, and ye gave me drink!*" And how dreadful to hear him ſay, "*Depart,*

part, ye wicked, into everlaſting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels!"

Thomas not only kept his tongue from lying, and his hands from ſtealing, but made a conſcience of playing fair at all games, and never cheated, or made uſe of any tricks; neither could he be prevailed on to play for money; for he ſaid a little loſs was often diſtreſſing to poor folks, and he ſhould be apt to grieve himſelf at loſing, therefore could not enjoy his winnings, leſt he ſhould be the cauſe of grief to others. Beſides, he ſaid, it took off all the pleaſure of *play* to make a *trade* of it. He was alſo very indulgent to the little boys, in teaching them how to ſpin tops, play with marbles, &c. and always took their part when others teaſed them. In ſhort, there was not a virtue recommended in the ſcriptures, but this good boy tried to practiſe it; nor a vice forbid but he tried to avoid it; by which means he paſſed his time very happily; as all people will do, who keep God in all their thoughts, ſo as to fear doing what he has forbid, and love God, ſo as to deſire to do what he has commanded.

CHAP. IX.

THERE is one thing more, which I cannot forbear mentioning, it was ſo very praiſeworthy. In the ſame village where Thomas Simpkins lived was a boy named Dick Howe, whoſe mother was a ſad indolent goſſiping woman, and his father a drunken reprobate fellow; therefore Dick had little chance of knowing his duty; but he was naturally a quiet good tempered lad, though he had learned to ſwear and to uſe dreadfully wicked words. This boy worked for the ſame farmer as Thomas Simpkins had formerly done, and they had agreed very well together; and many a time had Thomas made Dick cry, by talking

talking to him about his wickedneſs; but he uſed to ſay he could not help it, for he did not know when he ſwore, he had ſuch a habit of it. Thomas felt a great deal of pity for this poor boy, but was afraid of being too intimate with him, leſt the ſchool-maſter ſhould have a bad opinion of him. At length it happened that Dick's father and mother both died of the ſmall-pox, and he went to live with an uncle and aunt, who were very ſober good people, and they wiſhed very much to get Dick into the charity-ſchool, but there was no vacancy. Thomas Simpkins thought he might now ſafely keep company with Dick; and hearing what his friends wiſhed about the charity-ſchool, reſolved to try if he could not teach him to read, and accordingly ſet about it: Dick took great pains, and Thomas gained great honour; for he taught him to read very well in the ſpelling book, broke him of ſwearing and uſing bad words, and perſuaded him to go to church every Sunday. He uſed to ſay that he thought ſwearing was a fooliſh as well as a wicked cuſtom, for the words ſwearing people uſed ſeemed often to come in without ſenſe or meaning; and he begged of Dick to conſider that it muſt be a great affront to God Almighty to hear his holy name uſed in that free manner, eſpecially as he had commanded that it ſhould not be *taken in vain*; the meaning of which command his maſter had taught him, was, that no one ſhould uſe the name of God in common diſcourſe. He ſaid, whenever he read or repeated any of the Ten Commandments, he could not help thinking of the awful manner in which they were delivered on Mount Sinai. He then read to Dick Howe that part of the book of Exodus which deſcribes this affecting event; and aſked him, whether he thought that he ſhould ever have dared to ſwear if he had heard the thunderings and ſeen the glory of God. He begged of Dick to remember that the ſame God is preſent at all times, in all places, though he does not appear to

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us as he did to the Iſraelites, and that he has power to ſtrike every preſumptuous ſinner dead in an inſtant who dares to break his commandments, and that it cannot be expected he will bleſs thoſe who wilfully do ſo.

Dick Howe felt the force of this admonition, and promiſed to try to refrain from ſwearing. Thomas adviſed him to pray for divine grace to aſſiſt his endeavours, and, in order to refreſh his memory, begged him to repeat to himſelf every morning, when he ſaid his prayers, the *third commandment* and the following texts of ſcripture, Lev. xix. 12. *Ye ſhall not ſwear by my name falſely, neither ſhalt thou profane the name of thy God: I am the Lord.* Matt. v. 34. *But I ſay unto you, ſwear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is his footſtool: neither ſhalt thou ſwear by thy head, becauſe thou canſt not make one hair white or black.* Matt. xxiii. 16. *Woe unto you, ye blind guides, which ſay, whoſoever ſhall ſwear by the temple, it is nothing: but whoſoever ſhall ſwear by the gold of the temple, he is a debtor.* James v. 12. *But above all things, my brethren, ſwear not, neither by heaven, neither by the earth, neither by any other oath: but let your yea be yea, and your nay nay; leſt ye fall into condemnation.* Eccluſ. xxiii. 9. *Accuſtom not thy mouth to ſwearing; neither uſe thyſelf to the naming of the Holy One.* Eccluſ. xxvii. 14. *The talk of him that ſweareth much maketh the hair ſtand upright: and their brawls make one ſtop his ears.*

About half a year after the death of Dick Howe's father, Jerry Franks left ſchool; and Dick, to his great joy, was taken in his ſtead; and very glad he was that Thomas Simpkins had put him forward, as he was a great boy, and would not have ſo many years to ſtay at ſchool as thoſe who were taken in younger.

Thomas Simpkins continued to go to ſchool till he was fourteen years old; and was for the laſt two years

years very uſeful to his maſter in teaching the younger boys, and was beloved by every one in the ſchool; ſo that when the time came for him to go away, they were very ſorry indeed; however, as Thomas knew that George Ellis wanted to get his ſon into the ſchool, he did not deſire to ſtay any longer; and, thanking his maſter for his kindneſs and good inſtruction, took his leave.

Thomas now found himſelf at a loſs for employment, and could not bear to live a burden upon his poor mother; he therefore reſolved to do any work that he could get, rather than be idle.

His wiſh was to go 'prentice to ſome trade, in which he might have a chance of riſing in the world; but as this could not be done for want of money, nor without leaving his mother, he determined to go to huſbandry work, for the preſent at leaſt; and accordingly engaged himſelf to the ſame farmer whom he had ſerved before, who now agreed to give him four ſhillings a week; and Thomas ſtrove to earn it, for he was very ſtrong, and knew it would be extremely diſhoneſt not to give his beſt ſervice for the wages he received; and he took great care of the horſes he drove, fed them regularly, rubbed them down, and gave them water properly; not only out of pity to the poor beaſts, but becauſe he knew they coſt his maſter a great deal of money.

Though Thomas could read and write, and cypher very well, he was not at all above driving a cart, or a plough; for he thought to himſelf, that a boy had better be without learning than to diſdain getting his bread in any honeſt way that was moſt ſuitable. To be ſure he would rather have had an employment in which he could exerciſe his talents; but *pride was not made for man*; and whilſt he was waiting for ſuch a place as he wiſhed, he might ſtarve for want, or elſe diſtreſs his poor mother: ſo he roſe early, and purſued his daily taſk with a contented cheerful heart,

and

and every evening wrote out ſomething from the ſcriptures, or other good books, and did a ſum or two, to keep his hand in; and read to his mother or elſe to Goody Todd, a poor blind woman, and Gaffer Jefferies, an old infirm man, who lived in the almshouſes. Poor Mrs. Simpkins was very happy in having ſuch a good ſon.

CHAP. X.

WHEN Thomas had worked for farmer Hobſon about a year, it happened that Mr. Brown, the new rector, wanted a ſervant. Thomas's mother thought the place would ſuit him very well, and wiſhed him to go after it; which he was very willing to do, as he had heard the rector was a good man, and would let his ſervants go to church, and alſo inſtruct them in their duty; he therefore begged the farmer to ſpare him; and, having made himſelf as clean as he could, waited upon Mr. Brown, who was ſitting in the parlour with his lady, and deſired he might come in. Mrs. Brown was vaſtly pleaſed with his appearance, but was afraid he was too young to undertake all their work, as they kept a horſe, two cows, four pigs, made butter, and had a little garden to weed and water, beſides waiting at table, cleaning ſhoes, and going of errands; but Thomas thought he could manage all this buſineſs by riſing early in the morning; the only thing he was fearful of was waiting at table; but, on Mrs. Brown's promiſing to inſtruct him, he declared himſelf willing to learn. Mr. Brown then aſked him if he did not once belong to the charity-ſchool, as he thought he remembered his face among the charity boys; and ſoon recollected that he ſaid his catechiſm the beſt of any at church the Sunday he catechiſed the children for Mr. Edwards, the laſt rector; and that, on inquiry who he

was,

was, he had heard an extraordinary good character of him from the ſchool-maſter; this circumſtance ſettled the buſineſs at once; and it was agreed that Thomas ſhould have four pounds a year, and a livery, and go to his place as ſoon as he could; but he begged Mr. and Mrs. Brown would excuſe him till farmer Hobſon could get a boy in his ſtead, becauſe it was a very buſy time with him, and he could not well ſpare a hand. Mr. and Mrs. Brown were not that kind of gentlefolks who think the world only made for them, and ſo that they are ſerved do not care what becomes of other people; they conſidered that it would be worſe for the farmer to loſe one of his hands, than for them to make ſhift without a footboy; and, as there was a neighbour's ſon who could milk the cows, and look after the pigs, &c. for a little while, they deſired Thomas not to leave the farmer unhandſomely on any account; and he made all the haſte he could to his work, not even ſtaying to tell his mother of his good fortune, though he wanted to do ſo very much; however, ſhe was ſo deſirous of knowing how he ſucceeded, that ſhe walked to the field, and there had the ſatisfaction of hearing that he was hired.

In about three days another lad was found to ſupply Thomas's place at the farmer's; and he called in the evening to acquaint Mr. Brown that he could wait on him on the Monday following.

Thomas, from the time he had been able to read his Bible and Teſtament, had made it his conſtant practice to ſtudy his duty from it, and particularly deſired to do ſo, as he was going into a new ſtation of life; for this purpoſe, both before and after church, on Sunday, he employed himſelf in ſearching for the texts that related to the duty of a ſervant, and wrote them down in a little book, which he made for the purpoſe, that he might read them over often, and remember them. The texts he wrote down were as follows:

Epheſians,

Ephesians, chap. vi. ver. 5—8. *Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh with fear and trembling, in singleness of heart as unto Christ; not with eye service as men-pleasers, but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart; with good-will doing service, as to the Lord, and not to men; knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free.* Col. iii. 22—25. *Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh; not with eye service, as men-pleasers, but in singleness of heart, fearing God: and whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men: knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance; for ye serve the Lord Christ. But he that doth wrong, shall receive for the wrong which he hath done: and there is no respect of persons.* 1 Tim. vi. 1. *Let as many servants as are under the yoke count their own masters as worthy of all honour, that the name of God, and his doctrine, be not blasphemed.* Titus ii. 9—11. *Exhort servants to be obedient unto their own masters, and to please them well in all things, not answering again; not purloining, but shewing all good fidelity; that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things: for the grace of God, that bringeth salvation, hath appeared to all men.*—From these texts he learnt that serving a master faithfully, for conscience sake, is esteemed by the Lord as service done to himself, and will be rewarded accordingly in the other world. Thomas resolved to follow the scripture rules as strictly as possible, that he might after death be admitted to the joys of heaven: but knowing that no one, without the grace of God, is able to do his duty, in any instance, he prayed to God to confirm his good resolutions, and give him grace to keep them.

In the evening Thomas called and took leave of his friends, who were sorry to part with him, especially poor Goody Todd, and Gaffer Jefferies; but Dick Howe,

Howe, who was grown a very good boy, promiſed to read to them and Mrs. Simpkins too, which made Thomas very happy; and on Monday morning his mother walked with him to the rector's, but parted at the gate, leſt the family ſhould think ſhe made a ſimpleton of him.

As ſoon as Mr. Brown knew he was come, he called him into the parlour, and ſaid, "Well, Thomas, I have heard ſo many good things of you, that I make no doubt you will behave as you ought to do; but as you have never yet been out at ſervice, I will tell you what I expect from you.

"You will not find me, Thomas, like many maſters, indifferent in reſpect of what becomes of your ſoul, ſo that you do the work I hired you for; on the contrary, I ſhall endeavour to give you ſuch religious inſtruction as you ſtand in need of; ſhall allow you time to ſerve God; and will treat you kindly and juſtly in every reſpect.

"Now, in return for this, I have a right to require you to ſerve me with fidelity. Every ſtate and condition of life, Thomas, has its particular duties. The duty of a ſervant is to be obedient, diligent, ſober, juſt, honeſt, frugal, orderly in his behaviour, ſubmiſſive and reſpectful towards his maſter and miſtreſs, and kind to his fellow-ſervants; he muſt alſo be contented in his ſtation, becauſe it is neceſſary that ſome ſhould be above others in this world: and it was the will of the Almighty to place him in a ſtate of ſervitude.

"I have agreed to pay you wages, Thomas, for which you have agreed to give me your time and labour; therefore, if you ſhould be idle, and neglect my work, and waſte the time which you have in a manner ſold to me, it would be all the ſame as robbing me of my money. You have alſo put yourſelf in ſubjection to me, and your miſtreſs, and are therefore bound to obey all our lawful commands. Many

things

things belonging to me muſt neceſſarily come under your care; and you will have opportunities of waſting my property very much; but depend on it, if you do ſo, God will, at the great day of judgment, call you to an account for it; for he will view all your actions when they are hidden from the eyes of the whole world. Remember this, Thomas, and never do any thing which you would be afraid to do in the preſence of God Almighty. The more ſober, orderly, and regular, you are in your behaviour, the happier you will be; and if you are kind to your fellow-ſervants, you will have a claim to kindneſs from them. I have at preſent two very good girls; but you may chance, in a courſe of years, to fall among ſervants of a different character, who conſider their own intereſt only, without regard to that of their maſter and miſtreſs; I muſt therefore add, that it is not only your duty to be juſt and honeſt yourſelf, Thomas, but to inform me if you ſee my property waſted by others. I mention this, becauſe a miſtaken notion prevails among ſervants, that they are on no account to tell of each other, let them ſee ever ſo many bad practices. Now this is very wrong; for a perſon might as well forbear to diſcover a houſebreaker, or a highwayman, as forbear to tell when they ſee bread and meat given away or waſted. I do not mean, my lad, that you ſhould be a tell-tale, nor will my ears be open to frivolous complaints; all I deſire is, that you ſhould keep nothing a ſecret from me which is of conſequence for me to know.

"Remember alſo, that you, as well as people in the higher ranks of life, have a maſter in heaven whom you are bound to ſerve and obey. By him we are all entruſted with talents, which we are required to improve to the utmoſt of our power. The talents God has committed to you, Thomas, are health, ſtrength, and underſtanding, ſufficient to qualify you for, and enable you to diſcharge the duties

of

of the ſtation he has placed you in; theſe you muſt diligently improve, by endeavouring, on all occaſions, to act by me, and every perſon with whom you have any dealings, to the beſt of your knowledge and abilities. You muſt alſo endeavour, by all proper means, to increaſe your knowledge, in order to be more and more uſeful in the world as you grow older. If you do this, you may hope to meet your Lord with joy, at his coming to judge the world."

Thomas aſſured Mr. Brown that he would always be true and juſt to him; and neither wrong him, nor ſee him wronged, without informing him of it; and that he would never forget he had a ſoul to be ſaved. "Then," replied his maſter, "we ſhall both be happy, Thomas; for you may depend upon all the encouragement you can reaſonably deſire. Go into the kitchen now; your miſtreſs will be back from market preſently, and will tell you what to do."

Thomas then made his bow, and went into the kitchen; where, ſeeing no one, as the maids were buſy in other parts of the houſe, he ſat down, and thought in his mind on what Mr. Brown had been ſaying, which he found quite agreeable to the texts of ſcripture he had written out, and determined to obſerve it.

CHAP. XI.

SOON after the maids came down ſtairs, and ſpoke ſo kindly to Thomas, that he was quite pleaſed; they alſo praiſed their maſter and miſtreſs, and ſaid, if he was not happy in their ſervice, it muſt be his own fault. This was great encouragement to him, and his heart overflowed with gratitude towards God Almighty, whoſe providence had brought him into ſo good a family.

Preſently after Mrs. Brown came in with her two children,

children, a little maſter about ſeven years old, and a young lady about ſixteen. As ſoon as the young gentleman ſaw Thomas, he cried out, "Here's the new boy, mamma, here's the new boy!" and running up to him, ſaid, "Are you come to live with us?" Thomas very civilly told him he was. Mrs. Brown then ſhewed Thomas a little pantry, in which ſtood a dinner tray, the knife caſes, ſome glaſſes, the common tea things, &c. of which he was to have the care; and told him ſhe expected always to ſee every article there, when it was not in uſe, in the very places they then ſtood in. She then gave him a thickſet jacket and waiſtcoat for every day, and a drab-coloured livery, turned up with green, for his beſt, telling him, that ſhe required him to keep his clothes, hands, and face, very clean. She then ordered Joe Peters, who had milked the cows, and fed the pigs, till Thomas could go to his place, to ſhow him where they were kept; and when he came in, it was time to get himſelf ready for dinner; he accordingly dreſſed himſelf in his new jacket, and looked very neat indeed; his miſtreſs was ſo kind as to direct him how to lay the cloth, and wait at table, and was quite ſurpriſed to ſee how handy he was the firſt time; he then went and got his own dinner with the maids; after which little maſter begged the new boy might go with him to fly his kite; to which Mrs. Brown conſented, only deſiring they would be back time enough for Thomas to get tea ready, which, with his miſtreſs's directions, he managed very well; he afterwards milked the cows, and watered the garden; and in the evening ſat down quite comfortably with the maids, who rejoiced to hear that he could read, and entertain them while they worked. Thomas laid his cloth for ſupper, without making any mi-takes; and, as ſoon as he and the reſt of the ſervants had ſupped, Mr. Brown rang a bell to collect his family together, that they might end the day with

religious

religious worſhip; and after prayers every one retired to bed in peace, and took their reſt, truſting that God Almighty would raiſe them up in ſafety.

In the morning Thomas roſe by five o'clock, fed the pigs, cleaned his maſter's ſhoes and boots, put his blacking and bruſhes tidily away, and fed and watered the horſe, by which time the maids were up, who deſired him to fetch in wood and water for them; after which he milked the cow: by this time Mr. and Mrs. Brown were up, who were greatly pleaſed to ſee how forward he was with his work. "This will do, Thomas," ſaid his miſtreſs; "only forecaſt your buſineſs, and you will get through it with eaſe—many ſervants double their work for want of method."

The bell was now rung for morning prayers; after which Thomas and the maids got breakfaſt for the parlour, and then ſat down to their own: the maids then inſtructed him in cleaning knives, rubbing tables, cleaning plate, &c. and when the time came to lay his cloth, he remembered every thing, ſo that Mr. and Mrs. Brown praiſed him. In the afternoon, Thomas and his young maſter (who was brought up, as well as Miſs Fanny his ſiſter, to be very good-natured to ſervants) went into the garden; where, while Thomas worked, the young gentleman diverted himſelf with a little piece of ground, which he called his own garden.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown kept two maids, Betty the cook, and Kitty, who was houſe-maid and dairy-maid; the former had been brought up in the family from a child, and was a good creature; the latter was taken, about two years before, out of a charity-ſchool. Kitty's father and mother lived in the pariſh Mr. Brown came from, which was a good way off; and ſhe was very ſorry to leave them; but as ſhe was in ſo good a place they deſired her not to come away on any account.

It

It was always a rule with Mr. and Mrs. Brown to tell their ſervants, as ſoon as they came into their ſervice, what they required of them; and I have already informed you what this worthy gentleman ſaid to Thomas. Mrs. Brown talked much to the ſame purpoſe to Kitty; but, among other things, deſired her to dreſs in a plain, neat manner, for ſhe did not approve of ſervants flaunting themſelves out, as is the cuſtom now-a-days. She alſo deſired that ſhe would not romp with the men and boys, as it made young women appear very bold; and begged her to avoid putting herſelf in a paſſion, as meekneſs is a great virtue in every woman, and particularly requiſite in thoſe who are placed in a ſtate of ſervice; ſhe likewiſe told her, ſhe expected her to behave well to her daughter, who was now old enough to aſſiſt in doing little things in the family. "I mention this, Kitty," ſaid Mrs. Brown, "becauſe I know it is a very common thing in families, when a daughter is grown up, and her mother wiſhes her to learn how to manage a houſe, for the maids to ſet their faces againſt her, and treat her with inſolence, becauſe they don't chooſe, as they ſay, to have more miſtreſſes than one. Now, if I ever hear an expreſſion of this kind, Kitty," continued ſhe, "I ſhall conſider it as an inſult offered to me; for ſurely I have a right to employ my daughter as I think proper. I know that Fanny is inclined to be a good miſtreſs: and I ſhould think, Kitty, that the more friends a ſervant has in the family the better. My daughter may in time ſettle in the world, and be able to ſerve you when I and your maſter are dead; and ſo may Charles too; therefore it is your intereſt to behave well to the children: I do not mean that you ſhould cant and flatter them; neither ſhall I ſuffer them to tyranniſe over you; Fanny, indeed, knows better than to do ſo; but Charles is younger, and may ſometimes forget himſelf. I expect you to

bear with his little harmleſs tricks; but if he is rude at any time, inform me of it civilly, and I will correct him properly; but if you take upon you to do it yourſelf, I ſhall always ſuppoſe you to be in fault."

Kitty had as excellent a heart as Thomas, and had been brought up in the ſame pious way by her parents. She made the Scriptures the rule of her actions, and conſequently was ſober, diligent, juſt, honeſt, frugal, orderly, and ſubmiſſive.

Mr. Brown gave Thomas a Bible and Prayer-book, which he was very glad of, becauſe he did not like to take thoſe which had been his father's, as they would be wanted for Dick Howe to read to his mother: and thoſe which he had at ſchool he gave to a poor neighbour who could read, but could not afford to buy books. Mr. Brown alſo gave Thomas the Gardener's Kalendar, which he often read, for he took great delight in a garden, and contrived to have every thing early in ſeaſon. The good gentleman had alſo provided ſeveral other books for his kitchen, becauſe he wiſhed his ſervants to have pleaſure as well as himſelf. In theſe Thomas read to the maids whenever he had time, which was very pleaſing to all parties.

CHAP. XII.

IN this manner Thomas lived contented and happy for four years; gave great ſatisfaction to his maſter and miſtreſs, and was much beloved by his fellow-ſervants; he had frequent opportunities of ſeeing his mother; though ſhe made it a point never to go to Mr. Brown's houſe, unleſs Mrs. Brown was ſo good as to aſk her; becauſe, neither ſhe nor her ſon wiſhed to appear encroaching; and they met with the greater kindneſs on account of their modeſty; for

for the good parſon and his lady gave her many a dinner, and beſtowed other favours upon her, which they would not have done if ſhe had been forward and intruſive.

At the end of four years Betty the cook went away to be married, and Suſan Clarke, who had lived in a nobleman's family, was hired in her room. She appeared to be very good-natured, and behaved with the greateſt civility to her maſter and miſtreſs's faces, but ſhe was very deceitful, as you will ſoon find.

Inſtead of taking pleaſure in hearing the Bible and other good books of an evening, ſhe had not been there a week before ſhe brought out a hiſtory, which Thomas began reading, but found it full of nonſenſe about lords, and ladies, and 'ſquires, falling in love with one another, and running away from their parents, and ſhooting themſelves, and ſuch ſort of ſtuff, as neither he nor Kitty at all liked, for it would not teach them any thing of their duty either to God or man.

Suſan next produced a parcel of bal'ads, ſome of which, ſuch as Chevy Chace, the Cobbler who lived in a Stall, the Children in the Wood, Black-eyed Suſan, and a few others, Kitty thought pretty reading, and wiſhed to know the tunes; though ſhe did not believe, ſhe ſaid, that the Children in the Wood could be all true, as Mr. Brown had often told her there were no ſuch things as ſpirits and apparitions. Many of the ballads were full of nothing but indecency, which Thomas was aſhamed to read, and Kitty to hear; ſo he took the whole parcel and flung them into the fire; ſaying that his maſter would not ſuffer ſuch things in his houſe. Suſan was very angry, and went up ſtairs to bed in a huff. After ſhe was gone, Kitty and Thomas talked the matter over; and Thomas ſaid, he thought, as ſervants had but little time for reading, it was right to make

the beſt uſe of it, and not to waſte any time in reading nonſenſe. "Beſides," ſaid he, "Kitty, what reading can be ſo pleaſing as the Bible? I like Robinſon Cruſoe, and the other book of travels my maſter lent us, very well, but they are not half ſo entertaining as the ſtories in the Bible and Teſtament; beſides, how do we know the firſt are true? and we are ſure the latter are ſo, becauſe they were written by holy men, who were taught by God himſelf what to write; and how much prettier the pſalms at the end of the Prayer-book are, and Watts's hymns, than thoſe fooliſh ballads."—"Very true, Thomas," ſaid Kitty; "though I love a merry ſong very well, as ſinging makes work go off lightly, I cannot bear ſuch ſongs as theſe, and think it very fooliſh to ſpend money for ſuch traſh."

The next evening Suſan, being come into temper, brought forth a book, which pretended to interpret dreams, and to tell whether people would have good or bad luck, and what would happen to them by the moles they had; the marks in the palms of their hands; the ſettlings of coffee-grounds, and tea-duſt, at the bottom of cups, and ſo on.

The title of this book was enough to keep Thomas from reading it; for he ſaid the writer of it muſt be a very wicked wretch, to pretend to know what none but God Almighty could know; and he thought it very wrong to wiſh to pry into future things, when there is ſo much ſaid againſt it in the ſcriptures; for his part, he would not have his fortune told for the world; and Kitty proteſted ſhe would not liſten to fortune-tellers, if ſhe were even ſure they could tell true: for ſhe was certain God would not make future things known to ſuch wicked perſons as they uſually were; and it would be wrong for Chriſtians to liſten to their falſehood, or have any concerns with them; beſides, ſhe had heard many ſtories of their robbing houſes, and therefore would

never

never let them enter her master's. Susan laughed at them for a couple of fools, and said they were the dullest fellow-servants she ever lived with in her life.

The next night Susan said she must just step out; and desired they would say, if her mistress asked for her, that she was only gone up stairs, and would be down again in a minute. "I shall tell no stories about it," said Kitty, "for I would not deceive my good mistress on any account:" and Thomas said the same. "Well," replied Susan, "do as you will; if you like to be kept prisoners, I don't; nor shall any parson and his wife in England chain me by the leg;" and away she went. Kitty and Thomas were very sorry to see Susan act in this manner, and said, it was really hard a servant could not ask a mistress's leave; it was not doing as she would be done by. Mrs. Brown, as it happened, did not miss Susan.

When Sunday came, Kitty and Thomas were quite surprised to see the cook, when they were going to church, in a silk gown, curls at her ears, her hair half way down her back, a fine gauze cap, with lappets and streamers, a flounced petticoat, and long train to her gown. The good girl, as well as Thomas, was quite ashamed to walk with her; and both declared they could not go into the house of God with one who looked fit to act a play with strollers in a barn. Susan said, they need not frighten themselves, she was not going with them, she was not hired to go to church; and though madam had given her a long lecture about that and other things, when she came to her place, she should stay from church whenever she thought proper; if she did her work, that was enough for her. So away she went to Lord Townly's, where an old fellow-servant of hers lived as kitchen maid.

It happened that Mr. Brown did duty at another

church that afternoon; and Mr. Brown's little boy being ill, she and Miss Fanny stayed at home to attend him, by which means Susan was not found out. Mrs. Brown indeed saw, from the chamber-window, how foolishly she had dressed herself, and determined to tell her of it the next day. When evening came, Susan pretended to have the head-ach, and went to bed because she did not like to hear a sermon read.

It was very uncomfortable to Kitty and Thomas to have a companion who had such a dislike to every thing that was good; and they consulted together whether to tell their master and mistress of her or not; and at last agreed to let it alone a little while, in hopes she would grow better.

The next morning Mrs. Brown said, "Susan, I was quite astonished to see your dress yesterday, and must insist upon your not making such an appearance again, if you think of continuing in my house." Susan, who was a very great cant, pretended to be very sorry, and said, she supposed gentlefolks liked to see their servants dressed; for her part, where she lived last, she was never thought smart enough. "Well," said Mrs. Brown, "I am of a different opinion, and you cannot dress too plain for me, as I told you when you first came, so pray let me see no more of your gewgaws. Common wages will not afford such things, and they are quite out of character." Mrs. Brown then left her, and Susan immediately burst into a laugh, and said, "So I am too fine for madam! is she afraid I shall be taken for the mistress? Well, I'll soon go where I may dress as I please, though I will humour the old woman all I can better myself." Kitty heard this, and thought it would be right to tell her mistress of it; but never having had occasion to complain of a fellow-servant before, she did not know how to go about it; and besides she thought Susan could not

be

be in earneſt: ſhe therefore reſolved to bring the matter up in the evening, when Thomas would be by: accordingly when they were all ſeated round the table, Kitty aſked Suſan who was her milliner? on which the other deſired to know if ſhe wanted to employ her? "Indeed I do not," replied Kitty, "for I think a neat muſlin cap, with a quilled border, which I can make myſelf, quite good enough for me. Where is the uſe of dreſſing like a lady, when every body knows one is but a poor ſervant? And what pleaſure can there be in ſweeping the dirty ground with a long train, or having the gown drawn up like a window curtain, to ſit upon and crumple all up in a heap? Beſides, what work people muſt have with their lappets and flapdabs, if they make them all themſelves! or what money muſt they coſt if they get others to do them."

"You are a ſilly girl," ſaid Suſan, "and know nothing of the world; one muſt do as other people do. Who beſides the parſon and his wife would hire you, do you think, even in your Sunday clothes? but what would they ſay to you in your working dreſs, with your camlet gown, your black quilted petticoat, worſted ſtockings, and leather ſhoes?" "Never fear," ſaid Thomas, "you would ſooner get a place, Kitty, than any of the dreſſed-up madams, who, as I know by Lord Townly's ſervants, have often a fine gown, with ſcarce a ſhoe to their foot, and white, or rather brown, ſtockings, full of holes, with fringes of rags at the bottom of their petticoats. I have often heard the gentry praiſe Kitty's dreſs, when I have been waiting at tea, and make game of ſervants who try to look like ladies." —"I am glad to hear ſome gentlefolks have a good opinion of me," ſaid Kitty, "though I hope I ſhall not ſoon be in want of a place, for I know when I am well off, and that's more than many do."— "Meaning me for one, I ſuppoſe," ſaid Suſan, "be-

cauſe I ſaid I would go away as ſoon as I could better myſelf;—don't go and blab that; one ſays many things in a joke, that one does not mean."—"I don't like ſuch jokes for my part," ſays Kitty, "and if I hear any more ſhall certainly tell, think what you will of me." As Suſan had not a farthing of money in the world, ſhe was afraid of being out of place, ſo pretended to be ſorry for what ſhe ſaid in the morning, and went on tolerably well for a month or two, but generally ſtaid in her own room of an evening, to read foolith books, or make fine caps, or ſtepped out to Lord Townly's, and ſometimes went to bed rather than hear Thomas read ſuch books as Mr. Brown ſupplied the ſervants with.

CHAP. XIII.

IT was now the depth of winter, and the evenings were very long; Suſan therefore, ſeveral times propoſed that they ſhould play at cards; but Thomas and Kitty would never conſent, becauſe it was a great waſte of time, and their maſter and miſtreſs had forbid card-playing; however, Suſan was reſolved to have them.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown, with their children, went at Chriſtmas to ſee their friends, who lived a good way off, and propoſed to ſtay a fortnight. So, the firſt evening after they were gone, Suſan got ſome of Lord Townly's under ſervants to come to ſee her; and they ſat down to whiſt. She then brought out what proviſions the pantry afforded, and aſked Thomas if he could not pick the lock of the cellar-door, and help them to a bottle of wine; he was quite ſhocked to be aſked to do ſuch a thing; on which Lord Townly's ſervants laughed, and boaſted how the butler and cook cheated their Lord to treat them and

their

their viſitors. Thomas did not mind their laughing, and ſaid, "honeſty was the beſt policy." When Lord Townly's ſervants found there was nothing more to be got, they railed at Mrs. Brown's houſe-keeping, and went away; and deſired that Suſan would come to them, where ſhe ſhould have better fare. She accordingly went, and ſometimes actually returned home drunk, and then lay late a-bed in the morning. One night, if it had not been for Kitty's carefulneſs, who always looked to ſee that every ſpark of fire and candle was out, the houſe would have been burnt down, by Suſan ſetting a candle cloſe to her bed, and falling aſleep before ſhe put it out.

Mrs. Brown was a very frugal, notable lady, and looked ſo carefully into her family affairs, that a ſervant could not be waſteful without being immediately diſcovered; and, as Suſan wiſhed to ſtay for her own ends, ſhe had pretended to be very frugal and ſaving, while her miſtreſs continued at home; but now ſhe was abſent, being under no reſtraint, ſhe made ſad waſte and deſtruction of bread, cheeſe, butter, and meat; and got a poor woman who lived in the village to come and do her work, for which ſhe paid her with victuals and drink.

This ſhocked Kitty extremely, becauſe ſhe knew it was a ſin; and ſhe told her ſuch things were never done before in that family, and that her miſtreſs would be very angry when ſhe found them out, which ſhe certainly would ſoon do. "Who cares," replied Suſan, "what ſhe finds out? there are more places than one, I warrant: I am not 'prentice here; I have ſerved her betters, and may do it again any day of the year."—"You may have lived with grander folks to be ſure," replied Kitty, "but a better woman, or a better miſtreſs, is not to be found; and if nobody was worſe off than to be 'prentice to her, they would have no cauſe to complain

of their lot." Susan then declared she could not bear the formal ways of the house, and was resolved she should not get up of a morning, whatever the rest might do; and she thought Kitty and Thomas were two fools, in complying with all their master's and mistress's whims, as well as for submitting to take orders from Miss Fanny:—Was not one mistress enough in a family? she thought so, and should let her know as much. Kitty declared her resolution to continue to behave herself respectfully to the young lady, who she said was so good-natured, that those who treated her rudely must have very bad hearts.

Thomas and Kitty were quite unhappy to hear such things, and see such doings; and they could not answer it to their conscience to conceal them; they therefore determined to inform their master and mistress of them; and it was agreed that Thomas should write a letter to Mr. Brown, which he did as follows:

Honoured Sir,

I MAKE bold to trouble you with a few lines, because Kitty and I cannot bear to see a good master and mistress wronged. There are sad goings on, indeed, sir; Susan makes away with victuals and drink, and we cannot help it; and Lord Townly's servants have turned her head to all manner of riot and wickedness, and would have made us as bad as she if we would have let them. But both Kitty and I will be true and faithful, and no one shall make us do the thing that is unjust, so you need not fear us; but I don't know but that the house may be burnt down before you come home; so, good sir, pray don't stay much longer. Kitty and I can justify what I now write to Susan's face, for we would scorn to tell tales.

The black sow has pigged, and the dun cow calved; Kitty

Kitty and I take great care of them; and as we know madam would do ſo, if ſhe was at home, Kitty ſends the ſkimmed milk, now we have ſo much, to Goody Long, whoſe children were almoſt ſtarving, becauſe her huſband is ſick and can't work.

We pray God to preſerve you, ſir, and our good miſtreſs, Miſs Fanny, and Maſter Charles, and will remain till death,

Your true and faithful ſervants,

THOMAS SIMPKINS,
CATHARINE SPARKS.

CHAP. XIV.

THOMAS's letter haſtened Mr. and Mrs. Brown's return, which being unexpected by Suſan, they found her and Lord Townly's ſervants in the parlour playing at cards, and Kitty and Thomas at their book and work in the kitchen. You may be ſure Mrs. Cook and her viſitors were routed; but the latter were ſo impertinent they only laughed, for they knew their lord and lady would rather encourage them in ſuch a thing than turn them away; and Suſan was quite ſaucy, ſaying, it was very hard a poor ſervant could not invite a friend to come to ſee her without having a piece of work; and as for being in the parlour, there was no ſtaying in the kitchen with ſuch croſs fellow-ſervants as ſhe had. Kitty and Thomas were now called, who told their ſtory to Suſan's face: ſhe could not deny the charge, and was turned away, as ſhe deſerved to be, at an hour's warning; but before ſhe left the houſe, Mrs. Brown, in the preſence of Thomas and Kitty, addreſſed her as follows:

"It gives me great concern, Susan, I assure you, to turn you away without a character; but justice to others, as well as to myself, requires that I should do so; for the happiness and safety of families depend much on their having regular trusty servants. Had I not been deceived by the person you last lived with, I should not have hired you; for, had I known your faults, I could never have slept a night in peace, while you were in the house; therefore I cannot recommend you to another mistress.

"I fear, when your wages are spent, you will suffer much distress; but you must consider it as the just punishment of your sin, in imposing upon a master and mistress, who, I can safely say, have endeavoured to do their duty by you. I heartily hope you will become sensible of your faults, that God will forgive you, and that his providence will put you into some honest way of getting a livelihood." Kind as this discourse was, Susan was not affected with it, but pertly said to Mrs. Brown, that she hoped she should never want a character from her, and flung out of the house.

When she was gone, Mr. and Mrs. Brown commended Thomas and Kitty very much for their fidelity, and said, it should not go unrewarded; on which Thomas generously replied, that the pleasure of doing his duty was a sufficient reward to him, and he should not wish for any other than the good opinion of a master and mistress, whom he was bound in gratitude to honour and serve to the day of his death; and Kitty also declared that it would hurt her to receive any recompense, as the world might say she joined with Thomas, in informing against Susan, for her own ends, which she was sure was not the case.

Mrs. Brown was excessively happy in hearing her servants express such sentiments, and said she should, however, consider them among her sincerest friends, and value them accordingly.

In

In the evening Thomas and Kitty sat down quite comfortably, and the former proposed to read a book, which had been given to him by Mr. Brown, soon after he came to his place, entitled, *A Present for Servants*; which he had made it a rule to read once a year, ever since he had it. Kitty highly approved of his doing so; for though she pretty well remembered the contents of the book, she thought good advice could not be too often repeated. Thomas finished this book in two evenings, and then read another called, *Serious Advice and Warning to Servants*; both of which clearly point out the duties of servants, and shew what God requires of them *.

As Thomas and Kitty were now by themselves, and knew not what kind of fellow-servant they might have next, they thought it best to take the opportunity of reading some other good books; which, while Susan was there, they could not well read together. Kitty particularly begged Thomas to read to her *Domestic Happiness promoted*; written by the late pious Mr. Jonas Hanway—a book which every young woman in humble life should read and study. Nay, young women of the highest rank would be edified by it.

When Susan left Mr. Brown's house, she went to Lord Townly's, the servants having promised to take her in; here she continued a few days; and then, having quarrelled with her companions, she was desired to go about her business, on which she applied to the woman to whom she had given victuals for doing her work: who readily furnished her with a lodging till her money was gone, and then informed her she must stay no longer.

The distress which Mrs. Brown foretold now came upon Susan, for she had not a friend in that

* Sold at Mr. Rivington's in St. Paul's Church-yard. Printed for the Society for Promoting of Christian Knowledge.

part

part of the world to apply to, and ſhe reſolved to ſell ſome of her fine clothes, in order to raiſe money enough to carry her up to London. When ſhe arrived there, ſhe aſked all her acquaintance to get her a place; but without a character, there was no chance of one. She entered her name at a regiſter office, but no one would hire her: at laſt ſhe was reduced to down-right beggary, and would have been glad of the hardeſt cruſt ſhe had thrown into the hog-tub at Mr. Brown's.

CHAP. XV.

DICK HOWE went on ſupplying Thomas's place, with reading to Mrs. Simpkins, and the two poor old folks, Goody Todd and Gaffer Jefferies, till a couſin of his, who was a carpenter, ſent for him that he might teach him his trade. After he had left ſchool about half a year, he wrote Thomas the following letter.

Dear Thomas,

I HAVE had it in my mind a good while to write a few lines to you; but could not well find time without neglecting my work, for I am but a ſlow hand as yet, and therefore wiſh to work as many hours in a day as I can, that I may earn the bread I eat.

My couſin and his wife are very good to me; and we go to church twice every Sunday: but ſome of the men are very wicked indeed, and lead me a weary life, becauſe I will not go to the alehouſe; and all day long they ſwear, and talk in a very profane manner. But, thank God, Thomas, I now know better than to do ſo; and hope I ſhall never forget what you were ſo kind as to teach me.

If you ſee my uncle and aunt, pray give my duty to them. God bleſs you! I pray you to give my ſervice to your mother and Kitty, alſo to Goody Todd and Gaffer Jefferies. I am,

Your loving friend,

RICHARD HOWE.

To this letter Thomas ſome time after returned the following anſwer: this was about the time Suſan Clarke went away.

Dear Dick,

I WAS very glad to receive a letter from you; and ſhould have anſwered it before, but did not know how to ſend it; for I thought it was not ſo well for either you or I to ſpend money in poſtage, which might be wanted for other uſes. Harry Jones is coming your way, and he has offered to take this for me.

I am very happy in my place; and the more ſo, ſince I paſſed an evening in Lord Townly's kitchen. I ſhould not have gone, but my maſter gave me leave, becauſe, he ſaid, he was ſure I would not let them ſpoil me. O Dick! you cannot think how I was ſhocked! There are a great many ſervants, but no religion amongſt them; and every one ſeems to think of nothing but how to be waſteful and extravagant: and I could find, by the footman's talk, that my Lord and Lady themſelves make game of every thing that is ſerious, ſpend their money without doing any good with it, and paſs their whole time in diverſions, without caring for their own ſouls, much leſs for thoſe of their poor ſervants: and, as for Sunday, ſo far from keeping it holy, they even play at cards on it.

To

To be ſure, ſervants cannot go to church, or learn their duty in ſuch places; but I think every one ſhould, before he hires himſelf, inquire what ſort of goings on there are; and not, for the ſake of a few pounds a year wages, make his life uncomfortable, and run the hazard of loſing his immortal ſoul, and of being ſhut out from the joys of heaven.

Beſides, it is my thought that Lord Townly's fine footmen will not ſave as much as I do; for I find they game and drink; and, when they are at London, go to taverns, and other places, where they ſpend a power of money.

And when they are ſick, what are they to do? for ſuch lords and ladies don't trouble their heads about poor ſervants. One of the houſemaids, who had the rheumatiſm, was ſent to the workhouſe the other day; and I heard the groom ſay, that a coachman, who broke his leg by the horſe's ſlipping down on the ice in the frоſty weather, owing to his young lord's making him drive faſt, was ſent to an hoſpital, and no more care taken about him.

How different is the treatment I meet with! Sick or well, my maſter and miſtreſs are like parents to me, and I love them as ſuch; nor would I wrong them of a farthing for all the world. I will ſerve them as long as they live, if it pleaſes God, before the grandeſt lord and lady in the land: and ſo I told Lord Townly's footman, when he ſaid it was pity ſuch a ſmart lad as I ſhould live with a country parſon. We had a cook, Suſan Clarke, who got amongſt them, and turned the houſe topſy-turvy; but ſhe is gone away without a character; and I don't think ſhe can get a place in a hurry. I could tell you a deal more about Lord Townly's ſervants, but I have not time.

I am glad you are happy with your couſin; and hope you will continue to be ſober. You are quite right in trying to earn what you can; for it was very

very good of your couſin to take you, as he might have had another 'prentice with money. Your uncle and aunt are well, and deſire their love to you. My mother and Kitty ſend their ſervice; and I am

Your loving friend,

THOMAS SIMPKINS.

CHAP. XVI.

FOR ſome time Kitty and Thomas continued without a companion, for Suſan had reported that Mrs. Brown ſtarved her ſervants, and kept two favourites, with whom it was impoſſible for any perſon to live comfortably. Some cooks, who were coming away from their places, were fooliſh enough to believe this, and would not offer; ſo the work fell very hard upon Thomas and Kitty, but they did not care how much they did, ſo that they could live in peace; neither did they make themſelves uneaſy about the report Suſan had raiſed of them, becauſe they knew they had done no more than their duty, and that time would bring the truth to light.

At laſt Betty Blowers was hired: ſhe was an honeſt truſty creature, but extremely paſſionate, and frequently broke things through her impatience, which was very expenſive to her, as it was a rule in Mr. Brown's family for the ſervants to pay for what they broke: not that Mrs. Brown was ſo rigid as to inſiſt on it, when ſhe was convinced it was really an accident; but ſhe would take no excuſes about cats and dogs, and things coming to pieces in the hand; becauſe, ſhe ſaid, if they were ſet by carefully, they would not be in the way of cats and dogs; and it was

was impoſſible that china and glaſs ſhould of *themſelves*, without ſome kind of *violence*, come to pieces in the hand: and careleſſneſs was a great fault, for in its conſequences it was as bad to a miſtreſs as robbery, becauſe it was taking money out of her pocket for things that would not have been wanted, perhaps even during her life.

I have often been ſurpriſed at ſeeing ſervants, who really were otherwiſe good ones, quite thoughtleſs in this particular; and, inſtead of being concerned at the breaking of crockery ware, regarded it as a thing of courſe, though it was entirely owing to themſelves. How common is it to ſee a pile of earthen plates and diſhes with the ſmall ones at the bottom, the large heavy ones at the top; glaſſes at the edge of a table, or dreſſer, where people are obliged to paſs; and other things placed in ſo dangerous a manner, that the wonder is, when they are *not* broke; and yet, if they are cracked or thrown down, a ſervant is all aſtoniſhment, and cries out, "Who would have thought it? I am ſure I did not go to do it:" and if a miſtreſs finds fault, will anſwer pertly, that, "ſhe did not break it for the purpoſe."

Now all theſe things are very wrong, and neither Thomas nor Kitty would have been guilty of them for the world; they ſo accuſtomed themſelves to do as they would be done by, that they took as much care as if it was for themſelves. I ſhould not gain belief from many ſervants, were I to tell how long the knife cloths, duſters, bruſhes, and every thing they uſed in their work, laſted, for they would have been aſhamed to aſk for new ones, unleſs they could carry the old ones to their miſtreſs fairly worn out; and though Kitty uſed a great many pans in her dairy, ſhe very ſeldom had the misfortune to break one. Mrs. Brown took care to reward them accordingly, for they certainly ſaved her a great deal of money; and

and ſhe often ſaid it was much more agreeable to make little preſents to her ſervants, than to have occaſion to be angry with them, or make them lay out their money.

Betty Blowers wiſhed to be as lucky (for ſo ſhe called it) as the reſt, for ſhe could not well afford the expenſe of buying ſo many things, and reſolved to follow the good example which Kitty and Thomas ſet, for ſhe was much aſhamed of herſelf. But ſtill ſhe continued very paſſionate, and would bounce and fly if the leaſt thing went wrong, which was the deſtruction of many a plate and diſh; and ſhe was alſo apt to take every word ſpoken in joke, as an affront, which vexed Thomas and Kitty a good deal; however, as ſhe was perfectly ſober and honeſt, they determined to put up with her humours, as nobody is without faults, and the ſcriptures teach us to bear with one another's infirmities; beſides, they could not think of being the cauſe of turning her out of a good place if they could poſſibly help it.

Mrs. Brown ſoon diſcovered Betty's temper, and very mildly reproved her for it; Miſs Fanny often talked kindly to her; and Mr. Brown at laſt took her in hand. He told her that he was very ſorry to hear that a young woman, who ſeemed to be in moſt things well diſpoſed, gave way to a fault which muſt be very tormenting to herſelf, and diſtreſſing to thoſe ſhe lived with. He then, in a very affecting manner, ſet before her the example of our bleſſed Saviour; and ſhewed with what admirable meekneſs he bore the cruelleſt inſults. He repeated to her the various texts of Scripture which recommend this virtue, and aſſured her, that a woman without *meekneſs* is a monſter; for to be of a *meek and quiet ſpirit* is properly a part of the female character: and it is not poſſible for one who is continually giving way to *anger*, to be happy even in this world.

world. He added that, in a ſervant, a paſſionate temper is a dreadful thing, as it makes great confuſion in families; nay, he ſaid, there was no knowing what miſchief might be the conſequence of giving way to it; "but," ſaid he, "Betty, as example may ſtrike your mind more than precept, I will relate to you an incident which fell within my own knowledge.

"A friend of mine had a cook, who was, like you, a very good ſervant, and exactly of your temper. It happened one day, that the footman had been warming ſome beer for a poor old man who frequently came to dinner there, and being in a joking humour, he blacked her face with the copper pot, as he paſſed her; on this ſhe fell into a furious rage, and ſnatching up a knife, flung it at him with all her force. The footman (luckily for him) eſcaped, but the poor old man, who was not ſo active, ſtanding in the way, the fatal inſtrument ſtuck into his leg, and divided a large blood veſſel, called an artery, which occaſioned his death two days afterwards. No ſooner had the fooliſh girl flung the knife, than ſhe repented of her raſhneſs: think then, Betty, what muſt be her feelings when ſhe ſaw the blood ſtreaming from the leg of the poor inoffenſive helpleſs old man!—conceive to yourſelf what muſt be the agonies of her mind, when ſhe heard his dying groans? when ſhe beheld the grief of his afflicted wife, with whom he had lived happily many years, and might have lived ſeveral more, had not this cruel ſtroke divided them. Almoſt frantic with grief and remorſe, and ready to break her heart, ſhe wept over the corpſe; but her tears could not reſtore the dead to life; her ſorrow could not recompenſe the diſconſolate widow. No ſooner was it known that her hand had occaſioned the death of a man, than ſhe was ſeized and confined as a murderer, and took her trial as ſuch; but, as it was clearly proved that

ſhe

she bore no malice against the deceased, she was brought in guilty of *manslaughter* only: but never enjoyed any happiness afterwards.—Now," said Mr. Brown, "who can tell, Betty, but that such an accident as this may happen through your indiscretion? Let me beg of you, therefore, to be more on your guard; and when you find anger rising in your mind, check it in the beginning; and consider whether it is worth your while to ruffle your own temper, and disturb the peace of your fellow-servants, about trifles; and, above all, pray to God to give you *grace* to govern your temper, for your own *reason*, I fear, is too weak to do it." Betty shuddered with horror as her good master related this dreadful story; and when he had ended his discourse, thanked him for his good advice, and promised to follow it; she then returned into the kitchen, where she found her fellow-servants, who, instead of calling out, as many would have done, "How do you like your lecture?" and such sort of taunting expressions, spoke kindly to her, which encouraged her to relieve her mind, by telling them how sorry she was for her past conduct, and how desirous to amend it; "but," said she, "I am afraid it will be a long while before I can break myself of a habit, which has taken root in my nature, for it was my misfortune to be encouraged to be passionate from my very childhood, as both my father and mother *prided themselves* in being *hot*, saying that passionate people were the *best tempers*, and that there was no going through the world without a *good spirit*; but I must own," added Betty, "that *my spirit* has been a very tormenting one to me; and till I came here, I had always the ill-luck to live among fellow servants who tried to make me worse, by laughing at me, and doing every thing which they thought would tease and provoke me." Kitty replied, that *she* would never do any thing of that kind, for she pitied Betty with all her heart,

heart, but wondered how people could be ſo abſurd as to *value* themſelves upon being paſſionate. Thomas anſwered, that he ſuppoſed they meant to draw compariſons between themſelves, and thoſe of a *ſullen obſtinate* diſpoſition, who *bear malice and hatred in their heart from day to day*; if ſo, it muſt be owned, ſaid he, they are in the right, but no one can ſeriouſly think that a *paſſionate* temper is better than a *meek* one; and, as for a *good ſpirit*, I think, added he, they are the happieſt who have one that they can manage. Betty ſaid, ſhe was certain they were, and would try to govern hers; and wiſhed ſhe could read, that ſhe might look for the texts that her good maſter had repeated to her. Thomas ſaid, if they related to *meekneſs*, he had got them written down in a book which he kept by him, on purpoſe to put him in mind of his duty. This treaſury of divine inſtruction Thomas immediately fetched, and read the following extracts from the holy Scriptures: Pſ. xxv. 9. *The meek will he guide in judgment: and the meek will he teach his way.* Pſ. xxxvii. 11. *The meek ſhall inherit the earth: and ſhall delight themſelves in the abundance of peace.* Pſ. cxlvii. 6. *The Lord lifteth up the meek: he caſteth the wicked down to the ground.* Pſ. cxlix. 4. *For the Lord taketh pleaſure in his people: he will beautify the meek with ſalvation.* Prov. iii. 34. *Surely he ſcorneth the ſcorners: but he giveth grace unto the lowly.* Iſa. lvii. 15. *For thus ſaith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whoſe name is Holy, I dwell in the high and holy place; with him alſo that is of a contrite and humble ſpirit, to receive the ſpirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.* Iſa. lxvi. 2. *For all thoſe things hath mine hand made, and all thoſe things have been, ſaith the Lord: but to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite ſpirit, and trembleth at my word.* Matt. v. 5. *Bleſſed are the meek: for they ſhall inherit the earth.* Matt. xi. 29. *Take my yoke upon*

you,

you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart; and you shall find rest unto your souls. Eph. iv. 2. *With all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love.* Col. iii. 12, 13. *Put on therefore (as the elect of God, holy and beloved) bowels of mercy, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering; forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any: even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye.* Titus iii. 2. *To speak evil of no man, to be no brawlers, but gentle, shewing all meekness unto all men.*

Betty thanked Thomas, and said, she should be obliged to him if he would read them every night, till she had got them by heart, which he readily did; he also taught her to repeat some of the collects out of the Book of Common Prayer, which suited her case; and likewise began teaching her to read: and it was wonderful to see the happy change there was in her, after she could read the Testament, and other good books; she now found that it was the duty of every Christian to be meek and good-natured, and by degrees became a very agreeable fellow-servant, and was extremely grateful to Kitty and Thomas for their kindness to her, which she had an opportunity of shewing by nursing Thomas with great tenderness when he had a bad fever, and by doing Kitty's work while she went into the country to see her mother; so they were rewarded by advantages which they would not have had if they had taken delight in *working her up* till she hated them.

Many a temper, naturally good, is spoiled by teasing people; who, for the sake of fun, say things which they do not think, only to put others in a passion, that they may appear ridiculous; and bad tempers are made a great deal worse by this means; whereas, it is the duty of every Christian, let their station in life be what it will, to try to

make

make those they live amongst better, not to increase their faults, and to avoid saying any thing that gives pain, unless it be necessary for the good of others.

When Betty had lived with Mr. Brown about two years, her mother died; and, as her father had young children, she was obliged to go to keep his house. She was sorry to leave a family where she had been so kindly treated, but her mistress promised to be always a friend to her, and afterwards did her many good offices. A young woman, named Rachel Smithers, was hired in the room of Betty, who proved an excellent servant, and a most agreeable companion to Kitty and Thomas; for she had seen a great deal of the world, and preferred living in such a family as Mr. Brown's, from a love of regularity, and a desire of being in a service where she could have leisure and opportunity to serve God.

As Rachel had lived in London, her fellow-servants were very curious to know what sort of services were to be found in that great town, for they had heard different reports; some praising it as the only place to get forward in, others describing it as unfit for any sober, orderly servant to go to.

"Why, says Rachel, "there is much to be said on both sides; as the wages in London are higher, there are certainly greater opportunities of getting money than in places in the country; but I have had enough of it, and will never go thither again if I can help it.

"I will tell you my history, if you have a mind to hear it."—"By all means," said Kitty and Thomas. Rachel therefore began, as you will read in the following chapter.

CHAP. XVII.

"I Loſt my father," ſaid Rachel Smithers, "when I was a little child, but my mother was very handy with her needle, and made ſhift to maintain herſelf and me. She had the good luck to get me into a charity ſchool, where I learnt to read my Bible; and my mother took great pains to make me *ſerve God*, and *do unto all men as I would they ſhould do unto me.*

"When I grew a great girl, as ſhe could not get needlework enough to employ herſelf and me too, ſhe thought it beſt that I ſhould go to ſervice; and I was hired by a farmer's wife, who lived very near to us, where my mother could watch over me with her own eye.

"Before I went out, my good mother told me to conſider what I engaged myſelf to do, and never to forget that it was my duty *to ſubmit myſelf to all my betters*, and *to be true and juſt in all my dealings*; ſhe therefore hoped I would not be pert to my maſter and miſtreſs; that I would be ſtrictly honeſt, and not waſte any thing I had the care of; and that whatever faults I might, through heedleſſneſs, be guilty of, I would always ſpeak the truth, and not ſtrive to hide them by telling lies. She likewiſe deſired me to be meek and gentle in my temper, and ſtudy to live in peace and quietneſs with my fellow-ſervants as far as I could, without joining in any bad practices; to help them whenever they ſtood in need of aſſiſtance, and be kind to them in ſickneſs. She begged me to be very diligent in my buſineſs, and to earn the wages which I was to receive;

ſhe alſo deſired me to be extremely modeſt in my behaviour, and not to romp and hoyden with the men; and neither to liſten to, or join in, prophane or indecent converſation. She enjoined me to keep at home, and not, like many giddy girls, take a delight in gadding about; and ſhe alſo deſired me to keep from telling any thing out of the family. She ſaid it was not poſſible for a maſter and miſtreſs to keep their affairs entirely from the knowledge of their ſervants, but it was very treacherous for ſervants to reveal what thoſe they lived with wiſhed to keep private; and a word or two ſpoken without thought, might chance to do great injury. Above all, my dear mother entreated me to love and ſerve God; to ſay my prayers conſtantly, and to go to church every Sunday if I could.

"To the farmer's then I went, where I had plenty of work, and plenty of ſcolding; for, notwithſtanding all my mother had ſaid, I was careleſs, and my miſtreſs neat; and ſhe was reſolved to make me do things well. She was quite right, to be ſure, but I did not then think ſo; and could not help complaining to my mother, who inſiſted on my ſtaying in my place; which I did as long as ſhe lived; but, loſing her when I was about nineteen, I reſolved to go to London. With the addition of her clothes I had a very good ſtock, and ſhe had alſo ſaved about five pounds; ſo that I thought I had plenty of money to laſt me till I could get into a ſervice, where I ſhould ſoon become rich. I therefore wrote a few lines to a young woman, whom I knew, that lived in London, and ſhe procured me a lodging; to which, in ſpite of the perſuaſions of all my friends, I went. It was in a little dark court, up two pair of ſtairs, and yet I was to pay two ſhillings a week for it. I thought that Jenny Hudſon had uſed me ill in providing ſuch a place

place for me, but learnt that houſe-rent was ſo dear, a better lodging could not be had for the money. I, who had been uſed to the freſh country air, and neat white walls, found a great difference in being ſtived up in ſuch a naſty hole, where the wainſcot and ceiling were all black with ſmoke, and where I was almoſt de: ured with bugs; but it could not be helped. Jenny tried to get me a place, but all in vain: every thing was very dear; and my money melted away by degrees, till I had none left; and what to do I did not know; ſo Jenny lent me a few ſhillings, and I paid one at a regiſter-office, to a perſon who undertakes to help ſervants to places, and maſters and miſtreſſes to ſervants. Here I attended every day for a fortnight; for though I ſaw plenty of people, there was always ſomething or another againſt my being hired; but the chief objection was, that I could have only a written character.

"O Kitty, you cannot think what I ſuffered during that fortnight; often did I wiſh myſelf back again with the farmer's wife, for, having no money, I was obliged to pawn my clothes."

"Bleſs me!" ſaid Kitty, "it is a dreadful thing indeed to be obliged to pawn one's clothes!"

"It is ſo," ſaid Rachel, "yet I have heard ſay, that pawnbrokers' ſhops are in ſome reſpects very uſeful to poor people, but I think they do a great deal of harm, and hope I ſhall never be driven to one again, for you cannot think how aſhamed I felt when I went in; becauſe there are a great many bold wicked girls who frequent thoſe ſhops, and I was afraid of being taken for one of them; and beſides, I knew it was my own fault, that I was reduced to ſuch beggarly ſhifts."

"At laſt I hired myſelf to be a maid of all work, to a perſon who let lodgings; and went to my place

the next evening, hoping to mend my condition; but, alas! I was miſtaken. Every part of the houſe, except a back parlour, (as they called it,) two garrets, and a naſty dark back kitchen, were let to different people, and I had to clean every room, and wait on all the lodgers. My miſtreſs was not over neat to be ſure, but yet I had work enough in running up ſtairs and going of errands;—one called me one way, and one another, ſo that at night my poor legs ached till I was ready to die; and I was forced to go with holes in my ſtockings, and ragged gowns, becauſe I had not a minute's time to mend my clothes; and as to church, I never entered one. Yet here I was obliged to ſtay till I could get a better place: at laſt Mrs. Randall, a lady who lodged in our beſt room, had ſome money left her; and being now able to keep a ſervant, and have a little houſe, ſhe agreed to take me; ſo I gave my miſtreſs warning, and ſoon after lived in a more airy part of the town with Mrs. Randall, who was very kind to me, and I lived comfortably above a year; but then, to my ſorrow, ſhe died.

"I had in this place ſeven pounds a year; and yet I aſſure you I could not ſave ſo much as at the farmer's out of four pounds; it coſt me ſuch a deal for dreſſing ſmart, and drinking tea; and when I was out of place, that little ſoon grew leſs; however, before it was quite gone, I hired myſelf as cook in a family where they kept two maids and a footman. In this houſe there was a perpetual racketing; card-playing without end, and turning night into day: never could we ſervants go to bed till one, two, or three in the morning, ſo we were forced to lie the later. But though my maſter and miſtreſs lived ſo genteelly, they were not rich; he had a place in the Treaſury, (where all the money that is paid to the king for taxes is kept,) which brought

brought him in four hundred pounds a year; but that was not enough for such extravagant doings, so they tried to win money at cards: sometimes they had good luck, and sometimes bad; if the former, it was all very well; but if the latter, which was often the case, we were sure to have fine pinching and squeezing in the kitchen, for new clothes and wax candles must be had let who would go without a dinner; and I do assure you, that often and often we servants did not know what it was to have a good meal in a week; so that scarcely any but me would stay above a month; but I was so afraid of being out of place, that I made shift to rub on a year and half; and by that time my master, what with his losses at cards and other extravagancies, was obliged to quit housekeeping, and I was again on my own hands.

"I had now a great mind to go back into the country, but was ashamed, because I had made such boasting of what great things I should do when I got to London; so I tried for another place, and got to be laundry-maid in a merchant's family, where seven servants were kept; four maids, a coachman, and footman, and a boy to run of errands. My master and mistress were very good-natured people; I could have been glad to have served them till now; but they had one fault, which was leaving their servants too much to themselves, for they were rich, and did not value money; and it was their luck to have such, while I was there, as no honest girl could live with any comfort among. Their whole study all day was to impose upon their master and mistress, and indulge their own idleness; and a thousand out-of-the way tricks they played. As for the poor errand boy, he led a weary life, for every one thought they had a right to order him about; so they made him do half their work, and

uſed him as if he was a dog; many time has he cried and took on to me, and would have run away without knowing where to go, for he had not a friend in the world, but that I perſuaded him to try a little longer, in hopes that my maſter and miſtreſs would ſee how he was treated, and now and then I comforted him with a diſh of tea. I had a great mind to tell of my fellow-ſervants; but they talked ſo much before me againſt informers (as they called people who would not conceal all they ſaw and heard) that, like a fooliſh girl as I was, I was afraid to do my duty, though my conſcience told me I was in the wrong, and made me quite unhappy. For a long time I was at a loſs to think what would become of all the things that went out of the houſe—bread, butter, cheeſe, &c. as I did not ſee them given away; but by chance I diſcovered it; as I will tell you to-morrow night, for the bell will ring for prayers in a minute."

CHAP. XVIII.

THE next evening Rachel continued her hiſtory as follows: "I had uſually bought my tea and ſugar at a ſhop where Mrs. Randall dealt, for the grocer had always ſerved me well; and, though my cuſtom was not of much value, I did not like to change; but it happened one day that I was quite out of tea, and the boy was not in the way; ſo, as I had not time to go to the grocer's, I ſtept to a chandler's ſhop, where I heard my fellow-ſervants ſay they always dealt. The woman who kept it was very curious to know where I came from, and fiſhed out that I lived laund.y-maid at Mr.

Mr. Lloyd's; on this ſhe would take no money of me, but ſaid, "If I would bring her what ſoap, ſtarch, and blue, I could crib every week, ſhe would keep me in tea and ſugar, and I ſhould be welcome to ſtay at her houſe whenever I was out of place.

"This propoſal made my very blood run cold; and I anſwered with horror, that I was not one of that ſort of people who cheat their maſters and miſtreſſes; and away I went, without my tea and ſugar, reſolving never to enter the ſhop again. I could now account for the great quantities of proviſions which I was ſure muſt go out of the houſe, though the ſervants were ſo ſhy of me, that they would not let me into their ſecrets, becauſe, whenever they propoſed any thing bad, I would not agree to it; and at laſt they all joined in a ſcheme to do my buſineſs, as they called it; ſo one invented one tale of me, and one another, till my miſtreſs began to think I was a deceitful girl, though ſhe could not ſay but that I got the linen up very nicely. It made me quite unhappy to lie under ſuch ſuſpicions; and at laſt I reſolved to tell what I knew; which I accordingly did; but the other ſervants denied it; and as my miſtreſs, from their tales, had a bad opinion of me, ſhe did not know who to believe, therefore reſolved to turn us all away; and a dreadful life I led for a whole month, as you may well ſuppoſe, ſo you ſee the bad conſequences of keeping ſilence when one is witneſs to other people's diſhoneſty. For my part, I made a reſolution, which I will keep as long as I live, never to conceal ſuch things for the future. Why ſhould one ſtand in awe of what wicked folks may ſay, while there is a God above, who will protect thoſe who ſpeak the truth and act juſtly? Had I done at firſt as my conſcience told me I ought to do, I ſhould have ſaved

myſelf many an uneaſy hour, and ſhould not have been ranked with a ſet of creatures whoſe ways my ſoul abhorred.

" Before I left the place, I begged my miſtreſs to hear all I had to ſay, and told her every thing that I ſhould before have told her, and alſo entreated that ſhe would not turn away poor Jack, the errand boy, as he would ſtarve, and ſhe might get many a boy before ſhe would get a better. My miſtreſs ſeemed inclined to believe me, but blamed me very much for keeping to myſelf what I had done, as well ſhe might; ſhe however promiſed to give me the beſt character ſhe could, and told me ſhe would take care of Jack one way or another.

" I had not been a week out of place before I heard that Mrs. Elderton wanted a nurſery-maid. Though I dreſſed much more then than I do now, I was afraid I was hardly ſmart enough for this place, as the family lived very genteelly; but was told that Mrs. Elderton did not like fine nurſery-maids, many of whom are to be ſeen in London with ſtiff long-waiſted ſtays, in which they cannot ſtoop to lead a child about properly, and fine muſlin aprons and handkerchiefs, which I fear the poor little dears get many a ſlap for rumpling. I waited on Mrs. Elderton, and was hired: upon condition that I would in every particular do as I was directed, and not ſet up my judgment againſt my maſter and miſtreſs, even when I was out of their ſight. This I readily promiſed; for I thought to myſelf, that parents have a right to lay down rules for the management of their children; that ſuch people as Mr. and Mrs. Elderton, who ſtudy for the beſt methods, muſt know better than ſuch a poor ignorant girl as I could pretend to do; that it was my duty to obey them; and that it would be leſs care

to

to me to follow directions, than to have to think *myself* what was beſt to be done.

"Did this Lady take you without a character?" ſaid Kitty. "No, replied Rachel, "Mrs. Lloyd told her the whole ſtory about her parting with all her ſervants: and on my aſſuring Mrs. Ellerton that I had no acquaintance with the others ſhe ventured to take me, but not without expreſſing ſome ſuſpicion of my having been concerned in their ſchemes; which mortified me not a little, but I reſolved to bear the mortification with patience, as I certainly brought it upon myſelf, and I truſted that I ſhould in time, by good behaviour, remove them."

"I hope," ſaid Thomas, "that you met with good fellow-ſervants in that place!"

"I cannot ſay much for their goodneſs," anſwered Rachel, "they impoſed upon their maſter and miſtreſs ſadly, and played much ſuch tricks as Mr. Lloyd's ſervants; but I determined not to connive at them, therefore told my miſtreſs of their doings, who by watching them ſoon found them out, and turned them away; after which they had the luck to have very good ones, and we were all happy together for ſome time: the cook ſtaid as long as I did; but ſome ſervants were married away, and others went to live with their friends, or were ill; ſo that we had many changes, and of courſe ſome diſagreeable people. I ſhall never forget one thing that happened, I am ſure, for I was frightened almoſt out of my wits." At this inſtant Mr. Brown rang the bell, which put an end to Rachel's ſtory for the preſent; the next evening ſhe renewed her tale, as you will read in the following chapter.

CHAP. XIX.

"WE had a houſe maid," continued Rachel, "who was a fine dreſſy laſs; and, having a pretty face, ſhe had taken it into her head that ſhe ſhould make her fortune by it; ſo ſhe was for ever contriving how to ſhew herſelf; and never made a bed or ſwept a room, but ſhe kept running backwards and forwards to the windows, which looked into the ſtreet; and of an evening uſed to ſtand at the ſtreet door, and talk to any man who would ſtop and ſpeak to her. Cook, as ſhe afterwards told me, uſed to ſay a great deal to her about it, but to no purpoſe; at laſt it happened that my maſter and miſtreſs went from home, and the men ſervants went with them. I kept up in the nurſery with the children, and did not go down ſtairs the whole evening. Cook, having nothing to do, told Jenny ſhe was ſleepy, and would go to bed, and Jenny promiſed to follow her directly; but, inſtead of doing ſo, ſhe let in a young man, who called himſelf a gentleman, and had for ſome time pretended to be her ſweetheart: as ſoon as he had gained admittance, and found that there was nobody elſe in the way, he ſeized upon Jenny, crammed a handkerchief in her mouth, and tied her legs and hands; he then opened the ſtreet door, and let in another villain. Having ſome things to mend, which were going into the waſh for the children, I ſat up later than uſual, which Jenny, I ſuppoſe, did not ſuſpect, and I thought I heard the fore-door open, and a ſtruggling in the paſſage; on this I threw up the window,

window, and, fortunately for me, saw two watchmen just under it, to whom I mentioned my suspicions: three men who were passing came up at the instant, and with the watchmen entered the house, (for the thieves had not fastened the door.) When they came in they found Jenny as I described; one villain packing up the plate, and the other standing by poor Cook's bedside, with a knife in his hand, swearing he would cut her throat if she made the least noise. They were both secured, and afterwards hanged. So you see the danger to which giddy girls expose a family by staring out at windows and standing at street doors."

"Well," said Kitty, "you put me in mind of a thing that I remember; I know of a house that was robbed by a girl's standing at a back door. She was servant to 'Squire Villars's steward; a poor giddy girl that thought of nothing but sweethearts, and was continually out at this back door, chattering to one or another. All the idle young fellows in the village pretended to court her, and she gave her company to them in turn. Her master's cellar suffered for this, as her sweethearts always desired a draught of beer, which she could not refuse, though she knew it was wrong to give it. At last a gang of gypsies took up their abode in a barn hard by; and one night, when the girl's master and mistress were gone from home, and nobody was in the house but herself, one of them came to the back-door, and offered to tell her fortune; and having told her a number of fine things that were (as she said) to happen to her, begged some meat and beer: she went to fetch it; in the mean time a man belonging to the gang slipped in and hid himself in the house. Not suspecting such a thing, the girl went to rest at her usual time: but what was her surprise in the morning to find the house stripped, and all her own

clothes gone! she ran about the village like one distracted, and went to the barn to see if the fortune-tellers could point out the thief; when, to her grief, she found they had decamped in the night, and it was the general opinion that they had committed the robbery."

"Well," said Thomas, "I think it is very foolish in girls to stand out either at street or back-doors. What man worth having will go to such places to look for a wife? I am sure I should be for one that kept the house; if servant maids wish to be well married, they should be discreet, and get a good name for being trusty servants, and then they will be sought for. But pray, what became of fine Mrs. Jenny?"

"Why," replied Rachel, 'she lost her place and her character too, as you may suppose, and then took to walking the streets of nights, as many poor wicked creatures do. I am sure my heart has ached many and many a time to see young women, who might have been happy in service, if they had not given their minds to vanity, suffering such distress and ill-treatment, as you, who live in the country, have no notion of. If you are out of an evening in London, you may see hundreds of them, some dressed like ladies, with painted cheeks, pretending to be gay and happy, while their poor hearts are, perhaps, ready to break, on account of the lives they lead, and the insults they are forced to bear. I have heard my master, Mr. Elderton, say, that they are frequently beat and abused worse than dogs, and sometimes taken up by the watchmen, and put into Bridewell, where they beat hemp; and sometimes they are sent to other prisons for debt, where they live upon bread and water. Many learn to drink drams, in order to drown care, and kill themselves that way. They usually live in dirt and wretched-

ness,

neſs, up little courts and alleys; thoſe who have any ſhame hide themſelves all day; and many ſit ſhivering with cold and hunger, wiſhing for a bit of bread, which they would be glad to earn in the moſt laborious manner, but cannot get employment for want of characters; whilſt the more wicked and abandoned run about in bedgowns, without caps, talking in ſuch a way as puts modeſt people out of countenance. The ſight of ſuch wretches ought to be a warning to all young girls, who are in low ſtations, not to be fond of finery, or of giving their company to idle men, who flatter only to delude them." The clock now ſtruck eight, and Thomas went to lay his cloth.

CHAP. XX.

WHEN Thomas was gone, "Dear me," ſaid Kitty, "how ſhocking it is to hear of ſuch things as you have been telling of, Rachel! I cannot get them out of my head. I am ſure, if I was to live in London, I ſhould be afraid to ſtir out of doors, and ſhould think every man who wanted to be my ſweetheart was a houſe-breaker."

"O!" replied Rachel, "houſe-breakers are not the only people to be afraid of; there is equal danger of girls being deluded by men-ſervants, and even by gentlemen; they ſhould therefore be on their guard, and reſolve not to liſten to the nonſenſe which ſuch deceitful perſons talk to them, and ſhould be contented with ſuch plain decent apparel as ſuits their condition, and not wiſh for fine things; but

but it is the hope of being married ſo as to be made ladies of, that leads girls into the folly of loving fine clothes, and makes them ſpend what they ought to endeavour to lay by. For my part I have ſeen many girls dreſs out with this view, and never knew but one ſucceed; her name was Polly Firmin; ſhe was a very handſome girl, and lived in a family where there was a young gentleman, one of her maſter's ſons, who, by her arts, ſhe contrived to make deſperately in love with her, and he took her to Scotland and married her unknown to his parents; but what was the conſequence? She was not happy; for ſhe was obliged for ſome time to live in a retired lodging in the country, and as her huſband had nothing but what he depended on his father for, he could not keep her in that grand way ſhe expected; and when his friends diſcovered his imprudence they were exceedingly angry, and his father never forgave him to his dying day, but cut him off with a ſmall portion in his will; the reſt of the family looked coldly upon him, and would never own his wife for a relation, and ſhe was not a fit companion for a gentleman of his learning; ſo at laſt he grew tired of her, and they lived a wretched life together, and ſhe found to her ſorrow that ſhe had much better have been married to an honeſt working man, to whom ſhe would have made a good wife, as ſhe was very notable."

"I have often thought," ſaid Kitty, "that it is beſt for young women to marry to thoſe of their own degree; for my part I ſhould feel very awkward if I was obliged to dreſs like a lady, and ſit down in a grand room to receive fine folks, and all that."

"You would indeed, Kitty," replied Rachel, "for I, who have ſeen the world, know, that grand people make great game of thoſe who try to ape them; and well they may, for it is very fooliſh to be ſure,

ſure, and many a girl gets ruined by doing ſo. They put on faſhionable things, it is true, but they will not look genteel in them, for real ladies have a ſort of manner of carrying themſelves which ſervant girls cannot copy, and they look a hundred times better when dreſſed plain and neat. But there is no perſuading many to think ſo, and they go on decking themſelves out beyond what their wages will afford, and then fall a prey to any man who will give them fine things, and at laſt come to be poor miſerable wretches, ſuch as I before told you walk the ſtreets by hundreds in London every night."

"Many girls are led aſide in the country too," ſaid Kitty, "but it is not ſo much a deſire of finery, as a loving of romping, that leads them aſtray."

"This happens ſtill oftener in London, where there are a number of men in large families," ſaid Rachel. "A girl who is naturally of a lively temper gives way to giddy mirth, which encourages the footmen or ſhopmen to romp with her. At firſt this appears very harmleſs; but the ſilly girl by allowing it begins to think leſs of the modeſty that belongs to her ſex, and when the men perceive this, they talk improper language to her, and from that proceed to liberties, which end in her ruin and ſhame."

"It is very odd to me," ſaid Kitty, "that girls can laugh, as I have ſeen ſome do, when men talk rudely to them and pull them about. I am ſure nothing makes me more angry, for it is a ſign that they have a bad opinion of one's modeſty; and I am ſure thoſe girls who anſwer them again in their own way, and allow their freedoms, do not conſider what the catechiſm ſays about *keeping the body in chaſtity*; for the meaning of this is, that we ſhould be modeſt in all our *thoughts*, *words*, and *deeds*."

"Very

" Very true," replied Rachel, " but I fear, Kitty, there are many women in the world, who do not think about *chaſtity* at all; and ſo that they do not quite loſe the chance of getting places, care not what people ſay or think of them. If girls would read the Scriptures and other good books, inſtead of the nonſenſe they often waſte time upon, they would eſcape many a ſnare. But thoughtleſs girls look upon having a *ſweetheart* as the greateſt happineſs in life, and, as ſoon as they fancy themſelves *in love*, or a man in love with them, inſtead of conſidering what modeſty and prudence require, they get all the love-ſongs and fortune-books they can meet with, and fill their heads with ro antic notions, which give men, who court them with a view to betray, every advantage againſt them."

" Well," ſaid Kitty, " I never had a ſweet-heart yet, unleſs our Thomas may be called one, who is very kind to me to be ſure, but he never talks in any unhandſome way, or takes any freedom with me; if he did I ſhould tell my miſtreſs directly: and if he was even to propoſe marrying me, I ſhould think of that again and again, and aſk my miſtreſs's advice, and write to my parents before I conſented."

" You would do very right," ſaid Rachel, " and I commend you greatly for your modeſty; depend on it, the more diſcreet you are, as a maiden, the happier you will be when a wife. Modeſty, as my good maſter, Mr. Elderton, once ſaid to me, is a jewel which a woman ſhould never part with for any price, and ſhe ſhould wear it at all times; for none are ſo high that they need diſdain it, or ſo low as to be debarred from it, and it adorns the homely attire of a country laſs more than gold and diamonds do the gorgeous attire of a wanton. Who then, Kitty, would throw aſide an ornament, which makes them

them equal, in one reſpect at leaſt, with the higheſt of their ſex, and certainly recommends them to the favour of God."

When Thomas had done waiting at ſupper, he ſat himſelf down to eat his own with the maids, and aſked "if Rachel had gone on with her hiſtory;" ſhe ſaid "no, ſhe had only been talking with Kitty, concerning ſome of the dangers young women were expoſed to in London." "I have heard," ſaid Thomas, "that it is a ſad place for a ſober young man to go to."

"That it is," anſwered Rachel, "unleſs he lives in a very regular family. I would not adviſe any lad to go to London at a venture, for there are a thouſand ſnares and traps for thoſe who do. Neither is it ſafe for a new ſervant, who is a ſtranger in London, to make acquaintance with others in the neighbourhood, or even with thoſe who come with meſſages to his maſter or miſtreſs. There are a number of idle young fellows of footmen, who have no work to do, but juſt to wait at table, carry meſſages, and ride behind coaches; theſe ſpend moſt of their time in dreſſing, drinking, and gaming, and take a pride and a pleaſure in corrupting young men who come out of the country; ſilly lads, that are more fearful of being laughed at for awkwardneſs and baſhfulneſs than of offending God, imitate theſe coxcombs, till they themſelves become as bad."

"Well but," ſaid Thomas, "it is their own fault; for if a ſervant will but conſider what his duty requires of him, reſolve to do it, and pray to God to give him grace to keep his reſolution, the devil himſelf cannot prevail againſt him."

"True, Thomas," anſwered Rachel, "but the misfortune is, that few footmen think much about God or the devil; they go up to London with a deſire to get a deal of money, do but little work,

and

and take their pleaſure. With theſe notions they enter a ſtate of life full of temptations, and no wonder they fall a prey to them as they do. Religion, Thomas, is the only thing that can preſerve any perſon from loving the pomps and vanities of this world; and therefore a ſervant, whether man or woman, ſhould keep to what that teaches. It is wrong to ſay, *they have no time to ſerve God*, for there are few places where they may not find time to read, and go to church too, if they have a ſincere deſire to do ſo; and if there are no family prayers, ſervants may ſtill pray to God by themſelves, morning and evening at leaſt; and beſides that, may offer up a ſhort prayer while they are doing their buſineſs, which they naturally will do, if they uſe themſelves to thinking that they are always in the ſight of God, and that he knows their moſt ſecret thoughts. I am ſure I can ſay, from my own knowledge, that ſuch ſort of prayers are of great ſervice, for I had a vaſt deal to do at Mr. Elderton's, having always a young child in arms, another juſt running alone, and four in all to work for, yet I never miſſed ſaying in the courſe of the day, "*O Lord, have mercy upon me, and enable me by thy grace to do thy holy will; make me true and juſt in all my dealings*;" and ſuch kind of petitions, according as occaſion required; which kept up the remembrance of God, and made me act as in his holy preſence."

"Ay," ſaid Thomas, "there is nothing like religion, Rachel, to make people act right, and render them happy too; I am ſure I have found the comfort of a religious education, and am bound to bleſs and pray for thoſe by whoſe bounty I was taught to read."

"And ſo am I," ſaid Kitty: "but pray go on with your ſtory, Rachel; how came you to leave Mrs. Elderton?" "Why," ſaid Rachel, "my maſter

maſter had ſome great place given him in the Eaſt-Indies, and went abroad, which I could not get up my heart to do; ſo was obliged to leave a maſter and miſtreſs whom I loved and honoured ſincerely, and children who were as dear to me as if they had been my own. I had lived at Mr. Elderton's ſix years, and brought up four children from the month; ſo when I left my place my maſter made me a preſent of twenty pounds, and deſired his brother, if I was in diſtreſs at any time, to give me aſſiſtance. Thus you ſee I got money and friends too, by my honeſty and courage."

"Was you not ready to break your heart when you parted from the children?" ſaid Kitty.

"Indeed I was," replied Rachel; "eſpecially when I put them into the hands of a black woman: but it was a great comfort for me to think, that I had not made them afraid of ſuch people, as is a very common practice with many nurſery-maids—"*the black man ſhall have you*," they cry, if a child is a little unruly; or, "*I'll put you into the dark hole*." This I never did, for I thought to myſelf, the poor blacks are harmleſs enough, and meet with hard treatment ſufficient already, as I have heard ſay; there is no need therefore to ſet children againſt them, who would in that caſe moſt likely grow up enemies to them; and ſhould they in the courſe of their lives have any blacks under them, might uſe them ill on that account, or elſe be under a thouſand vain fears. And as for *dark holes*, how cruel it is to terrify children with them, becauſe we are as ſafe in the dark as in the light, for God Almighty's providence is over us at all times, and in all places."

"I long to know, Rachel, what you did for a place," ſaid Thomas. "Why," anſwered Rachel, "I had ſeen ſo much of London, that I reſolved

reſolved to leave it; and coming down to ſtay a little with my couſin Larkin, who lives in the next village, I heard of Mr. Brown's place, and gladly hired myſelf; and here I hope to live happily many years."

"I think," ſaid Kitty, "you had tolerably good luck in London; ſo that you had no need to ſet yourſelf ſo much againſt it: and I don't find but that there are as good maſters and miſtreſſes there as in the country."

"Very true, Kitty," anſwered Rachel, "there are doubtleſs numbers of good maſters and miſtreſſes in London, and many others who *would* be good ones, if they were better ſerved; but, though I am a ſervant myſelf, I muſt own that ſervants are got to a ſad paſs, and in general behave ſo ill that ladies and gentlemen do not know whom to truſt; and when they have been deceived, by one after another, are apt to think all are alike; it is therefore very unfortunate for a good ſervant to come *after* ſuch, and uncomfortable to live *among* them: but, in the firſt caſe, time will moſt likely mend their condition, if they have but patience to ſtay and keep to their duty; and, in the latter, they certainly ought to expoſe whatever wicked ways they ſee, which are likely to injure their maſters and miſtreſſes, who in all probability will reward and love them for their honeſty, and to endeavour to get them more ſuitable companions. But if it ſo happens that good ſervants *muſt* live, and be ranked with worthleſs ones, they ſhould comfort themſelves with the thought that God is *above all*, and *ſeeth not as man ſeeth, for the* LORD *looketh on the* HEART.

"A man or woman who wiſhes for a ſervice in London ſhould, if poſſible, inquire the character of maſters and miſtreſſes before they hire themſelves. I do not mean that they ſhould liſten

to

to the title-tattle of turned-off ſervants, char-women, or chandler's ſhop keepers, for ſuch are ſeldom to be depended on, and will often for their own ends give places a bad name; but inquiry ſhould be made whether the gentleman or lady are good livers, whether they go to church and keep early hours of a night; for if ſo, a ſervant has a chance of being comfortable and ſafe with them: but if their thoughts be entirely given to card-playing and diverſion, there is little room to expect they will attend to the happineſs of their domeſtics; on the contrary, there is no knowing what harm they may do to poor folks, whoſe hard lot it is to ſerve them, by ſetting a bad example, and keeping them from the public ſervice of God."

Kitty and Thomas expreſſed great ſatisfaction at being themſelves ſo happily ſituated, and reſolved to form no wiſhes for London ſervices; in which reſolution Rachel confirmed them, by declaring that ſhe never felt herſelf ſo happy as at preſent.

CHAP. XXI.

MR. and Mrs. Brown had great objection to their ſervants goſſipping; yet they were not ſo ſtrict as to inſiſt upon their having no acquaintance at all; for, though they would not allow tea-drinking and junketing, they were very willing to let them go out, or have a friend come to ſee them at proper times, which was as much as either Kitty, Rachel, or Thomas deſired. Theſe good ſervants thought it very unreaſonable to waſte their time, to fill their maſter's kitchen with their viſitors, and regale them at his expenſe; neither could they afford to treat them themſelves. Indeed, they did

not

not give at all into the cuſtom of tea-drinking, and by their ſavings in this, and the article of dreſs, both the maids, though they had no more than ſix pounds a year wages, laid by money, which was a great comfort to them in caſe of misfortunes; for as Kitty often ſaid—Who could tell what might happen? She hoped her maſter and miſtreſs would keep her as long as they lived, but life was uncertain; beſides ſhe might be ill herſelf, and obliged to leave her place, and her poor father and mother could not afford to keep her, and ſhe ſhould be aſhamed to go into the workhouſe, becauſe every body muſt know that ſhe might have ſaved money if ſhe would; and if ſickneſs did not happen, ſhe might ſettle in the world, and then a little money would be very acceptable; or, if ſhe had no chance of that, ſhe ſhould at leaſt have ſomething to help her in old age.

It is very ſtrange that ſervants in general ſhould have no thoughts of this kind, and yet it is plain they have not, or they would not as they do ſpend all their money upon their backs.

Among the young women with whom Kitty was acquainted was Molly Banks. She was a very ſober, good girl, but had a mother that was more indulgent than mothers ſhould be, whoſe daughters are obliged to go out into the world; and this made ſervitude very hard to Molly. Mrs Downes, the grocer's wife, with whom ſhe firſt lived, was a good kind of a woman, but very neat and particular. Molly was thoughtleſs: and though by no means of an idle diſpoſition, yet very negligent, and rather flatternly, which often made her miſtreſs angry with her. This Molly, who had never been accuſtomed to be chid, thought very unkind, and ſhe uſed to make heavy complaint of it whenever ſhe ſaw her friend Kitty. This good girl gueſſed how the matter was; and, inſtead of railing againſt Mrs. Downes, ſhe

ſhe tried to reconcile Molly to her place, and perſuaded her to try to give more ſatisfaction. "Depend on it, Molly," ſhe would ſay "there is no good to be had by frequent changes, and few miſtreſſes are ſo bad but they will be pleaſed with a ſervant who *tries* to pleaſe them. I am afraid the fault is on your ſide; for indeed you don't dreſs as if you were tidy; how can you go with your hair ſo looſe, your gown ſleeves unſewed, and the heel-pieces off your ſhoes? I can tell you, that were I to do ſo, my miſtreſs would chide me. When I firſt went out into the world, I thought every thing a hardſhip, as you do; for my miſtreſs would not paſs over a ſingle fault, nor ſuffer me to do any thing wrong, without making me do it over and over again, till I did it right. This at laſt made me careful; and now I go on as comfortably as can be, and never have an angry word; and I think my miſtreſs was the beſt friend I had in the world, in taking the trouble of correcting my faults, and hope to ſerve her till I ſettle in the world."

This encouraged Molly Banks to try to get into *her* miſtreſs's ways alſo; which ſhe at laſt did, and made a very pretty ſervant, and was quite happy.

Rachel Smithers had a friend named Becky Perkins, who lived cook with a whimſical old gentleman, that was very hard to pleaſe indeed, though he was in the main a good ſort of man. She uſed to vent her complaints to Rachel, who always deſired her to ſtay in her place ſince ſhe had the opportunity of ſerving God and going to church, which ſhe might not have every where. "That," ſaid Rachel, "is now the firſt thing I think of, when I hire myſelf; for, you know, it is *the one thing needful*. If ſervants go out into the world, as there are many tempers in it, and nobody is without faults, they muſt not expect always to have their maſter and miſtreſs quite agreeable; but

but, if they are not wicked, one ſhould not mind a few odd humors.

"Maſters and miſtreſſes have often much more to diſturb their minds than ſervants have. Sometimes a large buſineſs to manage, which brings many a care; and ſometimes their children give them trouble and vexation. A ſervant ſhould conſider all this, and think how many hours a maſter and miſtreſs often lie awake, to contrive about providing for the wants of thoſe that depend on them, while their men and maids are found aſleep, quite free from care. For my part, when I ſee a maſter or miſtreſs fret, and hear them find fault without cauſe as it ſeems, I always think to myſelf—Poor ſouls! ſomething or other vexes them; ſo I never give a ſaucy anſwer, but try all I can to pleaſe them; and many and many a time have I gained good-will by this means; but if I had not, I ſhould have known I was pleaſing God, who will reward me in another world, for trying to do my duty in this. I never approved of rambling about from ſervice to ſervice; for, as the old ſaying is, *a rolling ſtone never gathers moſs*. So I would adviſe you, Becky, to ſtay with the old gentleman."

Becky at laſt took a reſolution that ſhe would not fret at her maſter's humours; nor anſwer again when he was pettiſh: and ſhe ſoon found the difference, for he did not ſcold half ſo much; often made her little preſents; and when he died, left her a legacy.

CHAP. XXII.

THERE was another young woman who lived nurſery-maid at Mr. Richardſon's the apothecary, with whom Rachael and Kitty became acquainted, by her bringing the children ſometimes to Mrs. Brown's: her name was Nanny Burton. She was a very good-natured girl, and fond of the children, but had many fooliſh ways with them; theſe Rachel, who had been a nurſery-maid herſelf, and was an experienced, and really a ſenſible ſervant, obſerved, and thought, as Mr. Richardſon was very often from home, and the little dears had loſt their mamma, it would be an act of kindneſs to tell her of them. One of theſe faults was, making a favourite of the youngeſt child, and ſuffering it to tyranniſe over the elder ones. This was certainly very wrong; and Rachel told Nanny that it was not only unjuſt to the others, but cruel to the child itſelf, which, if ſuffered to have its own way in that manner, would, as it grew up, be unhappy and a plague to every body. "If one child muſt be above the others," ſaid Rachel, "it is natural, I think, to let it be the eldeſt; but, for my part, I would treat all alike."

Another ſilly cuſtom Nanny had, was talking nonſenſe to the children, and anſwering them in ſuch kind of words as babies ſpeak when they firſt try to talk. This Rachel blamed her for very much, but owned ſhe had the ſame fault herſelf, till Mr. Elderton broke her of it in a very droll way; ſhe ſaid ſhe ſhould never forget it as long as ſhe lived. It was one ſummer's day that her maſter and miſtreſs were going to ſee an uncle who lived about twenty miles off, and ſhe was to go in the coach with them,

and carry her young maſter in her lap: "Juſt as I was getting in," ſaid ſhe, "my maſter ſaid—Now, Rachel, let us have none of your nonſenſe; if you do, I ſhall find a method of curing you of it for the future. So I promiſed I would not ſay a ſilly word all the way, if I could help it. Luckily for me, the child ſlept great part of the journey, and of courſe I held my tongue; but as ſoon as the dear little ſoul opened its eyes, and began to look about, I quite forgot myſelf, and called out—*Georgy Porgy*, *Deary Peary*, *Ridy Pidy*, *Coachy Poachy!* and ſhould have gone on with the ſame kind of ſtuff, if my maſter had not immediately ſtopped the coachman; and taking the child in his own lap, ordered me to get out, for he ſaid he had rather nurſe twelve hours than be ſhut up in a coach half of one, to hear ſuch gibberiſh; ſo poor I was obliged to walk the other five miles all in the broiling heat: and this made me remember talking nonſenſe to children; and I think I ſhall never talk ſo again."

"To ſay the truth," added Rachel, "though I was very mad at the time, I do not think my maſter was to blame; for it muſt be very provoking to gentlefolks, who mean to give their children good learning, and wiſh them to be clever as ſoon as they can, to have them taught by their nurſes to talk ſuch nonſenſe as no one can underſtand."

"What you ſay is very true, Rachel," ſaid Kitty. "Why there is Miſs Hannah White, that viſits at our houſe, who is eleven years old, often makes her mamma bluſh in company at hearing her liſp, and ſpeak many words like a baby; which I dare ſay is owing to her having had nonſenſe talked to her in the nurſery, for I perceive ſhe can ſpeak otherwiſe when ſhe tries. It is a ſad thing for a young lady to be ſerved ſo; but it may be ſtill worſe for young gentlemen, as nobody knows what they may be when they grow up to man's eſtate: and it is my belief that the

the reaſon why ſo many parſons ſpeak ſo badly in the pulpit, is owing firſt of all to this very thing: therefore, if ever I live nurſery-maid, I am determined it ſhall not be ſaid of me that I helped to ſpoil a good parſon; for one of my firſt cares ſhall be to make children ſpeak plainly."

Nanny owned that what they ſaid was very true, though ſhe had not thought of it before. She was ſure the children were as dear to her as if they were her own, and ſhe would do the beſt ſhe could by them.

"Well, then," ſaid Rachel, "ſhall I tell you of ſome other things that I would not do?" "Yes, and thank you too," ſaid Nanny, "for I am not above learning." Rachel then added, that ſhe had ſeveral times heard her threaten the children, when naughty, that an old man ſhould take them. "My maſter, that I told you of before," ſaid ſhe, "was dreadfully angry with me once for that, and ſaid I was a fool for frightening children, and wicked in ſetting them againſt old men, for they ought from their cradles to be taught to reverence the aged; and the Scriptures ſay as much: to be ſure my maſter was very right!"

"Yes," ſaid Kitty, "that he was: I hate, for my part, to hear old folks made bugbears of; we ſhould not like to be ſerved ſo ourſelves."

"Well, but," ſaid Nanny, "how ſhall I manage the children, if I muſt neither humour nor frighten them? Then I had need ſpend a mint of money in cakes and ſugar-plums, to bribe them to be good."

"No," ſaid Rachel, "that is as wrong a thing as you can do; it makes children covetous and mean-ſpirited to bribe them: they ſhould be taught to do right, becauſe they ought to do ſo, and for fear of God Almighty's being angry with them. And, as for cakes and ſugar-plums, they are naſty poiſonous

things, and do children harm; ſo I would never let them taſte them.

"I will tell you a better way than bribing them: never do any thing for children when they cry, or ſpeak unhandſomely; nor let them have any thing that will hurt them, but keep your own temper, that they may ſee you don't deny them out of ill-nature; and, when they are good, do every thing to pleaſe them that is proper to be done; and I dare ſay you will have greater command of them than you have now.

"But, above all things, Nanny, never deceive children, but ſpeak the truth to them, as ſtrictly as you would wiſh others to ſpeak it to you. I declare, one would ſuppoſe, from the way in which ſome folks talk to children, that they take them all for natural fools, without underſtanding; but they have more ſenſe than theſe people think of, and take notice of all that is ſaid or done: or elſe, how could they learn to talk or know the meaning of ſo many words as they do when they are ſo young? My maſter was very particular about this matter; and it would have been as much as my place was worth, to have promiſed a child any thing without performing it; for he ſaid children try to imitate what they hear and ſee in grown people, and therefore all about them ſhould ſet good examples."

Nanny was very thankful for this advice; and followed it ſo, that by degrees ſhe became a moſt excellent nurſery-maid, and brought up all the children, who were friends to her as long as ſhe lived, and her maſter rewarded her very handſomely.

Another young woman to whom Rachel and Kitty were of great uſe, was Lucy Becket: ſhe was a very clever handy girl, but knowing her own abilities, ſhe over-valued them ſo, that ſhe would not bear the leaſt fault to be found with her, without giving warning,

warning, by which means she frequently threw herself out of place; but being known as an useful servant, she was hired first by one and then by another, till she lived with several people in the village, who were, in turn, obliged to part with her for the insolence above mentioned: at last she was hired by Mrs. Fleming, a lady who treated her servants with proper kindness and indulgence, but who would not put up with any impertinence. This place was a very profitable one, and quite suitable to Lucy in every respect, yet she foolishly gave warning as usual on some trifling occasion, and in an hour after repented of her imprudence, and hoped that by civil behaviour she should induce her mistress to pass by this fault unnoticed, for she was far from wishing to go away: however, Mrs. Fleming behaved with such coolness as plainly shewed her displeasure. Quite frightened with the thoughts that she should lose a good place, Lucy took occasion to consult Rachel and Kitty, who blamed her very much, and advised her to beg pardon. "No," replied Lucy, "that shall never be said of me, I will not be so mean spirited." "Do you call it mean spirited to confess a fault?" said Kitty. "I think it is much more so to be obstinate." "Very true," said Rachel, "it is certainly very wrong for any body to throw themselves out of a good service, rather than shew proper humility. Surely it may be called tempting God Almighty; for when his providence places people where they may be happy, if they will, can they expect his blessing will follow them if they wilfully throw themselves out of it? I have known many girls act like you, Lucy, who lived to repent it, as I fear you will do." "I fancy she will soon have reason," answered Kitty, "for I heard my mistress say that all the gentlefolk in the village were surprised when Mrs. Fleming hired Lucy, as her character for changing was so well

known; and after leaving so good a place, I don't think any one here will hire her, so I would advise her to humble herself." "It is certainly your duty to do so, Lucy," said Rachel, "for giving warning in a pet, is one of the greatest insults that can be offered to a mistress, and does not at all agree with God's command to submit to all one's betters; for my part, if at any time I should wish to change my place, I should study to tell my mistress so with all the civility in my power." Lucy said that she was afraid the other servants would laugh at her, if she should offer to humble herself." "Never mind if they do," said Kitty. "Better be laughed at for doing right, than suffer for doing wrong." In short, these good girls made use of so many arguments that Lucy's pride gave way, and she returned home with a resolution to ask her mistress's pardon, but her foolish spirit rose up again, and prevented her every time she had an opportunity; at last she got up her heart to speak, when, to her great mortification, her mistress told her she had hired a servant. Lucy was exceedingly vexed indeed, and opened her mind to her two friends as they walked from church the next Sunday, who admonished her to behave as well as possible while she staid with her mistress, which was very serviceable advice, for she intended to give herself a great many airs. At length the time came for her to be discharged, and she begged her mistress to give her a character. "That I certainly will do," said Mrs. Fleming, "and shall speak as favourably as I can of you, Lucy: but it is my rule never to conceal any capital fault, because I wish in hiring a servant to be treated with candour myself; however, I shall not fail when I name yours, to mention your submissive behaviour since." Lucy went away with an aching heart, resolving never more to throw herself out of a good place by her folly, but it was not her luck to get a good one; for her next mistress was proud,

proud, paſſionate, and ſtingy; however, by the encouragement of Kitty and Rachel, ſhe bore every diſagreeable circumſtance with patience for a long while, and afterwards was hired into a very good family, where ſhe behaved well and lived happily.

What an advantage it was to Molly Banks, Becky Perkins, Nanny Burton, and Lucy Becket, to have ſuch friends as Kitty and Rachel! Had they fallen in the way of many ſervants, they would have been ſet againſt good places, and perhaps would never have ſettled as long as they lived.

Whatever ſtations of life people are in, they muſt expect to meet with ſome things agreeable and ſome diſagreeable, and ſhould ſtrive to make the beſt of their condition. We did not come into the world to be perfectly happy, but to prepare us for a better: the more patiently we bear the evils that fall to our lot, the greater ſhare of comfort we ſhall enjoy here; and, if we practiſe this patience in obedience to the commands of God Almighty, and in imitation of our bleſſed Saviour's example, we ſhall obtain the greater ſhare of happineſs in the other world.

CHAP. XXIII.

THOMAS's chief acquaintances were the clerk of the pariſh and the exciſeman, for he wiſhed to keep company with thoſe from whom he knew he could improve himſelf. The clerk taught him to ſing anthems, and inſtructed him in the management of the garden; and Thomas gave the exciſeman a little matter to teach him meaſuring and ſurveying: and Mr. Allen, the maſter of the charity-ſchool, to whom Thomas had been a ſcholar, took notice of him; and he was a man who knew the world, and was capable of giving him very good advice. Thomas had not much leiſure for going

out; but when he did go, it was always to ſee one of theſe worthy people; for he never entered an alehouſe, or played at any idle games: and on theſe accounts his friends, the clerk and exciſeman, were always welcome to a cup of Mr. Brown's ale; for he had free liberty to treat them.

One evening, when Thomas was regaling his friend the exciſeman, he began relating what an account Rachel had given of London places, and expreſſed his ſatisfaction that his lot was caſt in the country; on which the exciſeman replied, that Thomas had reaſon to be thankful, and he hoped he would always have a proper ſenſe of his happineſs in having ſuch a worthy maſter and miſtreſs, and not ſuffer himſelf to be perſuaded to leave them. "It was my good fortune," added he, "to have ſuch myſelf, though my maſter was not a parſon, but in trade. He took me firſt a lad (as you might be, Thomas, when you came to Mr. Brown's), and he and my miſtreſs were as good as a father and mother to me. I had a brother who went out to ſervice as I did, but he was of a roving temper, and often changed his place with a view to better himſelf, and would fain have perſuaded me to do the ſame, but I could not get up my heart to leave my maſter and miſtreſs, and their children; ſo I kept on contented with moderate wages: in the mean time my brother flaſhed away, firſt as footman in a fine livery, then as valet de chambre, and ſo on; but wherever he went he was always looking out for ſomething better, and never ſtaid long enough in a place to make a friend; at laſt he was ſeized with the rheumatiſm very badly, and became a cripple, and for ſome time was in a workhouſe till I got up in the world, and was able to help him, and now he lives a burden upon me."

"And did you never change place at all?" ſaid Thomas. "No," anſwered the exciſeman, "I kept

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on ſteadily with the ſame maſter and miſtreſs, who by degrees raiſed my wages as much as they could afford, and gave me good inſtruction, which proved of more value than money, for they taught me my duty to God and man; and, at laſt, my maſter got the place for me which I now enjoy; beſides this all his ſons and daughters are very good to me, and make me many preſents; and I have the comfort to think, that in caſe I ſhould be in diſtreſs, I have no leſs than ten good friends to help me."

"That is a comfort indeed," replied Thomas, "and, thank God, I may reckon upon four; my maſter and miſtreſs, Maſter Charles and Miſs Fanny. But pray tell me, Mr. Thornton, was your place in London or in the country."

"In London," replied the exciſeman.

"I am glad to hear it," ſaid Thomas, "for with what I heard from Rachel, and ſaw at Lord Townly's, I began to think that London muſt be a dreadful place indeed."

"It is bad enough to be ſure," ſaid Mr. Thornton, "but there are a great many good people in it for all that; and it would be a pity that ſuch ſhould not get good ſervants. I think, a lad who is well ſettled in the country is much the ſafeſt, but if any one has a mind to go to town he may live very comfortably there, provided he gets into a ſober, regular family; but it is dreadfully dangerous indeed, to go and live there at one's own hands, or in diſorderly families, as the town is full of temptations for thoſe who have nothing to do, or bad adviſers."

"Are all lords and ladies like Lord and Lady Townly?" ſaid Thomas.

"By no means," anſwered the exciſeman; "many of them lead good lives and have regular families, and provide very handſomely for their ſervants, and it is a great honour and happineſs to live with them;

but there are always people enow to catch at ſuch places, and therefore I think it is very wrong for either men or women ſervants, who are already comfortably ſettled with perſons in middling ſtations, to be ambitious of living with great folks. The good ones among theſe generally have ſervants recommended by people whom they can depend upon, and therefore do not look out for ſtrangers; and the reſt are not worth living with, and deſerve no better ſervants than ſuch as Lord Townly now has."

This diſcourſe of the exciſeman ſtrengthened Thomas's reſolution to do his utmoſt to retain the good opinion of his maſter and miſtreſs: and he reſolved not to liſten to any who ſhould try to make him diſſatisfied, and he carefully avoided Lord Townly's wicked ſervants, neither did he keep company with any footmen in the village, as there was not one among them fit to be companion to ſuch a ſober religious lad as he was.

CHAP. XXIV.

IT was a cuſtom with Mr. and Mrs. Brown to viſit the poor themſelves, and to adminiſter to their neceſſities with their own hands; but they ſometimes ſent their benefactions to particular people by their ſervants, not from oſtentation, but becauſe they thought the ſight of miſerable objects would make them tender-hearted to others, and ſenſible of the bleſſings they themſelves enjoyed; and they likewiſe wiſhed to afford them opportunities of giving their own mite, as they taught them it was their duty to do.

The village in which Mr. Brown lived, was in itſelf pleaſant and fruitful: there were a few gentlemen who had large eſtates in it; yet moſt of the poorer people ſuffered

ſuffered much diſtreſs, and complained of want of charity among their rich neighbours; but the fault lay with themſelves, for there had been a time when the gentry were well diſpoſed towards them, and would have diſpenſed their bounty with liberality, had they not been obliged to reſtrain it through the inſults and ingratitude of thoſe to whom they offered their kind aſſiſtance. A few inſtances will ſet this matter in a clear light.

The manor-houſe was formerly inhabited by Sir John Fenton, a gentleman of extraordinary humanity and generoſity, whoſe lady poſſeſſed the ſame amiable qualites. When they came to reſide at this village, as they were of the firſt conſequence in it, they determined to be patrons and benefactors to their indigent neighbours. In the firſt place, therefore, Sir John reſolved to employ as many day labourers as he could on his own grounds, whom he agreed to pay ſo much a week for their labour. For a little while they earned their wages, but many of them ſoon grew lazy, and took every opportunity of impoſing upon their kind employer, from a notion that, as he had plenty of money, there was no harm in cheating him; ſo whenever they were not overlooked, they indulged themſelves in idleneſs, and ſcarcely ever did half a day's work, though they were paid for a whole one; and performed their buſineſs in a ſlighting manner. For a conſiderable time Sir John bore this ungrateful treatment, and only complained of it, and threatened them; but finding at length that there was no depending upon them, he diſcharged them all, and put his buſineſs into the hands of a ſurveyor, who hired workmen at other places. From this time, the labouring men of the village conſidered Sir John as their enemy, and exclaimed loudly againſt his cruelty, in turning off his poor neighbours and bringing ſtrangers to take their bread out of their mouths; and yet, who, that hears

the ſtory fairly told, can think the good gentleman to blame?

The conſequences of the villagers' ingratitude and injuſtice to their patron did not ſtop here; for other gentlemen who were going to improve their eſtates, knowing how their worthy neighbour had been uſed, and having experienced the ſame kind of treatment themſelves, followed his plan of having ſurveyors; and ſo thoſe to whom they would gladly have given the preference were ſet aſide, and could only get employment among farmers, where they had no opportunity of cheating, and very often they were entirely out of work, and this, perhaps, when ſevere weather made their neceſſities the greater.

Nor were the women leſs to blame than the men, as you may judge from what I am now going to relate. Sir John Fenton, ſuppoſing that firing would be very acceptable, gave permiſſion to the poor to gather ſticks up in his park, and a number of women and children went every day and carried home large bundles; but theſe ſilly women, forgetful of the miſeries they had ſuffered in former winters, as ſoon as the weather was warm, grew tired of the trouble of gathering ſticks, and ſaid that it was no charity to make poor folks fatigue themſelves in that manner for a little wood; if Sir John meant to ſerve them, he might ſend the ſticks to their houſes. Beſides this, the boys were ſo rude as to drive the deer about, throw ſtones at the ſwans, damage the young trees which had been lately planted, and tear limbs from the older ones; ſo Sir John ſhut up his park entirely from the poor, and in ſucceeding winters they found the difference, for, inſtead of having a good fire to dreſs their food and comfort them, they were obliged on many a cold winter's day, when the ground was covered with ſnow, to wander about for miles in ſearch of fuel, and frequently returned home without any, to diſmal habitations, where not a ſingle ſpark glimmered on thoſe hearths which

Sir

Sir John Fenton's benevolence had enlivened with many a cheerful blaze, and then retired, ſhivering with cold, to their wretched beds, which did not afford ſufficient covering to warm their half frozen limbs. But inſtead of owning their fault, and endeavouring to reconcile themſelves to their benefactor, theſe fooliſh people encouraged one another in ſpeaking ill of him, and complained of his want of charity.

Another inſtance of their ill treatment of this worthy gentleman was this: When the weather ſet in ſo ſevere that his labourers could not have work to do, Sir John Fenton had a fine ox killed, and divided into ſhares, to be diſtributed according to the largeneſs of different families. As ſome parts of an ox are better beef than the others, it happened of courſe that all perſons could not be ſupplied with the beſt pieces, ſo there was great quarrelling among the poor women to obtain theſe, and thoſe to whom the inferior ones were given, ſuppoſing themſelves injured in the diſtribution, refuſed to accept of any: nay ſome had the inſolence to nail their port on up at the gate, with many reproachful ſpeeches, not conſidering that the worſt would have made very good broth, and that another time they might have had a better lot. It cannot be wondered at, that Sir John Fenton killed no more oxen for his labourers.

His good lady was treated as badly. Knowing that clothing was a very expenſive article to poor people, ſhe purchaſed a quantity of linen, ſtuff, and linſey woolſey, which ſhe gave away for ſhifts, gowns, and petticoats. Many who received theſe donations ſold them immediately, ſquandered the money, and ridiculed the lady for what they called beggarly gifts.

They ſerved the neighbouring gentry the ſame, which naturally hardened their hearts againſt their poor neighbours in general, and all followed the example

ample of Sir John Fenton and his lady, in confining their benevolence to a few people whom they had found deserving of their kindness.

It had happened unfortunately for the inhabitants of this village that Mr. Beaumont, the late Rector, who was a truly good man, and had been very active in another parish in his younger days, fell into a bad state of health soon after he came to the living, and never recovered sufficiently to do his duty regularly, but was under the necessity of employing a curate, who had at the same time another curacy to attend, which was some miles off, and at which he resided, so that he had no leisure to visit the poor of this parish, who might therefore be considered as sheep having no shepherd; and indeed many of them might be compared to sheep in another respect (though far from being so inoffensive), for they acted like creatures without understanding; and as if their minister was entirely accountable for them, they took no care of their own souls, but by degrees left off going to church, and from sabbath-breaking proceeded to other sins, till at last they lost all sense of religious duties; and in this state Sir John Fenton found them. This accounts for their great ingratitude to him and his lady; for those who are unmindful of their obligations to their Almighty Benefactor, cannot be expected to be grateful for the benefits conferred on them by mankind.

Sir John Fenton lived about six years in the parish, and then died; his lady paid the debt of nature two years before, and the old Rector departed this life a week after his patron. The living was then given to Mr. Brown, who hearing of these unhappy differences, resolved that he would endeavour to reconcile them, but the estate being purchased by Lord Townly, he could not effect it for a long while; at last this nobleman getting in debt was obliged to sell the estate, and it was purchased by Sir Harry Jennings, to whom the good Rector himself

ſelf pleaded the cauſe of the poor ſo powerfully, that he promiſed to take them into employment. Thomas was made the meſſenger of theſe glad tidings, which he carried with a joyful heart. He told the men that he hoped they would be induſtrious, for Sir Harry would not be impoſed upon; "nor is it right he ſhould," ſaid he, "for make the caſe your own, ſuppoſe yourſelf the *gentleman*, think whether you ſhould like to pay a whole day's wages for half a day's work. Let me beg of you from this time, *to do unto all men as you would have them to do unto you.* Conſider how you have ſuffered, and made your families ſuffer, by not following this rule. Remember that God Almighty ſees you at all times, and if you miſs the opportunity he now gives you of living comfortably, he may never afford you another; for thoſe who ſlight his mercy provoke his juſtice. Pray (ſaid the good young man) go to church of a Sunday, and mind what my maſter ſays in the pulpit, I am ſure he will be a father to all his pariſhioners, if they will but hearken to his advice, which will be all for their good; and all the gentry, as well as Sir Harry, will be your friends too, if you are not your own enemies." The hope of employment induced ſeveral men to promiſe they would follow Thomas's advice, and they were ſet to work the next week, and others ſoon humbled themſelves in like manner, and got work alſo. The good Rector made it a point to give them every aſſiſtance in his power, and, in a ſhort time, the poor found the benefit of his good offices, and their own induſtry and reſpectful behaviour, by enjoying the favour of their betters; and all conſidered Thomas as one of their beſt friends.

Kitty and Rachel were equally beloved; for Mrs. Brown encouraged them to tell her of all caſes of diſtreſs, that came within their knowledge in the village, and ſent them with caudle and other refreſhments to poor lying-in women and other ſick people,

people, by which means they had frequent opportunities of seeing how many inconveniences a state of poverty brings upon people, which made them resolve to deliberate before marrage, and not to leave a good service without a probable chance of living comfortably; they also found that it was in their power to help the poor, which they cheerfully did, by giving them their old clothes, and taking particular care not to waste provisions of any kind, but to gather up every fragment, which they distributed as their good mistress directed.

CHAP. XXV.

THOMAS, Kitty, and Rachel, continued to do their duty to their master and mistress for many years. Miss Brown was married; and the young gentleman went to the university. At last, poor Mr. Brown was taken ill, and went into a consumption; I need not say this was a great grief to his family; indeed it was so to the whole parish, for he was an excellent good man.

All his servants made it their constant study how to be serviceable to him and their mistress; and when poor Mrs. Brown's affliction rendered her incapable of paying the usual attention to family affairs, they took the utmost care of every thing they had charge of, the same as if the mistress's eye was always over them: because they were not eye servants, but considered themselves as in the sight of God Almighty, and bound to be true and just in all their dealings.

Indeed, at all times, these good servants made it a point not to waste and destroy; every thing was kept in its proper place, and applied to the very use it was bought for, and no other. You might go to Mr. Brown's a hundred and a hundred times, and never see plates and dishes set about in a careless way for dogs

and

and cats to break; and all their dusters, house-cloths, pudding-cloths, &c. were fairly worn out, and as soon as the least hole was discovered, it was mended.

How much more creditable was this to themselves, than if they had, like many servants I have seen, boiled puddings in the dusters, and wiped the floors with the pudding cloths, and other untidy tricks, which, if a mistress was to see, would set her against all the victuals they dress for her.

Had you seen the coppers, pewter, and dressers in the kitchen, you would have admired the neatness of the cook; nay the very bars of the grate were as bright as silver, at each end; and, as for the dairy, Kitty kept it in such beautiful order, that no one could go into it without wishing to taste her butter and cheese; and when she cleaned a room, she did not merely scour the floors, but kept the glasses and windows quite bright, and dusted every corner. This neatness was a real credit, and gained the servants who practised it more praise than any ever got by dressing out themselves above their stations. To strive to excel in neatness is a commendable pride. How would Kitty and Rachel have been shocked at seeing such kitchens, dairies, and sculleries, as are too common where fine maids are kept! But we were describing the behaviour of Mr. Brown's servants during his illness.

Rachel Smithers, who was an excellent cook, made all the proper messes for him in the nicest manner; and Kitty did not stay till they were called for, but carried sometimes a jelly, and sometimes beef-tea, &c. in hopes that her master might fancy them if they came without his thinking of them beforehand; and she also watched the clock, that every thing the doctor ordered might be given at the proper hour. Thomas likewise was as punctual with the asses milk; and each of the servants were ready to sit up of nights in turn; so that there was no occasion to send for a stranger to nurse him; and

Mrs.

Mrs. Brown was relieved from a great deal of fatigue.

Servants, when they are tender-hearted and thoughtful, can afford great comfort to their maſters and miſtreſſes in times of affliction, and it is a principal part of their duty to do ſo; and yet how many are there who think themſelves at liberty to ramble about and leave their uſual buſineſs? If, as the ſcriptures ſay, *he is bleſſed that provides for the ſick and needy*, what muſt they be who neglect them? What dreadful unfeeling hearts ſervants muſt have, who will not take pains to pleaſe the appetite of the ſick, who neglect to air their linen properly, and frequently throw away a meſs of broth and other things, which may be wanted, without conſidering what they are about. Such people are generally puniſhed even in this world; for they either fall into families where the maſters and miſtreſſes are as unfeeling as themſelves, or elſe by their ingratitude harden the hearts of thoſe who would otherwiſe ſhew tenderneſs and compaſſion towards them; or, if they eſcape here, how will they anſwer for ſuch conduct at the laſt day?

Notwithſtanding all the care that was taken of poor Mr. Brown, he died after a very tedious illneſs; and, before he expired, being perfectly ſenſible, he called his ſervants to his bed-ſide, and gave them his bleſſing, at the ſame time thanking them for their good behaviour, and adviſing them to continue, through the whole courſe of their lives, to conduct themſelves as they had done in his ſervice, and then they might expect a happy death, for God would ſurely reward them with eternal happineſs.

The grief of theſe ſervants was very great for the loſs of ſo excellent a maſter; but they did not give way to their ſorrow ſo as to diſable themſelves from doing their buſineſs; they conſidered that their poor miſtreſs's loſs was ſtill greater than theirs; and turned

their

their attention to her; which was the more neceſſary, as neither of her children were with her; for Miſs Brown, who was married, as I ſaid, about three years before, having a little family, was at home at this time, not thinking her dear father ſo near his end: and the young gentleman happened to be at the univerſity; however, they both came ſhortly after; and then Mr. Brown's will was opened, in which was the following article--

"I give and bequeath to my truſty ſervants, Thomas Simpkins, Rachel Smithers, and Catherine Sparks, five pounds each for mourning. I alſo give and bequeath to the ſaid Thomas Simpkins, Rachel Smithers, and Catherine Sparks, twenty-five pounds each, as a recompence for their fidelity and frugality, by which I am ſenſible they have, in the courſe of their ſervice, ſaved me a great deal of money. Were my fortune larger, my donation would be ſo alſo; but this little will expreſs my affection for them, and, with the bleſſing of God, will put them forward in the world, or comfort them in ſickneſs or old age; and it is accompanied with my hearty prayers for their preſent and eternal happineſs!"

The manner in which this legacy was given, doubled the value of it to each of the ſervants; and, in the midſt of ſorrow, their hearts rejoiced at the kind teſtimony their dear maſter had borne to their good behaviour, and they returned thanks to God for having given them grace to do their duty, beſeeching him to continue it to them for the time to come.

A new Rector was ſoon appointed; and Mrs. Brown having no longer a right to continue at the parſonage-houſe, it was reſolved that ſhe ſhould go and live with her daughter, as ſhe would have been very lonely by herſelf. She propoſed to take Kitty with her as her own maid: and it happened that Mrs. Bennet (which was now Miſs Fanny's name) wanted

wanted a cook; therefore she gladly hired Rachel Smitners; but Mrs. Brown had no use for Thomas; and though she had a genteel income, meant to live frugally, in order to save what she could for her children.

Thomas was at a great loss what to do with himself; for the new Rector was provided with a footman, and most of the gentry in the neighbourhood had such dissolute servants, who thought of nothing but frolicking and dress, that Thomas had no heart to hire himself among them. For perhaps, thought he, I may be drawn away by their example; and I had rather suffer any thing than forsake God. Neither did he like to go to London in search of a service; for he declared to his friends, that he would not trust himself in such a wicked place, if he was sure that the streets were paved with gold. "What pleasure," said he, "can there be in wearing a ruffled shirt, silk stockings, a fine laced livery, and being a powdered beau, if I must be obliged to lounge away hours of precious time, keep company with gamesters, break the sabbath, hear profane lewd conversation, or else be laughed at for a foolish fellow; as I have before now been at Lord Townly's?

"No, give me a plain coat, worsted stockings, and other decent apparel, with a good conscience, and time to serve my Maker, and my fellow creatures; and let who will become fine gentlemen!" He therefore resolved to return to his mother's cottage, and for the present go out to work as a day-labourer, as he had formerly done.

Thomas was ready to break his heart when he took leave of his mistress; and the parting between him and his fellow servants was very affecting, for they were like brother and sisters: however, they hoped to meet again now and then, as Mrs. Brown gave Thomas leave to come when it suited him, to see his old companions.

The

The two maids, by the advice of their miſtreſs, put their legacies out at intereſt; and Thomas did the ſame, till he could find ſome way of employing it to advantage. Not one of the three were at all proud of being worth money. And Thomas with great cheerfulneſs offered to work for a farmer; for though he had been a footman, he was not above driving a cart or a plough; nay, he thought huſbandry an honourable employment: for, as the ſcripture ſays, "*The king himſelf is ſerved by the field.*" And, "*no one ſhould hate laborious work, neither huſbandry, which the Moſt High hath ordained.*"

Among the books which his dear maſter had given him, was one called the Huſbandman's Manual*, which he had often read with great pleaſure, and now found very uſeful and comfortable.

When Thomas had worked at this place for ſome time, he heard of a little farm which was to be let, in a village not many miles diſtant: this he greatly wiſhed to have, as he had thoughts of marrying Kitty, his late fellow-ſervant, whoſe company he had been ſo long uſed to, that he could not be happy without it, and they were both deſirous of employing their money in the farming buſineſs; rather than to keep a public houſe, which is the general reſource of gentlemen's ſervants, where they ſacrifice all their eaſe and comfort, and run into the temptation of rooting out from their minds every good and religious principle.

Squire Harvey, to whom the farm belonged, was a very generous man, and, hearing an excellent character of Thomas Simpkins, reſolved to admit him as his tenant, and alſo to advance a ſum of money to aſſiſt him. He and Kitty were accordingly married, and immediately took poſſeſſion of the farm. But

* Publiſhed by Mr. Rivington, for the Society for Promoting Chriſtian Knowledge.

before I proceed to acquaint my readers how this worthy couple conducted themſelves in their new ſtation, let me entreat them to conſider, whether it would not be much better for ſervants in general to act upon ſuch principles as Thomas Simpkins, Rachel Smithers, and Kitty Sparks did, than to be like Lord Townly's ſervants, and too many others, indifferent to the intereſts of their maſters and miſtreſſes, and forgetful of the account they muſt give of their actions at the great day of judgment? Let me perſuade all thoſe whoſe lot it is to be ſervants, to follow ſuch good examples as are here exhibited; and make the ſcriptures the rule of their actions, and they will certainly obtain peace of conſcience, and a well-grounded hope of everlaſting happineſs; which will make them rich amends for any diſappointments they may chance to meet with in this world. Honeſty and fidelity are the moſt likely means to obtain preferment, and gratuities from their maſters on earth; but ſhould theſe fail to beſtow them, the truly Chriſtian ſervant, who has acted upon religious principles, may reſt aſſured, that he ſhall not loſe his reward in heaven; for when the laſt trumpet ſhall awaken the dead to life, he will hear his heavenly Maſter pronounce the comfortable words——"WELL DONE, THOU GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT: THOU HAST BEEN FAITHFUL OVER A FEW THINGS, I WILL MAKE THEE RULER OVER MANY THINGS: ENTER THOU INTO THE JOY OF THY LORD."

FINIS.

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THE

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AN

EXEMPLARY TALE:

DESIGNED TO RECOMMEND

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AND THE

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH DAY.

THE FIFTH EDITION CORRECTED.

BY MRS. TRIMMER.

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1808.

T. Bensley, Printer,
Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London.

To Mrs. DENWARD.

Madam,

In consequence of a hint, with which I was favoured by the Monthly Reviewers, I had resolved to write a short tract for the poor, that might answer the purpose of my *Fabulous Histories*; but remained undetermined in respect to the mode of executing this design, till you suggested to me the idea of enlarging the history of *The Two Farmers*, introduced in that work; and afterwards directed me to *Dr. Primatt's Dissertation on the Duty of Mercy, and Sin of Cruelty to Brute Animals*, which I had never before seen.

In composing this simple tale, I have endeavoured to comply with the wishes of all my kind advisers; and am pleased with the opportunity of communicating to the lower orders of people many of the good doctor's sentiments; which, though intermixed with inferior materials, and put into an humble dress, may prove an acceptable acquisition to those who are not able to purchase his

Diſſertation; but I cannot conſcientiouſly appropriate their thanks to myſelf: pardon me, therefore, Madam, for the liberty I take, in pointing out the perſon to whom they are originally indebted for the moſt valuable part of the preſent performance.—Happy ſhall I be if it meets with your approbation; and is found to anſwer your benevolent intention in propoſing it.

I beg your acceptance of my beſt acknowledgments of the honour conferred on myſelf, and that you will believe me to be, with ſincere eſteem,

MADAM,

Your obliged and obedient ſervant,

SARAH TRIMMER.

BRENTFORD,
OCTOBER 19, 1786.

ADVERTISEMENT.

An ardent desire of being useful to a very important part of the rising generation, has induced the author of the *Servant's Friend* to exhibit the virtues of Mr. and Mrs. Simpkins in another point of view, in hopes that their history will prove an agreeable vehicle for conveying to Sunday scholars, under the idea of amusement for their leisure hours, some lessons, which, if imprinted on their minds, may be beneficial to them in the future part of their lives; when a prudent frugality in a state of service, or the gratuitous reward of their diligence and fidelity, shall have enabled them to marry and settle in the world.

It may be said, that it is to no purpose to turn the thoughts of the lower ranks of people towards the farming business, when *small* farms are scarcely to be met with. The truth of this observation is acknowledged and lamented: but let it be remembered, that those for whom this little work is chiefly designed are not yet in *want* of such a kind of settlement; and who can tell what the good providence of God may bring about for his servants in the course of a few years?

If, as there is cause to believe, a want of principle in the poor has averted the blessing of Heaven, and obstructed the charity of their superiors, contrary effects may be expected from their reformation; and it can hardly be doubted, that if they improve aright the advantage of *religious instruction*, which is now be-

ſtowed upon them, a variety of means will be contrived for perpetuating and increaſing their comforts in every ſtage of life. The readers of the following pages are therefore earneſtly entreated to peruſe them with attention; and to obſerve the *moral* and *religious inſtructions* they contain, more than the *incidents of the ſtory*. A great part of theſe inſtructions are extracted from the valuable work of a learned and pious author: the reſt are the dictates of a heart warmly intereſted in the happineſs of the poor. Nor are the leſſons here preſented confined to the practice of the *Farmer* and *huſbandman*; they are applicable, in ſome degree, to every ſtation of life; for THE RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH-DAY, and THE EXERCISE OF BENEVOLENCE TOWARDS MAN AND BEAST, are *general* duties; and whoever performs them in the greateſt extent will be the higheſt in the eſteem of his fellow-creatures; and in, what is infinitely more valuable, the favour of GOD.

THE

TWO FARMERS.

CHAP. I.

In order to gratify thoſe readers who were pleaſed with the former part of the hiſtory of Thomas Simpkins, I ſhall now give an account of his behaviour after he became a farmer.

By means of the money which had been left him by his good maſter, Mr. Brown, and the ſum advanced by ſquire Harvey, he found himſelf in poſſeſſion of a convenient houſe, ſurrounded with fields of rich arable land; together with ſufficient paſture for the live-ſtock he had purchaſed, which conſiſted of four horſes, two cows, a ſcore of ſheep, ſix hogs, a jack-aſs, and a variety of poultry. It has already been mentioned that Thomas (whom, for the future, we ſhall call farmer Simpkins) married the worthy young woman who had been his fellow-ſervant: he alſo took his good mother to live with him, that he might ſuccour and comfort her when ſhe ſhould, through age and infirmity, be incapable of getting her own livelihood.

Inſtead of being ſubject to the commands of others, Mr. Simpkins now found it neceſſary to hire two men and two boys, as ſervants for himſelf, (who lived in the houſe, and had conſtant

employment:) he had beſides ſeveral occaſional labourers. One of his men was named Richard Bruce, the other Roger Hicks. Richard Bruce was an experienced truſty ſervant, who ſeemed to have been allotted to Mr. Simpkins as a reward for his fidelity to his own maſter; for, like himſelf, he acted upon the principle of doing as he would be done by; and the farmer would have been often at a ſad loſs without ſuch an adviſer; though he had got ſome knowledge of buſineſs by working at huſbandry, when out of place, and reading books on the ſubject at Mr. Brown's. Richard Bruce was induced to hire himſelf to Mr. Simpkins from having heard a great deal in his praiſe; for though he was a new inhabitant, his character was known in the village. Indeed, it generally happens ſo, that a man's good or ill name flies before him, or at leaſt treads upon his heels; therefore it is a very fooliſh notion which ſome people take up, that they may behave ill in one place, and yet be reſpected in another.

Roger Hicks was a ſober, inoffenſive fellow, who had a great deal of ſtrength, and was willing to turn his hand to any thing. Tom Lang, the eldeſt of the boys, was a good-natured lively lad, a little inclined to miſchievous ſports. His companion, Joe Martin, was rather ill-humoured and lazy; for he had been badly brought up by his parents, and afterwards lived with a neighbouring farmer, (whom we ſhall have farther occaſion to mention) who took no care of his domeſtics.

According to his uſual cuſtom, the good farmer, when he entered on his new ſtation of life, ſearched the ſcriptures for directions how to act as a farmer and maſter of a family; and collected from thence the following texts, which, with the fourth commandment at the head of them, he tranſcribed into

into a little memorandum-book, intending to carry it always about him, that he might read it occasionally as he walked in the fields, to remind him of his duty.

Thou shalt not defraud the labourer of his hire.
Thou shalt not sleep with the wages of an hireling.
Remember that thou wast thyself a servant.
Provide for thine household.
Thou shalt not have in thy bag divers weights, a great and a small.
Thou shalt not have in thine house divers measures, a great and a small.
But thou shalt have a perfect and just weight; a perfect and just measure shalt thou have; that thy days may be lengthened in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.
That which goeth out of thy mouth thou shalt keep and perform.
Recompence no man evil for evil.
As much as in you lieth, live peaceably with all men.
Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer.
Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thine heart.
Thou shalt not harden thine heart, nor shut thine hand from thy poor brother.
Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth; and let not thine heart be glad when he stumbleth.
If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses.
Do good to them that hate you.
Love one another.
Honour all men; love the brotherhood; fear God; honour the king.
Be not desirous of vain glory.
If sinners entice thee, consent thou not.
Strong drink is a mocker.
Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast.

Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.

Thou shalt not plough with an ox and an ass together.

Thou shalt not see thy brother's ox or his sheep go astray, and hide thyself from them: thou shalt, in any case, bring them again unto thy brother:

And if thy brother be not nigh unto thee, or if thou know him not, then thou shalt bring it into thine own house, and it shall be with thee until thy brother seek after it, and thou shalt restore it to him again.

In like manner shalt thou do with all lost things that are thy brother's.

If thou seest thine enemy's ox or his ass going astray, thou shalt surely bring it back to him again.

If thou see the ass of him that hateth thee lying under his burden, and wouldest forbear to help him, thou shalt surely help with him.

When ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of the field; neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thine harvest: thou shalt leave them for the poor and the stranger.

In all thy gifts shew a cheerful countenance, and dedicate thy tythes with gladness.

The hand of the diligent maketh rich.

Be thou diligent to know the state of thy flocks, and look well to thy herds.

Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, make your requests known unto God.

Take no [anxious] thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed; for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things: but seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.

They that seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good.

Mr.

Mr. Simpkins's ſervants came to their places on Saturday evening: it was his particular fancy they ſhould do ſo, that he might take them to church, and return thanks to God for *making him an houſehold*, before he ſet them to work. On the Sunday evening, after reading the foregoing portions of ſcripture, and ſome others which pointed out the duties of maſters and ſervants, and ſeveral of David's pſalms, he, his wife, and mother, joined together in ſinging the following hymn.

The Huſbandman's Prayer. *

Thou GREAT CREATOR *of this earth*
Who gave to ev'ry ſeed its birth;
By whom our fields with ſhow'rs are bleſt;
Regard the huſbandman's requeſt.

I'm going now to till my ground,
And ſcatter there my ſeed around;
Which I no more expect to ſee,
Unleſs thy bleſſing ſow with me.

In vain our ſeed around we throw;
In vain we harrow where we ſow;
Except thou doſt our labours bleſs,
And give the grain a due increaſe:

Not one, of all my barn ſupplies,
Will ever from the ridges riſe,
Unleſs thy bleſſing does pervade
The buried corn, and ſhoot the blade.

Let then thy bleſſing, LORD, *attend*
On all the labours of my hand;
That I with joy may reap and mow
A rich return for what I ſow.

* From the Huſbandman's Manual.

Open the window of the ſky,
And ſhow'r down plenty from on high:
With fat of earth the ſeed ſuſtain,
And raiſe a ſpear from every grain.

Let not our ſins thy vengeance move
*To turn our heaven to braſs * above;*
Or harden into iron our earth,
And o'er our fields to ſpread a dearth.

But pour in ſeaſon, on the grain,
The former and the latter rain;
And in proportion due ſupply
The needful change of wet and dry.

Forbid the vermin to devour;
Forbid the mildew's blaſting ſhow'r;
Forbid the tempeſt to deſtroy
My growing crops and promis'd joy.

Crown with thy goodneſs, LORD, *the year,*
And let thy bleſſings round appear;
Let vales be cloth'd with graſs and corn,
And hills let various flocks adorn.

Give to the ſons of men their bread;
Let beaſts with fatt'ning graſs be fed;
All things in plenty, LORD, *provide,*
That all our wants may be ſupplied.

Give us a plenty, LORD, *we pray,*
From fields of corn, from meads of hay;
Of fruits from orchards grafted ſtocks;
Of milk from all the milky flocks.

Thou, LORD, *vouchſafe to bleſs our land,*
And ev'ry work we take in hand;
That ſo, with lifted hands, we may
Return thee praiſes night and day.

* Alluding to Leviticus xxvi. 27.

After

After this hymn was ended, Mr. Simpkins desired his family to kneel down while he read prayers: and before he retired to rest he told them that he should make this a constant practice every evening, and would gladly begin each day in the same manner; but that could not be managed, excepting on Sundays, because business required very early attendance in the fields; but he recommended to each of his servants to pray in private.

CHAP. II.

It was necessary, in Mr. Simpkins's situation, that when the business of the day was over, his servants should be companions to him, his wife, and mother, and therefore, excepting on Sundays, they lived in the kitchen, because two fires would have been expensive; and it would have looked affected in them, who had lately been in a low station, to have lived always in the parlour. They wished to keep up a proper distance between themselves and their domestics; but, at the same time, to lay no farther restraint on the men and boys than was requisite for this purpose, as they had a reasonable claim to cheerfulness and merriment when the labour of the day was over.

Mr. Simpkins entered on his farm at Michaelmas; and by the time he was settled, the evenings began to be long; he therefore brought forth his books, in order to teach the boys to read. Tom Lang had been taught a little; but Joe Martin did not know his letters, nor was he much inclined to learn. When they had done reading, the farmer, or Richard Bruce, usually

uſually aſked them queſtions concerning huſbandry work; ſuch as, which was the beſt method of reaping corn? tying up the ſheaves? building up the ſhocks? making ricks? &c. which had a tendency to improve them in their calling. After this, one or other told a diverting ſtory, or ſung a ſong. Mrs. Simpkins had a very good voice; and though ſhe did not approve Suſan Clarke's collection of ballads, ſhe knew a few that no young woman need be aſhamed to ſing before any body; but, when a ſervant, ſhe contented herſelf with theſe few, becauſe learning a variety ſhe thought would be apt to put buſineſs out of her head. Old Mrs. Simpkins often contributed to their amuſement, by ſinging the ditties which uſed to beguile the time while ſhe ſat at her ſpinning-wheel, and ſweetened her harder labours. Her moſt favourite ones were, the Berkſhire Lady, Fair Roſamond, The Lamentations of Jane Shore, and Chevy Chace. No ſong was ever ſung by the fire-ſide that had the leaſt immorality in it, or that ridiculed any thing that was religious: neither did any one relate nonſenſical ſtories about ghoſts and apparitions, becauſe Mr. and Mrs. Simpkins had learnt, at Mr. Brown's, that it was fooliſh to believe in them; beſides, ſuch ſtories can anſwer no purpoſe but to make timorous people more fearful.

On Sunday evenings Mr. Simpkins ſelected ſome portion of ſcripture ſuited to the inſtruction which his family at that time ſtood in particular need of, which he explained to them according to the knowledge he had acquired at Mr. Brown's, or from books, which he had careful'y read. As his remarks may be uſeful to others in the ſame rank of life, I will repeat ſome of them for the edification of my readers. I ſhall begin with his obſervations on the firſt chapter of Geneſis, which he read with a view of exciting ſentiments of tenderneſs and juſtice towards his cattle.

Mr.

Mr. Simpkins desired his men and boys to take notice, that this chapter told them, God created *all other living creatures*, as well as man, and gave them life, and blessed them. That man, as well as the lower creatures, was made *out of the dust of the earth*; "So that, in respect to our *bodies*," said he, "we are no better than the meanest worm that crawleth upon the ground; and it is only by divine appointment that man has dominion over the rest of the creation; for, as our *Maker*, God could, if it had been his good pleasure, have given dominion to the *horse* or the *ox*, or any other creature, and have left *man* like the *baboon*, to herd with *brutes*. Therefore," added the farmer, "we should not be tyrannical, as we too often are, over poor dumb beasts, who are placed in their different ranks by God Almighty's will, and not their own choice.

"To be sure," continued he, "*man* has the preference to a *brute* in respect to *reason*; but this, as well as *dominion*, is the *gift of* God, who can take it away, and yet let the human form remain the same, as is the case with natural fools: and when we *have* reason, and do not act according to it, we become brutes; nay, worse than brutes, in human shape. And though God Almighty, in his infinite wisdom, gives men hopes of *immortal life after death*, this is his free gift also; for it is not *natural* for men to rise from the dead; and we can no more raise *ourselves* than the brutes can; nay, if we lead wicked lives, we shall bring ourselves into a worse condition than that of the meanest reptile. Therefore, my lads," said the farmer, "do not set yourselves up above dumb creatures, as if *men* alone were the workmanship of God; but pray use them kindly. Consider, they have *flesh* and *blood* and *bones*, made out of *the dust of the earth*, as well as *we*; and there is no doubt but they can feel pain. For my own

part,"

part," continued the good farmer, "I mean no offence to any of you; but I look upon my horſes, my oxen and ſheep, nay, on the dogs and cats, as my *ſervants*; and, as ſuch, ſhall give them their due, and protect them if I ſee them ill treated. Poor dumb creatures! they cannot complain to their maſter, as you men and boys can do; and therefore may ſuffer a deal of miſery out of my ſight, that I can never hear of; but, depend upon it, I ſhall be very angy if I know of any barbarities practiſed on them; ſo take care what you do, my boys.

"I deſire," added he, "that you will not fail to feed the horſes properly, and give them water. Conſider how hard poor beaſts work, and that they muſt want refreſhment. You, who don't toil half ſo much as they do, would think it a very ſad thing if I was to deny you bread and cheeſe and beer, and ſend you faſting to bed; or were I to give you *victuals* without *drink*, or *drink* without *victuals*, it would be very uncomfortable to you: and ſo it muſt certainly be to the poor beaſts; for it is very plain that they feel both *hunger* and *thirſt*.

"I beg," ſaid he, "that you will always take the harneſs off the horſes as ſoon as they have done work; rub them down, and give them ſome good litter.—You know how refreſhing it is to yourſelves to be clean; and 'tis my belief that horſes mind cleanlineſs more than many men and boys do: but I ſuppoſe you had all rather lie in a bed than on the hard ground; and ſo had the horſes, there is no doubt. Think of your own feelings then, my good boys, and pity theirs. I ſhall take care to provide oats and hay for the horſes and other cattle; for what elſe can I give them for their ſervices? They want neither our *money* nor our *clothes*; they all, as one may ſay, wear GOD ALMIGHTY'S *livery*, who provides them with more durable garments than the beſt art of man

can

can furnish them with: and if beasts were as proud as we, they might reproach us with wearing their second-hand clothes. And all the grass of the field is, strictly speaking, *their property*; though we farmers are apt to talk of *our* hay and *our* grass; for hath not God said, in the chapter I have been reading, "*To every beast of the field I have given every green herb for meat?*" The grass and other herbs, therefore, whether green or made into hay, are no gifts of ours; the beasts have a just right to them; they were given to them before *man* was created; and therefore to withhold it from them, without paying them, is a robbery and a sin. If, instead of digging up a field with a spade, we, to save the sweat of our own brows, make use of the labour and strength of beasts to plough it for us, we ought, in justice and gratitude, to give them something in lieu of what we have taken away. If the corn I sow is *my* corn, not *their* corn, the grass I plough up is *their* grass, not *my* grass; for when God appointed man to be tenant of the field, he gave him no right to deprive his beast of that food which God ordained for him: but, as lord of the manor, God Almighty demands a quit-rent of him for the use of the beasts that labour for him: therefore I think myself in duty bound," continued Mr. Simpkins, "to supply the wants of my cattle some way or other; if I do not, I shall be as bad as a thief or a robber; nay, in one respect worse than those who rob their own kind; because a man may try another by law for robbing him, and get justice done; but poor dumb creatures can make no complaints, there are no lawyers to plead for them! But the eternal Judge will avenge their cause, if they are ill-treated, or he would not have said so much about them in the holy scriptures."

Richard Bruce entirely agreed with his master; for though he was not so good a scholar as Mr. Simpkins,

Simpkins, he could read the Bible, and had a deal of humanity in his diſpoſition. He ſaid, that for his part, he never uſed dumb things ill; indeed he was *afraid* to do ſo, for he conſidered them all as God Almighty's creatures, which, after he had made, he pronounced to be *good*. "Don't we read in the Pſalms," added he, "*The mighty* GOD, *even the* LORD *hath ſpoken, and called the earth from the riſing of the ſun to the going down thereof; every beaſt of the foreſt is mine, and the cattle upon a thouſand hills.*"

"Very true, Richard," replied Mr. Simpkins: "and don't you remember that Solomon, in the book of Wiſdom, ſays, *O* LORD, *thou loveſt all things that are, and abhorreſt nothing that thou haſt made: for never wouldſt thou have made any thing if thou hadſt hated it. And how could any thing have endured if it had not been thy will; or have been preſerved, if not called by thee?*"

"To be ſure," ſaid Mrs. Simpkins, "no creature that God hath made can be unknown to him: and we can ſcarcely think he will deſpiſe his own works."

"All this is very good," ſaid old Mrs. Simpkins; "and I ſhould like to hear more of it, if I could keep awake; but, my dear Thomas, when you get books before you, you forget how time flies. Roger has been yawning this half hour; Joe Martin looks ſtupified; Tom Lang rubs his eyes; and I do believe my daughter Kitty is ſleepy too; ſo let us go to reſt." "With all my heart," ſaid the farmer; "ſo put the Bible on the ſhelf, my dear, and let us ſay our prayers;" which they accordingly did, and implored the GOD of all mercies to give them merciful hearts.

CHAP. III.

It happened one Saturday that Tom Lang, whose business it was to milk the cows, had leave from his master to go and see his mother, who was ill; and Joe Martin was ordered to milk for him. As he had a quarrel with Tom the night before, Joe murmured at being obliged to do his work: however, he dared not refuse; so away he went in very ill-humour, and thus he continued all day. It happened that, in the evening, Mr. Simpkins went accidentally past the cow-house, just at the time of milking; when he saw the door shut, and heard a strange lowing within: he hastened forwards, and suddenly entering the cow-house, found the wicked urchin, Joe Martin, beating poor Colley, a quiet, harmless cow, with a knotted stick, as hard as he could strike. Shocked and provoked at once, the farmer seized the cruel boy, and, snatching the stick from him, was going to beat him with it; but recollecting that he might lame him for ever, he contented himself with giving him some smart cuts with a hazel switch he had in his hand.

When Mr. Simpkins returned home, his wife and mother perceived that something had disturbed him, and begged to know the cause of his uneasiness, which he related; and young Mrs. Simpkins, who was very tender-hearted, could not help dropping a few tears when she heard how poor Colley, her favourite cow, had been used.

"Lack-a-day, mistress!" cried Roger Hicks, "what dost whimper for? I have seen him do worse than that at Farmer Mills's: he never drove an ox to market there but he goaded him along with a sharp nail at the end of a stick, or cut him across the hocks. To my certain knowledge he drove an

ox

ox till it went mad, and did a mortal deal of miſchief at fair."

"And why did you not tell me of this when you heard me order him a milking?" ſaid Farmer Simpkins, who could not help being angry. "I know not, maſter," anſwered Roger, "I was aſhamed, and afraid; and beſides, ſays I to myſelf, I muſt not tell tales; and I thought he could not do ſo here, becauſe *you* care for your beaſts, and Farmer Mills does not; if he did, it might be better for him, mayhap: but that's not my buſineſs; you *care* for your beaſts, maſter, and Richard Bruce looks well after the boys; ſo no great damage can be done to the poor dumb creatures."—"Turn Joe away directly!" exclaimed young Mrs. Simpkins. "Don't let him ſtay a day longer!" cried the mother. "He deſerves to be ſo puniſhed, to be ſure," ſaid Mr. Simpkins, (whoſe anger began to cool;) "but ſuch a meaſure would only ſecure my own cattle from being ill treated; and he may be truſted, and uſe other people's badly a long while before he is found out. So I think the beſt way will be to keep him, and try to teach him better; perhaps, by being always with people who have tender hearts, he may learn good habits. Beſides, my dear Kitty, it is not following the example of our bleſſed Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, to caſt off the wicked without trying to mend them: and remember that Joe is fatherleſs and motherleſs."

Theſe conſiderations were quite ſufficient to reconcile Mrs. Simpkins to her huſband's making farther trial of Joe Martin: and old Mrs. Simpkins remarked that, to be ſure, turning the boy away in that haſty manner would not be doing as they would be done by; and that, if God was ſo ſevere, what would become of the beſt of us ſinful mortals?

"Very

"Very true," replied Mr. Simpkins: "but, for the future, when Tom Lang is out of the way, I will milk the cows myſelf ſooner than let Joe Martin do it, for I will not truſt the poor beaſts to any one whom I know to be barbarous. All the fault poor Colley committed, as I underſtand, was kicking down the pail."

"I ſuppoſe he uſed her roughly," ſaid Mrs. Simpkins; "and that made her kick, in order to keep him at a diſtance."

"Moſt likely ſo indeed!" replied old Mrs. Simpkins; "for it is natural for dumb creatures to defend themſelves."

"However it was," ſaid the farmer, "it was a cruel trick, and he deſerves a good trimming for it: but I muſt go and pay the men." When he returned he ordered a mug of ale, and a bit of bread and cheeſe; and then ſat down to ſettle the weekly accounts; and deſired Richard Bruce to look for Joe Martin, who had run away and hid himſelf, being afraid of a ſcolding from his miſtreſs. To be ſure he deſerved it, and his conſcience told him ſo; and if any thing could have made Mrs. Simpkins ſcold, it would have been beating the cows: but ſhe was a very meek-tempered woman, and left the correction of the boys to her huſband, who, when Richard returned with Joe, deſired the latter to go to bed without his ſupper, which was all the puniſhment he inflicted upon him; but aſſured him, that if ever he knew him guilty of the like offence, he would try to make him feel as much pain as he gave the poor beaſt. Tom Lang was come in; ſo the whole party ſet themſelves down: and while the farmer ſettled his books, Mrs. Simpkins worked at her needle; her mother-in-law knitted; Richard, Roger, and Tom, waſhed and combed themſelves, that they might not have it to do in the morning.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

THE next day being Sunday, the farmer and his family, in turns, read the whole hiſtory of the Flood, as it is related in the fifth, ſixth, ſeventh, eighth, and ninth chapters of Geneſis.

When they had ended, Richard Bruce ſaid, it was very moving to hear of ſo many men, women, and children, being drowned; but, without doubt, they were all ſad wicked wretches, or God would not have deſtroyed them.

Mr. Simpkins ſaid, that was no certain rule to judge by in every caſe, for it ſometimes happened that *good* people periſhed with the *wicked*, when God's judgments were in the earth; but if God ſaw fit to cut them off from this world, he would recompenſe them in a better. However, it was plain, he ſaid, from the ſcriptures, that all the people who dwelt on the earth at the time of the flood, excepting Noah and his family, were notoriouſly wicked; for *every imagination of the thought of their hearts were only evil continually: they were corrupt; and the earth was filled with violence.* No wonder, therefore, that God ſpared none, becauſe thoſe who remained might have corrupted the next generation."

Old Mrs. Simpkins obſerved, that there was one thing that puzzled her greatly; which was, that God is ſaid to have *repented* making man: "Now this," ſaid ſhe, "ſeems as if God ſometimes changes his purpoſes; which cannot be the caſe, as he always knows beforehand what will happen, and what it will be proper for him to do."

"True, mother, replied Mr. Simpkins; "but my good maſter, Mr. Brown, told me, that all we are to underſtand from this expreſſion is, that God did what he would not have done, had not men been ſo very wicked that they were not fit to live: for he

deſired

deſireth not the death of ONE *ſinner*, much leſs of thouſands, *but rather that he ſhould turn from his wickedneſs and live.* It appears," ſaid he, " to have been the determination of God, from the beginning of the world, that when any city, or kingdom, became ſinful, to a certain degree, it ſhould be deſtroyed by ſome ſignal judgment: if, then, the whole earth was ſo, it was but juſt it ſhould be deſtroyed. But God did not bring a ſudden deſtruction upon the earth, for the ark was many years in building, during which time Noah tried all he could to convert the people to righteouſneſs; and I dare ſay, if any had repented, and put their truſt in God, the ark would have been made bigger to receive them, or more arks built."

Tom Lang ſaid, he ſhould have liked to have ſeen the ark; he ſuppoſed it was a mortal large ſhip.

" No, Tom," replied his maſter; " I have read that it was built more in the form of a farm-houſe, with ſtalls and cabins for the lodgment of men and beaſts; and a ſloping covering at the top, like the roof of a houſe, for the wet to run off."

" I wonder, maſter," ſaid Roger Hicks, " how Noah and his ſons managed to catch all the birds, and make the beaſts go into the ark: if the beaſts had been like the hog I drove from market the other day, they would have had a nation bad job of it!"

" You may be ſure, Roger," anſwered Mr. Simpkins, " that God Almighty, with whom all things are poſſible, cauſed the birds and beaſts to go, as it were, of their own accord. Who but God teaches the birds to build neſts? and who makes great horned beaſts to yield to men?"

Richard Bruce ſaid, that he did not mean to find fault with the way of God, that would be very wicked; but yet he could not think for what reaſon the

the poor beasts were drowned: as they could not commit wickedness, why should they suffer for the sins of men?"

"That is a hard question, Richard," replied the farmer; "but, as Abraham said on another occasion, *shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?* It was certainly a good thing for the men who were preserved in the ark that the beasts and birds should perish; for had they all been spared when mankind were drowned, there would have been such numbers of wild beasts and birds of prey, that the few people who were left would have lived in constant terror; and the tame beasts would have run straggling about in continual danger of being devoured; and as it was the lot of those creatures to *die once*, it made little difference to them at what time their death happened; and, perhaps, the manner of their death was easier than any other way would have been, for God could render their sufferings short. I verily believe that no evil which innocent beasts ever suffered from the hand of God was equal to the pains and miseries they endure from the cruelty of man; for God is merciful when provoked to judgment; but man is often cruel without any provocation at all.

"I think, master," said Richard Bruce, "that it is very wonderful that such creatures as oxen and cows should submit to man. They certainly would not if the Almighty had not implanted in them a natural dread of us. How happy we may think ourselves that they are so tame and tractable! for if they were as wild and fierce as some beasts I once saw at a fair, they would tear us all to pieces; and if they had *reason* and *speech*, as we have, they would make us *their* servants, instead of submitting to be *ours*."

"Aye, Richard," said old Mrs. Simpkins, "God Almighty orders all things for the best. What poor, naked, miserable, wretches, should we be, if we had

no

no power over the beafts? we fhould perifh with cold and hunger; or be obliged to eat one another, as I have heard fome favages do."

"Beafts are very ferviceable indeed!" faid Mr. Simpkins, "What could we farmers do without the help of cattle? how could we plough our land, carry our corn to market, and do a thoufand other things, if we had not horfes to help us? Brutes, therefore, have as much right to food and kind treatment, as the men and boys have to the victuals they eat, and the money that is paid them; and I will never be the man that fhall wrong them of it, or encourage others to do it. My good maſter, Mr. Brown, told me, that God Almighty made all creatures to enjoy happineſs, and fhare the good things of the world, according to their feveral natures. It is plain," continued he, "from what I have been reading, that God Almighty takes account of dumb creatures, or he would not have preſerved fome of each ſort in the ark, nor have ordered Noah to lay up food to keep them alive while they were fhut up there; neither would he have *remembered* every living thing that was with Noah, and taken them into covenant with him."

"I don't underſtand what a covenant is, maſter," faid Tom Lang. "I will tell you then," faid the farmer. "A covenant, Tom, is an agreement made between two or more parties to do or perform fomething. It is uſual, among men, to write covenants on paper or parchment; and the parties concerned ſet their names, and put their ſeals, as tokens that they bind themſelves to perform what they promiſe by the covenant."

"And did God Almighty write ſuch a covenant?" faid Tom. "No," anſwered Mr. Simpkins; "but He *ſpake the word*, and appointed the *rainbow* as a *token*. Theſe are more binding than any human ſignature or token; for God is faithful, and

never faileth to perform his promiſes, and he afterwards cauſed the covenant to be recorded in the Scriptures; and there it remains to this day, and the rainbow appears in the ſky, as you very well know. I intend," continued the farmer, " to get ſome good ſcribe to copy the covenant out for me on a large ſheet of paper; and it ſhall be hung up in the houſe, where all of you may frequently ſee it, in order to put you in mind that *God's mercy is over all his works*, and teach you to *be kind to dumb creatures*; for ſhall God eſtabliſh his covenant, his everlaſting covenant, with every living thing, and ſhall we deſpiſe and abuſe his creatures?—What do you think of yourſelf," added he, " Joe Martin, for uſing the poor cow ſo ill yeſterday?" Joe made no reply, but looked ſulky; on which his maſter went on: " It is my duty, Joe," ſaid he, " to regard the happineſs of all the creatures God has been pleaſed to commit to my care, and to provide for their eaſe and comfort. You would not think it enough that I kept from uſing *you* ill *myſelf*, if I ſuffered your *fellow-ſervants* to beat and abuſe you: in ſuch a caſe you would be ready to complain. But Colley, poor Colley! cannot tell her ſtory. I found, by her moanings, that ſomething was the matter; but if I had not caught you in the fact, ſhe could never have made me ſenſible how ill you had treated her; and might have gone about, full of bruiſes, without any pity. If God Almighty cares for all dumb creatures, ſurely I ought to care for a gentle cow, that ſupplies my dairy with milk, butter, and cheeſe; otherwiſe I do not deſerve ſuch good things. Suppoſe, Tom, that God Almighty ſhould cauſe all the cows to die, only think what a loſs that would be to the world; a much greater than the ſame number of wicked boys. *A righteous man*, ſays the wiſe king Solomon, *regardeth the life of his beaſt; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel:* ſo that he who is *himſelf* cruel to

his

his beaſt, is a *wicked* man, and he who does not ſee that he *has his right*, is an *unrighteous* man. For my part, I am reſolved, while I have beaſts, to make them as happy as their nature and condition will admit."

"I think," ſaid Mrs. Simpkins, "it is a ſad thing that we are obliged to kill living creatures to eat; I ſhould be contented to live upon garden-ſtuff and milk all my days, rather than have any thing killed on purpoſe for me."—"And ſo ſhould I," ſaid her good mother in-law: "but if there were not ſome of them to be killed, they would ſoon eat us, or at leaſt make a famine in the land, which would occaſion our deaths and theirs alſo; in which caſe they would ſuffer a great deal more than they do in the way we put them to death."

"Whenever I read about Noah and his family coming out of the ark," ſaid Mrs. Simpkins, "I think to myſelf, how joyful they muſt have felt, and how their hearts muſt have glowed with thankfulneſs to God, when they firſt ſet their feet upon the ſolid earth, and ſaw a clear ſky over their heads after ſuch a long diſmal confinement."

"Without doubt they did, my dear," ſaid the farmer: "and we ought to be equally thankful every time we walk on the ground and view the ſky; for it is the ſame Providence that preſerves us from floods of water, and a thouſand other evils which the Almighty has power to inflict, though he does not act by us in ſo ſtriking a manner as by Noah and his family. To the care of that merciful God, let us therefore now recommend ourſelves, and all our affairs; and let us pray that he will graciouſly ſend us fruitful ſeaſons, and give us hearts to be grateful for his bleſſings. This prayer ended, the whole family retired to reſt; and Joe promiſed he would never be cruel to the cattle any more.

CHAP. V.

It was mentioned before that Joe Martin formerly lived with another farmer. The name of this perſon was Mills: his father and mother had been very laborious people; but they attended to little beſides what they call the *main chance*, that is to ſay, getting money; which they would do if money was to be got; for they practiſed a hundred ſly tricks, ſuch as mixing bad grain with good, chalking two marks for one on a milk ſcore, and ſo on, till they ſcraped together money enough to purchaſe the farm-houſe they lived in, and part of the land, and to ſtock it well. This, with two hundred pounds in money, they left to William, who was their only child.

"*Goods ill gotten*," ſays the proverb, "*never proſper:*" and ſo it proved here; for Will ſoon ſpent what his father and mother had ſaved. There was in the neighbourhood a young woman, named Patty Goodyer, a flaunting dreſſy laſs, who was always flirting about with one young fellow or another. She uſed often to dance with Will Mills at fairs and wakes; ſo, as ſoon as his father and mother were dead, he married her; and as they had both of them a deal of pride and vanity, they ſet off with making a figure and a flaſh, and pretended to be topping farmers, and quite grand folks.

Mrs. Mills, being fond of company, went to ſee Mrs. Simpkins ſoon after ſhe came into the neighbourhood; but when ſhe returned, made great game of her and her mother, becauſe they were ſuch plain dreſſing people. Mrs. Simpkins did not at all like Mrs. Mills; but, as ſhe wiſhed to live in harmony with her neighbours, ſhe took occaſion one leiſure day to return the viſit: and her huſband walked along with her. Their arrival was quite unexpected by Mrs. Mills; and they found her in a moſt terrible pickle, with her gown ſcarcely pinned, her hair

quite

quite blowsy, and her handkerchief and other things very untidy. She had two little children with her, who were playing about in frocks that had been white; and gause caps, with a quantity of flowers and ribbon, but so dirty, that it was really shocking to see them; and the poor little creatures' faces were so besmeared with apple and gingerbread, that, though pretty children, they looked quite disagreeable.

Farmer Mills was not at home, being engaged in some drinking party with his boon companions. Mr. Simpkins said he would take a turn in the garden; and Mrs. Mills begged Mrs. Simpkins would do the same while she dressed herself. They accordingly went into what she called the garden; but it was more like a wilderness, for it was overgrown with weeds, and afforded scarcely any vegetables fit to come to table: but there were numbers of apple and pear-trees, and a great quantity of currant and gooseberry-bushes, upon which the fruit had withered for want of gathering. Mr. Simpkins, who was very fond of a garden, was quite vexed to see such a good bit of ground going to ruin in that manner; but was soon called in to tea by Mrs. Mills, who had made herself as fine as a lady, and dizened her children out, and ordered a fire in what she called her best parlour, where there was every thing very tasty; festoon window curtains, a looking-glass in a gilt frame, a carpet, and a smart set of tea-things.

Mrs. Simpkins drank a dish or two of tea, because she thought it would be rude to refuse, but the farmer begged to be excused, and wished for a glass of ale instead of it: but this was not to be had, for Mrs. Mills said her husband never drank ale; so he said perhaps they had a little cyder or perry, or a glass of their own made wine. Mrs. Mills replied, that her husband would not drink such poor stuff, and therefore she never made any; but if Mr. Simpkins chose

a dram of brandy or rum, a glaſs of ſhrub, or a bottle of port, ſhe could help him to them. The good farmer was quite aſhamed of having aſked for any thing, and thanked Mrs. Mills; but ſaid he would walk round the grounds while ſhe and his wife drank their tea.

Farmers' wives who are cleanly have generally a pride in ſhewing their houſes to viſitors; and Mrs. Simpkins had taken Mrs. Mills into every part of hers, which was always neat and in order, from the garret to the cellar. She had great curioſity to ſee Mrs. Mills's; and ſo often hinted it, by ſaying it was a pleaſant place, and ſeemed to be very convenient, and ſo on, that Mrs. Mills could not help taking her up ſtairs; but excuſed herſelf from ſhewing her all the rooms, becauſe it was waſhing week, ſhe ſaid, and they were in a litter.

The chamber into which ſhe took her was a very handſome one: there was a flowered cotton bed, with a white counterpane, mahogany chairs, bed-ſide carpets, and a toilet table with a dreſſing-glaſs, to which a Scotch gauze veil was tied with bows of blue ribbon; and the table was covered with dreſſing-boxes, which ſhe had bought at ſome ſale.

Mrs. Simpkins ſaid nothing; but thought it rather too much for folks in their little way. When ſhe came down ſtairs, ſhe found the two children in the parlour; one of whom had a little blind kitten, about five days old, which ſhe ſqueezed by the neck, and then flung down upon the floor. The other child had a young puppy which ſhe kept holding to the old cat, who clawed him in the face till he whined ſadly.

Mrs. Mills was greatly diverted at this ſcene, and ſaid "How droll it is!" But Mrs. Simpkins, whoſe heart ached at ſeeing ſuch barbarity, replied, that ſhe never could find any ſport in tormenting poor dumb creatures. "How ſhould you like," ſaid ſhe,

ſhe, "Mrs. Mills, to have your children ſqueezed and banged about in that way, and frightened out of their wits?" Mrs. Mills coloured, and replied, ſhe hoped there was ſome difference between her children and kittens and puppies. Mrs. Simpkins anſwered, that ſhe meant no offence; and began talking, as her huſband had done to his family, about their being made out of the duſt as well as we: but it was all like Latin and Greek to Mrs. Mills, and ſhe would not believe that ſuch creatures had feeling.

In the midſt of their converſation, a boy, who was a neighbour's ſon, came in with a mouſe-trap, in which was a little priſoner, that kept running from ſide to ſide, endeavouring to make its eſcape; but all in vain. This he gave to Mrs. Mills's youngeſt child. The cruel boy had another mouſe, to the tail of which he had tied a ſtring; this he preſented to the eldeſt child, and ſaid ſhe need not be afraid of its biting, for he had drawn all its teeth. The child, eager to divert herſelf with it, flung it down, and began dragging it about; but fortunately for the poor thing, old puſs caught it, and put it out of its miſery at one gripe. Delighted at the cat's dexterity, the other child opened the door of the trap, in order to give puſs ſome more ſport; but the little creature, with a palpitating heart, eſcaped into a hole, and was out of ſight in an inſtant, to the great joy of Mrs. Simpkins, who could not help chiding the boy for his barbarity, telling him, that if he were a ſon of hers ſhe would ſend for a doctor to draw all his teeth for him, and then he would know what he had made a poor little mouſe ſuffer.

"Sure," ſaid Mrs. Mills, "there is no ſin in catching rats and mice!"—"Not if they are miſchievous to us," replied Mrs. Simpkins: "but if we keep a good cat or two, they will clear our houſe: for it is their nature to eat mice and rats. For my

part I cannot bear to ſet traps; and never do, unleſs mice come into places where cats cannot be truſted.

Juſt as ſhe ended theſe words, Mrs. Mills gave a violent ſcream, which alarmed her viſitor, and frightened the children. This was occaſioned by her diſcovering a ſpider that was crawling on her handkerchief. As ſoon as Mrs. Simpkins knew what was the matter, ſhe relieved her from her fears by taking the inſect off, which ſhe put out at the window. Mrs. Mills ſoon recovered herſelf; and expreſſed her aſtoniſhment that the other could touch a ſpider, declaring that the ſight of one always made her ready to go into fits. "I cannot ſee any thing to dread in them," ſaid Mrs. Simpkins: "they have much more reaſon to be afraid of us, conſidering the deſtruction we make among them; and when they drop down ſo ſuddenly as they do, 'tis with a view of eſcaping from us."—"Why did you not kill it?" ſaid Mrs. Mills.—"Becauſe," replied Mrs. Simpkins, "I did not ſee any harm it was likely to do; and I do not like to kill any thing, unleſs I am obliged to do it."—"Then you don't care how many cobwebs you have, I ſuppoſe?" ſaid Mrs. Mills. "I cannot ſay I like cobwebs," replied Mrs. Simpkins: "but by making it a rule to ſweep them down, and take the bags away, I have obliged the ſpiders to forſake the houſe—and let them ſpin in the roofs, or any place out of ſight, and welcome."

Mrs. Mills declared ſhe could never get the better of her fear of ſpiders; and it was juſt the ſame, ſhe ſaid, in reſpect to frogs and toads, and eels. Mrs. Simpkins ſaid that it was very unfortunate to be ſo timorous; but ſhe ſhould ſuppoſe any body might get the better of it, if they would try.

At this inſtant came in two tall greyhounds, which jumped upon Mrs. Mills; then on the chairs; and racketed about as if they had never been uſed to any command. Mrs. Simpkins thought it very ſtrange

that

that a perſon who was ſo afraid of a ſpider ſhould have no dread of creatures ſo much more capable of doing miſchief, and ſet it down in her mind as a fancy which might be ſubdued.

From the ceiling of the room hung two bird-cages. Mrs. Simpkins looked up in expectation of hearing the birds ſing; but obſerved that one, which was a linnet, appeared as if his feathers were all dropping off, and the other ſat panting with his head under his wing; on which, ſhe inquired whether the birds were ill? Mrs. Mills anſwered, that ſhe did not know, for ſhe ſeldom troubled her head about them. Mrs. Simpkins begged of her to look, for ſhe ſaid ſuch little tender creatures might be dead before ſhe was aware. Mrs. Mills called the maid to take them down; when it appeared that the careleſs girl had neglected to clean the cages, till the birds were full of vermin; and had turned the mouth of the water glaſs on one ſide, ſo that the poor canary was famiſhing with thirſt, with plenty of water in view. Mrs. Mills gave the maid a good ſcolding; but, as ſoon as ſhe was gone, ſaid ſhe ſhould not have cared if the birds had died, and ſhe wiſhed to get rid of them, for ſhe hated their ſcreaming.—Mrs. Simpkins replied, that ſhe thought birds delightful creatures; and though ſhe did not like to confine them in cages, ſhould be glad to have theſe if Mrs. Mills would give them to her, who readily agreed to the propoſal.

Mrs. Simpkins then turned the converſation to houſewifery; and inquired how many cows Mrs. Mills kept, and whether her dairy was profitable? To which the other anſwered, that two cows had died lately, and ſhe had only two left, for ſhe was the unluckieſt creature in the world, as ſhe could not get a good dairy maid, though ſhe was for ever changing, and nobody could think how her milk and cream was waſted; and, as for butter, what

little they had made, was not fit to ſend to market. Nor was ſhe more fortunate with poultry, for ſhe ſcarcely reared turkies, geeſe, ducks, and chickens, enow for her own table; the fowls laid away, and the maid neglected them ſo.

Mrs. Simpkins underſtood, from this account, that there was terrible management; but thought it was not good manners in her to find fault, and made no other anſwer than that *ſhe* had ſent a good deal of one thing or other to market. But, civil as ſhe was, I do not think ſhe could have kept from ſpeaking, had ſhe gone into the dairy; for, ſurely, never was milk before kept in ſo dirty a way! If the dairy was in this pickle, think what the hog-ſties muſt be! In them a number of poor beaſts were ſhut up, and all kinds of offal thrown to them, even the entrail of thoſe hogs which were killed. At other times they were left for two days together without food, till they were ready to devour one another. The water in their troughs ſtunk; and you may ſuppoſe what kind of a condition the bottom of the ſties and the ſleeping holes were in. The conſequence of this was, that the poor creatures were hide-bound and full of vermin, and horridly naſty beſides; ſo that their fleſh, when killed, would fetch no price at market. Nor were the calves a bit better managed at the time of ſuckling; ſo they turned to little account.

Juſt as Mrs. Mills and Mrs. Simpkins had entered into converſation, the good farmer came in and told his wife that it would ſoon be time for them to go home, as it was almoſt dark; but he expected the boys with a lantern, as there would be no moon to light them. At Mrs. Mills's earneſt entreaty he drank a glaſs of wine, and eat a bit of ſeed-cake; and then he and his wife took leave, deſiring their ſervice to Mr. Mills. Mrs. Simpkins did not forget the birds, which were both put into a little trap-cage that had a partition in it, and ſhe tied them up in a hand-

handkerchief, that the poor things might not be disturbed.

CHAP. VI.

THE party had not proceeded far before they heard a noiſe, and perceived a light; on which Mrs. Simpkins, who was a little timid, called out "What's that, Thomas?"—"Nothing that will harm us, I dare ſay," replied the farmer. "Oh," ſaid Joe Martin, "it is only farmer Mills's men and boys going a bat-fowling."—"What can that be?" ſaid Mrs. Simpkins. "Why I will tell you Kitty," replied her huſband; "for I have ſeen the ſport, though I could never get up my heart to join it; it appeared to me ſo mean, as well as cruel. The poor little birds retire to reſt in places which Providence has allo ted for their repoſe; here they turn their heads under their wings, and compoſe themſelves to ſleep, without the leaſt ſuſpicion of an enemy; when, all of a ſudden, they are awakened by a violent ſhaking of the buſhes—they hear a confuſed noiſe—they perceive an unuſual light: all theſe things together confound them ſo, that they know not what to do; ſo fly to the light, and are caught in nets, and carried away by a ſet of unfeeling boys, who often uſe them in the moſt cruel manner. This," added he, "is bat-fowling; and if it is not a *mean* employment, I do not know what is ſo. To go creeping about in the dark, to ſurpriſe poor little creatures who have no way of defending themſelves!—ſcorn it, my boys! ſcorn it!" ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to the boys. "That I will, maſter, for one!" ſaid Tom Lang.

"But ſuppoſe, maſter," ſaid Joe Martin, "there ſhould be ſuch a mortal ſwarm of birds, that if they were not killed they would devour the corn, would

there be any harm in bat-fowling them?—had not they better be caught ſo than take the chance of having their wings and their legs broke by gun-ſhot afterwards?"—"I don't know what to ſay in ſuch a caſe, Joe," anſwered the farmer; "but whoever goes a bat-fowling ſhould take care to have as good a reaſon for it as that you mention, otherwiſe it would be, as I ſaid before, mean and cruel."

Mrs. Simpkins then related what ſufferings the poor little birds they were carrying home had endured, and her motive for accepting them. "So far from wiſhing to confine birds in cages," ſaid ſhe, "I would ſooner give up a great deal of fruit, to have the pleaſure of ſeeing them at liberty, and hearing them ſing in the open air; but I thought it was an act of mercy to take theſe. I cannot help thinking, my dear," added ſhe, "that ſinging birds are appointed by God as muſicians for us country people, to make us cheerful, and to teach us to rejoice and ſing, while we behold the beauties of the groves and fields."

"What do you ſay then to ſpoiling birds' neſts, Kitty?" ſaid the farmer.

"I think," replied Mrs. Simpkins, "that it is wanton cruelty, unleſs it is done to prevent thoſe birds from being hatched who muſt be killed if they are ſuffered to come into life; but this is ſeldom thought of—the poor little creatures' labours are deſtroyed merely for ſport. Only conſider what a curious thing a bird's neſt is, and what pains it muſt coſt ſuch little creatures, who have no tools but a beak and claws to build it with. Think alſo how cloſely the hens ſit upon their eggs; which ſhows that they have a great deſire to hatch them; and the cloſe attendance which both birds give to their young ones, is a proof that they feel a very ſtrong love and affection

fection for them. Now who," added Mrs. Simpkins, "would render all these pains and care fruitless, and destroy so much pleasure and happiness only for the sake of diverting themselves?"

"What father or mother, among mankind," said Mr. Simpkins, "would like to have their houses, with all their goods, seized on, themselves left without so much as a bed to lie on, and their children carried away, they know not whither? What child would like to be torn from its tender parents, crammed with poisonous food, and shut up in a little prison, where he could not be at liberty even to stretch his limbs? Yet this is often the fate of a nest of pretty birds; whilst the boy who has seized it rejoices in his prize, and thinks nothing of the misery he inflicts, but even sometimes carries his cruelty so far as to tie a string to a young bird, and torment it with the hope of escaping, till perhaps a limb is broke, or it flutters and fatigues itself to death. Now," continued Mr. Simpkins, addressing himself to the boys, "if such hardships were inflicted on you, if you were dragged about so, and had your limbs broke, would you not make loud complaints? Let me beg of you, therefore, Tom and Joe, to do as you would be done by, if you were birds, and do not treat poor things in that manner, who, though they cannot speak to make their distresses known to us, certainly suffer a deal of pain and misery."

The boys promised they would never take young birds; but desired to know whether they might not take birds' eggs? The farmer replied, No, he could but shoot the sparrows, he said, if he found a necessity of destroying them to preserve his corn; and this he should be sorry to do, neither would he, if he could have them frightened away. "It is hard enough, I sometimes think," continued he, "for the poor things to be driven from what appears a tempting

tempting feaſt to them: but this we farmers muſt do, or we ſhould have no bread to eat ourſelves, nor any corn to ſupply the markets with; and the birds may find other food, ſuch as plantain, groundſel, and berries of various kinds; and they have had wings given them on purpoſe that they may fly about and ſeek it.

In this manner the good farmer and his wife converſed, till they arrived at home; when ſhe went up ſtairs and pulled off her beſt clothes, leſt they ſhould get damaged; and then brought down her huſband's every-day coat, and put his Sunday's coat carefully by.

It has been mentioned, that Mrs. Mills made great game of Mrs. Simpkins's manner of dreſſing; I will therefore deſcribe it, and then my readers may judge for themſelves who appeared the moſt in character for the wife of a man who lived on a *ſmall* farm, where it was neceſſary to make the moſt of every thing, in order to get forward in the world, and who had not, either by birth or education, any claim to gentility. As Mrs Simpkins had lived a long while with Mrs. Brown, and all the family reſpected her, and approved her marriage, they reſolved to treat her with her wedding garments; and the choice of her gown was left to herſelf; ſhe therefore fixed upon a neat quaker-colour ſilk and ſtuff, which her miſtreſs bought her; and alſo a white ſtuff petticoat, quilted in ſmall diamonds. The gown was made with robins, and laced before with white ſatin ribbon, and it had no train.

Mrs. Bennet inſiſted on making the cap; and told her that, as ſhe was going to be a farmer's wife, and the miſtreſs of a family, ſhe might dreſs a little better than when ſhe was a maid-ſervant: however, Kitty entreated that it might not be too dreſſy, as ſhe thought there ought to be a difference between

ſuch

ſuch folks as ſhe and the topping farmers wives. Mrs Bennet accordingly endeavoured to ſuit it to her taſte, and made it of fine lawn, with a pretty edging and a ſnug crimped-wire border, and trimmed it with white ribbon, pinned on in very exact puffs, and a bow before and behind; it had alſo a lappet trimmed with the ſame edging, which went behind the ribbon, and came a little below the ears, but no ribbon ſtreamers.

Mrs. Bennet alſo made her a preſent of a clear double muſlin handkerchief, with a narrow worked border, a pair of robins to match it, and a clear lawn apron.

Mr. Bennet gave her a neat black cloak and bonnet; and Mr. Brown, her miſtreſs's ſon, bought her a pair of ſilver buckles, and a pair of white ſilk mittins.

Theſe things Mrs. Simpkins was married in; and they were her beſt apparel for many years; and, when put on with exactneſs, they looked altogether very handſome, however Mrs. Mills might deſpiſe them.

The furniture of her houſe was of a piece with her dreſs; but that I ſhall have occaſion to deſcribe in another place.

CHAP. VII.

When the family ſat down to ſupper Roger Hicks was miſſing; and on inquiry the farmer found from Richard Bruce, that Tom Lang and Joe Martin had been playing tricks with Roger, till they made him ſo angry that he went to the alehouſe to get out of the way. This account vexed Mr. Simpkins a good deal; and he told the boys they were a couple

a couple of boobies. Their only excuſe was, that Roger was foolifh, and they could not help laughing at him.

"I don't know what you call fooliſh," ſaid the farmer "He may talk a little *oddiſh*, and not be ſo *cute* as you are, Tom Lang; but I am ſure he is as good natured a fellow as ever lived in a houſe, and minds his work as well; and he ſhan't be tormented under my roof. He does juſtice both by man and beaſt: and if he has the ſenſe to do all that, he is wiſer than many that make game of him. God Almighty," continued the farmer, "has made a difference among mankind, by giving ſome men more wit, and ſome more ſtrength, and ſo on, that they may help and receive help from one another; and not for them to ridicule their fellow-creatures. However you boys may pride yourſelves in your ſharpneſs," added he, "there are people in the world who are a hundred and a hundred times cleverer than either of you: therefore let us have no more of your pranks. If Roger comes home drunk, the ſin will partly lie at your door."

Juſt as he ſpake theſe words, Roger came ſtaggering in, to the great concern of the farmer and all the family; for though the boys could have found in their hearts to have had ſome fun with him, they were ſorry to ſee him come home tipſy, fearing it would increaſe their maſter's anger againſt them: but he was prevented ſaying any more to them immediately, by being obliged to attend to Roger; who, as ſoon as he ſat down was very ſick, and afterwards ſo headſtrong, that he could not be prevailed on to go to bed till he had ſung "Sir *John Barleycorn*." However, at laſt he yielded: and as the farmer did not like to go to reſt till he had compoſed himſelf, inſtead of ſaying any more to the boys, he ſaid family prayers as uſual,

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in which he did not fail to implore divine grace for the government of the temper.

The next morning Roger awoke with the head-ache, ſo that he could not get up at the uſual hour to go to his work. When the reſt of the family aſſembled at breakfaſt, the farmer began talking to the boys again, not in anger, but as a friend.

"I hope," ſaid he, "Tom and Joe, you are ſorry for carrying your jokes ſo far upon Roger; indeed it was very wrong in you. Now, poor fellow, he is obliged to lie in bed with the head-ache, while my work is neglected. Suppoſe he had tumbled into a pit, and been killed, or come to any other accident, while he was in liquor, would not you have been unhappy all your lives? Be adviſed by me; leave off that fooliſh trick, and try to live in peace with your fellow-ſervants, inſtead of driving them into ſin."

The boys promiſed to obey their maſter, and alſo to work the harder, in order to help Roger; and went out with Richard Bruce.

As ſoon as Roger heard them go, he got up, and came down ſtairs, but looked very fooliſh. Mrs. Simpkins and her mother-in-law pitied him, and reſolved not to ſay any thing about his frolic: but his maſter thought it his duty to ſpeak to him, and began with aſking him how he did? To which Roger anſwered, that he had a deadly bad head-ache. "No wonder, indeed!" ſaid Mr. Simpkins: "I hope it will be a warning to you, Roger, not to get drunk any more." Roger ſaid he did not think he ſhould of one while; but any man might be overcome with liquor one time or another: and thoſe who drove him to the alehouſe muſt anſwer for the ſin of it.—"For *their own* ſin, Roger," replied the farmer; "but not for *yours*. You have ſenſe enough to know, nay, you have lately heard the parſon ſay

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in the pulpit, that it is a very wrong thing to get fuddled; and you might have helped doing ſo, if you would. It is a very common thing," continued the farmer, "not only for drunkards, but for paſſionate people, to comfort themſelves as you now do, that thoſe who provoked them are alone to blame; but they are very much miſtaken. A perſon who tries to work another up into a paſſion, is guilty of a ſin, whether he ſucceeds or not, and for that *he* muſt account: but the perſon who ſuffers his temper to be wrought into a heat, is as guilty as he, becauſe God has commanded that *we ſhould not give place unto wrath:* and there is no doubt but that what HE has made our duty, he will give us ſtrength to perform, if we try to do ſo. *He that is ſlow to wrath* (ſays the wiſe king Solomon) *is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his ſpirit than he that taketh a city.* And the apoſtle James ſays, *Let every one be ſlow to wrath.* Think of theſe things, Roger, and be upon your guard another time: and let me adviſe you to take no notice to the boys of what has paſſed; I dare ſay they will not teaſe you any more." Roger replied, that they deſerved a good baſting; and he had had thoughts of giving it them: however, it ſhould be as his maſter pleaſed. He then went out; and finding that the boys had taken care of his horſes, and done all they could for him, he came into a good humour, went to work, and the air entirely cured his head-ache.

CHAP. VIII.

MRS. SIMPKINS and her mother-in-law, having done their buſtling work, ſat down in the afternoon, one to her needle, the other to knitting; when they

ſoon

ſoon fell into converſation concerning the viſit to Mrs. Mills, whom, as nobody was by but her mother, Mrs. Simpkins ventured to blame very freely for her ill-management in reſpect to the farming buſineſs. She ſaid, ſhe thought, for her part, that *induſtry* and *thrift* were both very neceſſary for farmers wives, and for all people who wiſhed to get forward in the world; and that is was very wrong to truſt entirely to ſervants; for the *beſt ſtorekeeper was the miſtreſs's eye*. Not that ſhe approved of ſtingineſs; for ſhe thought a maxim which her poor dear maſter, Mr. Brown, often repeated, was a very good one; *Be frugal, that you may be generous:* for people who ſave properly have more to give than thoſe who ſuffer waſte and extravagance in houſekeeping.

"Only think," added ſhe, "what a difference it would make at the year's end, ſhould a number of poultry die off, our hens lay away, or the milk and cream be ſlopped about in the dairy."

"Very true," replied her mother: but you have none of theſe things to lay to your charge; nor, I hope, to mine either."

"That I have not!" replied the daughter; "for I believe you are as tender over the poultry as if they were your children."

"I look upon them as my children," ſaid old Mrs. Simpkins, "as far as their happineſs goes. Poor things! many of them will have but *ſhort* lives, and I ſhould be ſorry to hinder them from having *happy* ones. I hardly know a greater pleaſure than in going early of a morning to the poultry-yard. No ſooner do the creatures hear my ſtep, than a cackling and chirping begins; and when I open the gate, it is very diverting to ſee the buſtle. To be ſure they have not much manners, for they fly over one another's backs to be firſt ſerved; and ſometimes get upon my head and ſhoulders."

"It

"It is very droll, indeed," replied Mrs. Simpkins; "and, I think, improving too: I never enter the poultry-yard of a morning without repeating to myself, naturally as it were, part of a hymn which I learnt at the charity-school when I was a little girl.

"*The beasts, and fowls, and all their brood,*
Come night and morning for their food;
The hand that feedeth them they know;
And to it grateful homage show.

"*Shall Christians, then, the hand above*
Not know, who daily pours down love,
And blessings from his boundless stores;
Who feeds and keeps both us and ours.

"*Let man and wife, each little one,*
And servant, morn and evening, join
In every household, rich and poor,
Our God and Father to adore,
From this time forth for evermore!"

Old Mrs. Simpkins said, the sight of them was enough to bring those pretty verses to mind; and she thought there were other lessons besides to be learnt in a poultry-yard. "Of all things," said she, "I admire the tenderness of hens for their chicks. It were well if all mothers who call themselves Christians would take pattern by them: they are never idle, but always doing something for their families. Don't you remember that our Saviour compares his love for the Jews to that of a hen for her young? So it is plain we ought to take example from the creatures."

"I should," said Mrs. Simpkins, "think it a sin to take their young till the time comes for their leaving them to shift for themselves: neither can I bear

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to ſhut fowls up a fattening where they can ſee other fowls at liberty; and, as for *cramming*, I will not do it if I never feed a fowl to market, nor will I ever eat any but barn door fowls in future. I am ſure it grieves me to have any poultry killed, but it muſt be ſo, for the world would be overſtocked if all were ſuffered to live; and, beſides, our maintenance depends in ſome meaſure on the killing them; and my comfort is, that they are dead in an inſtant. I can't think how ſome folks can be ſo hard-hearted as to cut chickens heads off without firſt wringing their necks. I declare I have, before now, ſeen poor creatures flattering their wings, in ſeeming agony, half an hour after they had loſt their heads. How barbarous it is to teaſe poor hens by making them hatch duck-eggs! I am ſure I have felt a great deal for hens which I have ſeen in diſtreſs on this account. Hens ſeem by nature to be very fearful; and they have many enemies to dread, hawks, and foxes, and rats, and I know not what: it is therefore very cruel to give them any cauſe for fear, beſides what is natural to them"

"It is very wrong, indeed!" ſaid old Mrs. Simpkins. "If a woman would but think what ſhe ſuffers when ſhe is afraid her child will be drowned, ſhe could not put a hen to ſuch torture. When I hear one ſcreaming after a brood of ducklings, I cannot help fancying to myſelf that ſhe is perhaps ſaying in her way, "Come back, my dears, come back: you will be drowned! and what will then your poor mother do? Come out of the cold element, which will freeze and benumb your tender limbs, and let me gather you under my warm wings. Will no kind gooſe or duck ſave my darlings?"

"Such thoughts will come into the heads of tender-hearted people, mother," ſaid the daughter; "but ſome folks have hearts of flint towards *dumb creatures:* though

though I don't think that, properly ſpeaking, they are quite *dumb:* for if you mind, birds make ſeveral kinds of noiſes, which I am ſure ſignify different things; for you know that a fowl will give notice, by a particular noiſe, that there is food to be had. This ſets the whole poultry-yard in motion. Another kind of noiſe makes each brood run to its own mother. The maſter-cock, with a terrible voice, and a threatening look, commands the others to keep at a diſtance? and then, with a milder note, invites his favourite hens to come and eat what he has provided: and the hen, by a particular cackling, which *we* have learnt to underſtand, gives notice when ſhe has laid an egg."

"Very true, Kitty! very true:" replied old Mrs. Simpkins: "many a dumb beaſt, as well as fowl, have made me underſtand them, as well as if they could ſpeak. How many ſtories have you and I heard about dogs that have ſaved their maſters' lives by the ſigns they made, and their barking!"

"Aye, dogs are uſeful creatures, and I do like them," ſaid Kitty: "and yet I cannot help wiſhing to have them kept in their proper places, becauſe they make ſo much dirt. 'Tis very pleaſing to have them with one when one goes a walking; but I think a kennel, or a warm ſtable, with a little clean ſtraw, better for them to ſleep in than the houſe; and it is all the ſame to them when they are uſed to it from the firſt. I am ſure it would have vexed you to have ſeen the great greyhounds at Mrs. Mills's, how they ran about and dirtied the chairs and the floors. It is very diſheartening when a woman, whether maid or miſtreſs, has ſcrubbed a floor till her arms ache, to have a beaſt run all over it, and leave the marks of four feet every time he moves. I know I have felt very angry when viſitors came in with dogs at Mr. Brown's; and have threatened vengeance many

many and many a time; but I never could get up my heart to hurt the poor beasts."

"It would be cruel to hurt them," said the mother, "for, poor things, they think no harm. They know nothing about cleaning of floors, or, it is my thought, they would sooner lick off the dirt they make with their own tongues, than vex us as they often do, for dogs are good-natured creatures, and seem to love mankind, so that they would do any thing they could to please us; and they ought not to be used as if they plagued us out of spite; and it is dreadfully barbarous not to feed them well."

"So it is," replied young Mrs. Simpkins; "and yet how many people will keep dogs who can hardly keep their families! I wonder poor folks, who know how pinching hunger is, have not more feeling than to do it. What use can either a cat or dog be of to those who have empty cupboards, and nothing in their houses worth guarding? It would be more charity to kill the poor beasts than to let them pine away in lingering misery."

"Now you talk of cats, Kitty," said the mother, "only think what they are made to suffer sometimes by cruel boys, who delight in hunting and worrying them. I can't see what pleasure there can be in scaring poor beasts out of their wits: I wonder how any of them would like to be driven along, with a rabble rout at their heels, urging a parcel of dogs to tear them limb from limb."

"It is my opinion," said young Mrs. Simpkins, "that one thing that makes boys so cruel to cats is, a notion some of them take in their heads that a cat has nine lives: now this is very nonsensical: for how can any body think that God Almighty would give more lives to one creature than to another, for no other reason in the world but that they might be put to death over and over again? If ever I have children,

dren, I will endeavour to keep them from ſuch out-of-the-way fancies, and ſhall teach them to be tender to cats, becauſe they are ſuch uſeful creatures They ſhall not uſe them as Mrs. Mills's children uſed the poor blind kitten." She was going to tell how this was, when her huſband entered with the joyful news that the red cow had got a fine calf; which put an end to the humane converſation of theſe worthy women, who immediately ſet about preparing ſome refreſhment for the poor beaſt.

CHAP. IX.

THE week after Mr. Simpkins had made remarks on the hiſtory of Noah's flood, he employed the ſchoolmaſter of the village to copy out for him, in print-hand, partly in red and partly in black ink, the Everlaſting covenant with man and beaſt, and the Token of the Covenant, as follow:

THE COVENANT.

GOD *ſpake unto* NOAH,
and to his ſons with him, ſaying,
AND I, BEHOLD I, ESTABLISH
MY COVENANT
WITH YOU, AND
WITH YOUR SEED AFTER YOU,
AND WITH EVERY
LIVING CREATURE
THAT IS WITH YOU, OF THE
FOWL, OF THE CATTLE,
AND OF EVERY BEAST OF THE EARTH
WITH YOU.

FROM

FROM ALL THAT GO OUT OF THE ARK,
TO EVERY BEAST OF THE EARTH.

AND

I WILL ESTABLISH MY COVENANT WITH YOU:
NEITHER SHALL ALL FLESH BE CUT OFF
ANY MORE BY THE WATERS OF A FLOOD;
NEITHER SHALL THERE ANY MORE BE A FLOOD
TO DESTROY THE EARTH.

THE TOKEN.

And GOD *faid*,
This is the TOKEN of the Covenant
which I make between ME and YOU,
and every LIVING CREATURE that is with you,
for perpetual generations:
I DO SET MY BOW IN THE CLOUD,
and it ſhall be for a TOKEN of a COVENANT
between ME and the EARTH.

And it ſhall come to paſs,
when I bring a Cloud over the Earth, that
THE BOW SHALL BE SEEN IN THE CLOUD;
And I will remember my Covenant
which is between ME and you,
and every Living Creature of all fleſh;
and the waters ſhall no more become a flood
to deſtroy all fleſh.
AND THE BOW SHALL BE SEEN IN THE CLOUD;
and I will look upon it, that I may remember

THE EVERLASTING COVENANT

BETWEEN GOD AND EVERY LIVING CREATURE
of all fleſh, that is upon the Earth.

And GOD *ſaid* unto *Noah*,
THIS IS THE
TOKEN OF THE COVENANT,
WHICH I HAVE ESTABLISHED BETWEEN ME AND ALL FLESH THAT IS UPON THE EARTH.

Geneſis ix. 8—17.

Theſe Mr. Simpkins paſted on ſheets of ſtiff paper like almanacks, and put borders of black paper round them. They were brought home on Saturday evening; but Mr. Simpkins did not hang them up immediately, becauſe he wiſhed to do this with ſome ſolemnity, leſt his family ſhould read them, as too many other good things are read, without attention. On the Sunday, when they were all aſſembled in the parlour, and the Bible laid on the table, he produced them; and addreſſing himſelf to his ſervants, ſaid, "Look here, my lads; this is a copy of the covenant I told you of; the EVERLASTING COVENANT *written in* HEAVEN, *and ſealed with the* RAINBOW." He then read it over diſtinctly; and afterwards reminded them of the hiſtory of the flood, which had been before read; wherein it was related that GOD, when he deſtroyed every living ſubſtance that was upon the face of the earth, remembered Noah and every living thing that was with him in the ark; the beaſts, the birds, and even the very reptiles that crawled upon the earth.

He obſerved to them that it was the ſins of *men*, and not of *brutes*, which brought deſtruction upon the earth; and added, that if they took notice of what at preſent paſſed in the world, they would ſee men wicked, and brutes innocent; and not only ſo, but ready to render us any ſervice in their power; patiently enduring, for our benefit, toil and labour,

and

and contented with ſuch food as we cannot eat ourſelves.

"I think, maſter," ſaid Richard Bruce, "I remember reading, in the prophecy of Jonah, that God ſpared the city of Nineveh for the ſake of the innocent children and the cattle: and who can tell but that our land may at this very time be ſpared for the ſame reaſon? God knows there is a deal of wickedneſs in it! I think, therefore, we ſhould not abuſe creatures, for whoſe ſake, partly, a wicked city was ſaved."

"Very true, Richard," ſaid the farmer: "and the prophet Jeremiah tells us, that *when the land mourneth, and the herbs of every field wither, for the wickedneſs of them that dwell therein, the beaſts and the birds are conſumed.* So that it is not God who is unmerciful to the brutes, but it is the cruelty and unmercifulneſs of men that provoke the Almighty to curſe the land. We cannot think that a juſt God will let preſumptuous ſinners go on for ever without ſending ſome judgment to puniſh them: but God knows how far it is right to cut them off."

Mr. Simpkins then deſired Tom Lang to try to read the Covenant, which he did with great ſatisfaction; and after that the Token: but Joe Martin could only read words of one ſyllable. The farmer then hung them up in the parlour; and from that time made it a rule to have them read every Sunday.

Here the good farmer ended his lecture; for he was afraid of ſaying too much at one time, leſt his ſervants ſhould not remember it.

CHAP. X.

Farmer Simpkins afterwards employed the ſchool maſter to write out for him, in large print-hand,

The Golden Rule.

WHATSOEVER YE WOULD THAT MEN SHOULD DO UNTO YOU, DO YE EVEN SO UNTO THEM.

The Summary of the Law and the Prophets.

THOU SHALT LOVE THE LORD THY GOD WITH ALL THY HEART, AND WITH ALL THY SOUL; AND THY NEIGHBOUR AS THYSELF.

Theſe were hung up in the kitchen; and the farmer begged his family would endeavour to imprint them on their hearts ſo deeply that they might remain to their lives' end. The Golden Rule, he told them, explains itſelf; and thoſe anſwers in the church catechiſm which relate to our duty to God and our neighbour, ſufficiently explain the other. He recommended to them to learn thoſe anſwers perfectly, and examine their conduct by them.

The next evening after Mr. Simpkins hung up the Everlaſting Covenant, he had got his family about him, and was adviſing them to ſearch the ſcriptures for directions how to act; telling them, he had done ſo even from a child, and found the comfort and advantage of it on many trying occaſions. As he ſpake the laſt words, Joe Martin called out, "I'll tell maſter of you, Tom!"—"What's the matter now?" cried the farmer. On which Roger Hicks replied, that the boys had been wrangling and jangling all day: and Richard Bruce ſaid that, though Tom

Tom was a good boy for his work, and he never ſaw him uſe the cattle ill, he muſt ſay he had a fooliſh way of teaſing his fellow-ſervants; and one day or other he would get his trimmings for it.

Mr. Simpkins ſaid he was very ſorry to hear ſuch things of him, and indeed he had ſeen a little of it himſelf; but he would not allow it; for if it was wrong to ill-treat the creatures below us, it muſt be ſo to be unkind to our equals. He added, that it was pity thoſe who called themſelves Chriſtians would not obſerve the GOLDEN RULE of their divine Lord and Maſter JESUS CHRIST; which would reſtrain them not only from cruel actions, but from teaſing, which often gave as much pain to the mind as blows to the body.

Joe Martin, encouraged by his maſter's taking his part, immediately began to complain that Tom had given him the nick-names of Coward and Cowbeater, for ſtriking Colley.

"It certainly was a cowardly action, Joe," ſaid Mr. Simpkins, "to beat and abuſe an innocent, harmleſs beaſt, who has as much right to happineſs as you have, and who has given you many a good meal: but I hope you will do ſo no more; and it is not Tom's buſineſs to correct you: neither is it right for fellow-ſervants, or indeed any people, to call one another names; for, as the little hymn-book ſays,

"*Hard names at firſt, and threat'ning words,*
That are but noiſy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked ſwords,
To murder and to death."

How often do we ſee great quarrels ariſe from a word ſpoken in jeſt! Therefore, my lads, let me adviſe you to agree one with another; it will make your

lives pafs as happily again.—Don't be fo touchy, Joe:—And do you, Tom, leave off working him up. When he is in a good humour, endeavour to keep him fo; and when he is in a paffion, anfwer him mildly, *for a foft anfwer turneth away wrath*; and he who wilfully leads another into fin, makes himfelf a partner in his guilt, and will be called to account for fo doing at the great judgment day." He then defired the boys to fhake hands, that they might go to bed in peace; and he begged they would make it a rule, never to let the fun go down on their wrath: "For if," faid he, "you give way to anger, fo as to go to bed with refentment in your heart, you will not be fit to fay your prayers; and God will, perhaps, leave you to the temptations of the devil, who will lead you into hatred, malice, and revenge: and there is no knowing what wickednefs you may commit.—The beft way is," continued he, "when a perfon finds himfelf angry, as every man is liable to be fometimes, to flee the occafion, and get by himfelf, and pray to God Almighty to enable him to keep his anger within juft bounds, and to imitate the example of his bleffed Saviour. To enforce this advice, Mr. Simpkins added this night, to the ufual family devotions, a prayer which Mr. Brown had given him, *for a meek and quiet temper*; and then, with a mind perfectly ferene, retired to reft in charity with all mankind.

CHAP. XI.

In a fhort time, farmer Mills drove his wife in a one-horfe chaife to fee Mrs. Simpkins; for though it was not above two miles, fhe did not chufe to walk; and was too proud to ride on a pillion. As Mills had learnt that Mr. Simpkins was not fond of drinking,

drinking, and kept no better liquor than ale, he pretended to have an engagement with ſome friends at an inn in the market-town, and invited Mr. Simpkins to go along with him, aſſuring him that he would meet very jovial company; but the good farmer thought that ſhould he go once, he would be expected to go again; therefore begged to be excuſed; but ſaid that, as he had buſineſs to do in the town, if Mr. Mills would give him a caſt thither he ſhould be obliged to him: accordingly the other took him up in the chaiſe, and drove off; telling his wife that ſhe muſt get home on foot, for he could not fetch her.

Mr. Simpkins had a moſt uncomfortable ride; for the poor horſe was ſcarcely able to move with the chaiſe for want of ſtrength; and had been beat about and left in his harneſs till he was raw in ſome places; yet Mills had no pity on him, but whipped and ſwore at him all the way; nay, once he got out in a paſſion, and beat the poor beaſt about the head with the handle of his whip, and quite ſtunned him; and this only becauſe he ſtarted and ſtumbled a little, owing to his having been made, by cruel treatment, afraid of his own ſhadow.

Mr. Simpkins begged and entreated that Mills would have mercy; but all in vain; ſo was glad when he got to his journey's end.

After having diſpatched his buſineſs, he returned home in one of his own carts, which went to carry ſome things to town. When he came thither, he found that his wife was gone part of the way with her gueſt; on which he ſet off to meet her. As they walked along, he told her of Mills's barbarity, which ſhocked her exceedingly; and ſhe ſaid, ſhe had rather walk on foot all her life, than ſit behind a horſe to ſee it tortured in that manner. As for Mr. Simpkins, his head was ſo full of the ſubject, that he

could not help telling his family of Mills's cruelty; and begged none of them would, at any time of their lives, do such things. He then told them, that on Sunday he would read the history of Balaam and his Ass; which he did; and all parties seemed much entertained with it.

"I think," said Roger Hicks, "that Balak was very wicked in wanting to curse a whole nation. Pray, master, what had the Israelites done to provoke him to do so?"

"Nothing at all," replied the farmer; "for they had been commanded not to molest the Moabites on account of Lot, from whom they descended; but Balak does not appear to have known this; and was afraid they would overcome his people, as they had done other nations: and I have read, in a book at Mr. Brown's, that it was the custom among heathens to send for conjurors and such sort of people, at the beginning of a war, to curse their enemies in the name of their false gods, in hopes that these idols would help their worshippers; and as Balaam was known to be a prophet of the God of Israel, Balak thought that if he could bribe him to curse God's people, their own God would destroy them."

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Simpkins, "what strange notions the heathen people had of God! I am glad I am not one of them. But yet I do not well understand what Balaam's sin was, since he did not go without God's leave."

"His sin," said Mr. Simpkins, "as the book I just spoke of explained it, was this: Balaam went to Moab with a desire to obtain the rewards offered by Balak; and would not have scrupled to curse the people of Israel, if God had not put a blessing in his mouth, and obliged him to utter it, whether he liked it or not."

"It appears," said old Mrs. Simpkins, "that Balaam

laam was a very hard-hearted man, or he would not have uſed his poor Aſs ſo."

"Yes," replied Mr. Simpkins, "he was hard-hearted enough; and though I don't love to caſt reflections upon a neighbour, I muſt ſay farmer Mills put me in mind of him the other day; and I could not help wiſhing his poor horſe was able to ſpeak: as he was not. I ſpoke for him as well as I could. The ſcripture ſays, *we ſhould open our mouths for the dumb.*"

"And what did you ſay, maſter?" ſaid Roger Hicks.

"I told him," anſwered Mr. Simpkins, "that the beaſt was not to blame for ſtarting, for he no more liked to be frightened than we did. It could be no more pleaſure to him to make a falſe ſtep, than it was to us; and that he felt more pain and jar from it than we. I begged him to conſider, that while he enjoyed an eaſy ſeat the horſe went afoot; that perhaps his ſhoe pinched him, or he might have trod upon a ſharp flint, or a looſe ſtone; that, in ſuch a caſe, if he were walking he might ſtumble too; eſpecially if he was at the ſame time terrified out of his wits by a beadle, or ſome ſuch perſon, following him with a whip, while his own hands were tied behind him."

"What could farmer Mills ſay to this?" ſaid Mrs. Simpkins.

"He ſaid," replied the farmer, "that I did not underſtand driving; and that it would plague any one to ſee a horſe ſo foolifh; that he loved a beaſt of ſpirit:" but I could not help thinking he was the greateſt fool of the two."

"Who could expect ſpirit in a horſe that belonged to him?" ſaid Richard Bruce: "*ſtarving and beating* will tame a *ſavage beaſt*; and when we add hard labour to this, we cannot wonder that a poor dumb creature wants ſpirit."

"Well!" ſaid Mr. Simpkins, "let us leave farmer

Mills to God and his own conſcience; and, ſince we think theſe things wrong, let *us* act better. If at any time we find ourſelves angry with a beaſt for doing contrary to our wiſhes, we ſhould conſider that he has not the gift of *reaſon* or *ſpeech*; that if it is fooliſh in him to be afraid, our folly is greater than his if we do not try to get the better of our anger; that there is greater room to hope to overcome him by gentleneſs and good management than by whips and ſpurs; and, above all, let us think that though we ſee no angel in our way, there may be thouſands that are witneſſes of our conduct, and that God certainly ſees us: and ſince it is written in the ſcriptures that he *once* interfered in favour of a beaſt, we may depend on it that he notes our treatment of dumb creatures, and regards cruelty to them as a ſin: and I think it is worth noticing, that this beaſt was an *Aſs*; a creature that, of all brutes, is in theſe days doomed to ſuffer the greateſt hardſhips, though our Saviour himſelf has recommended him to our mercy, by mentioning him as an object of compaſſion; and made his triumphant entrance into Jeruſalem riding on an aſs. This circumſtance," continued Mr. Simpkins, "I think entitles the aſs to ſome degree of reſpect among Chriſtians; but, inſtead of that, you will ſee both men and boys mocking and abuſing this kind of beaſt wherever it paſſes. One would take ſuch folks for the ſervants of the very ſcribes and phariſees, who, on all occaſions, inſulted our LORD; for they appear to be inſtigated by ſecret malice, which the creature himſelf can have done nothing to deſerve."

"I have ſeen many an harmleſs aſs abuſed in my time," cried Roger Hicks. "There's Will Hill, the chimney-ſweeper, deſerves to have his bones broke, a little ſooty raſcal; not content with making the beaſt carry him and his ſoot too, he never mounts the back of the aſs but he beats him the whole time; and not only ſo, but gives him many a bang when he

ought

ought to be at reſt, merely for ſport. The firſt time I catch him at it again, I will make him remember it."

Tom Lang ſaid, that a few days before, he had met James Fowler, the ſandman, driving a cart with two aſſes, which he had loaded to ſo unmerciful a degree, that one of them fell down dead; and after that he attempted to make the other go on by himſelf; and he ſuppoſed would have killed that too, had not he, according to his maſter's orders, taken a horſe from his own cart to relieve him.

"Well!" ſaid Mr. Simpkins, "unfeeling people will do many cruel and wonderful things; but depend on it, they are *ſinners* in the ſight of God; and, if they do not repent, will be judged for ſuch offences."

"I have heard people," ſaid Richard Bruce, "make game of the hiſtory of Balaam, and ſay it is impoſſible a beaſt could ever ſpeak."

"Wicked people," anſwered the farmer, "will make game of any thing; but they don't conſider that God is *almighty*, and therefore all things are poſſible to him: for my part, I firmly believe that the aſs did ſpeak diſtinct words; and I think the account of his doing ſo is put in the Bible on purpoſe to teach men mercy to brutes."

"What a wonderful book the Bible is!" ſaid Mrs. Simpkins; I am ſure there is not another like it in the world: it teaches perſons in all ſtations, what they ought to do at all times."

"Very true," anſwered Mr. Simpkins; "I do not believe there is any thing we have occaſion to do throughout our lives, but we may find an *example* or a *precept* in the *ſcriptures* to inſtruct us how to act. Let us therefore praiſe God for the bleſſing of learning to read them; and pray to him for grace to make a right uſe of this knowledge." He then deſired Mrs. Simpkins to join with him in one of Dr. Watts's Songs, entitled, "*Praiſe to God for learning to read*;" and then in that on "*The excellency of the Bible*;"

after which, he added, to the uſual devotions, the collect of the church for the ſecond Sunday in Advent.

CHAP. XII.

ANOTHER Sunday Mr. Simpkins read the twenty-fourth chapter of Geneſis: as ſoon as he had finiſhed it, his wife expreſſed herſelf greatly delighted with the tenderneſs of Rebekah towards the poor camels, which ſhe ſuppoſed were beaſts that were uſed in thoſe days inſtead of horſes.

Tom Lang begged to know what ſort of creatures they were; on which Richard Bruce ſaid he once ſaw a camel that was ſhewn at a fair as a ſight; and deſcribed it as a very tall beaſt, with a long neck, and long legs, and two bunches on its back, between which its loads are laid. He ſaid that the man who ſhewed it, told him a camel would travel for eight days together without eating any thing but a ball of paſte each day; and go for four or five days without drinking; and that one hour's reſt in twenty-four was all that was allowed him on a journey, over deſerts of ſand, where there is not ſo much as a tree to ſhelter them.

Old Mrs. Simpkins ſaid, that ſhe ſuppoſed Abraham lived in that country, by his having ſo many camels; and obſerved, that it muſt be very hard work for a young woman to draw water for ten large beaſts, which would drink a great deal at a time, as they drank ſo ſeldom. It was a ſign, ſhe ſaid, that Rebekah was tender-hearted, or ſhe would not have kept on drawing till they were ſatisfied.

Mrs. Simpkins remarked, that Laban was alſo very good to the poor beaſts; for though he had got a gueſt that brought gold, and ſilver, and jewels, he attended to the camels in the firſt place; ungirded them, and gave them ſtraw and provender enough, before he ſet out any refreſhment for Abraham's ſteward, and the men who were with him.

The

The farmer replied, that it was certainly right to take the firſt care of creatures which could not take care of themſelves. He ſaid, it often made his heart ache to ſee a poor beaſt, who had done hard work, and borne the burthen and heat of the day, left in harneſs, and neglected to be fed, while a cruel driver ſat drinking and ſinging at an alehouſe. He then gave ſtrict orders to his men and boys to take care that all his cattle had their meat in due ſeaſon; that they ungirded them as ſoon as their labour was finiſhed, and gave them provender enough: he alſo deſired them to be ſure and lead them away to watering; which, he ſaid, altogether would not be half ſo much trouble as a young woman, nay, he might ſay, a young lady, had taken for the camels of a ſtranger.

Richard Bruce ſaid, that ſince GOD had been pleaſed to provide food for all ſorts of beaſts, he thought men had no right to withhold it from them. He obſerved, that there were a great many texts of ſcripture that mentioned GOD's providence to different ſorts of creatures.

"Yes," replied Mr. Simpkins, "King David points out ſeveral inſtances of GOD's goodneſs to them; and I remember in one place he calls GOD* *the preſerver of* MAN *and* BEAST, *who giveth food to all* FLESH; and in another he ſays, that GOD *ſendeth ſprings into the vallies that run among the hills, that all the beaſts of the field may drink thereof; that the wild aſſes may quench their thirſt; and that the fowls of the air may have their habitation in the trees, nouriſhed by their moiſture, and ſing among the branches:* and alſo, that GOD *bringeth forth graſs for the* CATTLE, as well *as herb for the ſervice of man.*"

"I wonder any people can be ſo ſilly," ſaid Richard Bruce, "as to think all things in the world were made for MAN only, when the very pſalm you are talking of, maſter, tells the direct contrary.

* Pſalm xxxvi. 6. Pſalm civ.

Does

Does not David say, that *trees* are partly made *that the birds may build their nests? and that, as for the stork, the fir tree is her house?* And not only so, but the very *rocks* and *high hills*, which men cannot climb, are *a refuge for wild goats and conies.*

"Nay," said the farmer, "the *darkness* of the night is partly ordained, as the Psalmist tells us, for the conveniency of *wild* BEASTS *of the forest, that they may move and creep forth* when men are at their rest, and so not likely to be terrified by them."

"When I saw the lion, and the tiger, and the wolf, and the leopard, at fair," said Richard Bruce, "I blessed God that they were not so plentiful here as our flocks and herds; if they were, I know not what we should do."

"Our natural courage, and their dread of mankind, would, I hope, in that case, come to our aid, Richard," said the farmer: "but, thanks to God Almighty's providence, which ordained every thing for the best, we are not likely to be put to the trial. Those creatures which are of most use to us are brought within our reach; and those which would disturb and frighten us are placed at a distance. The most terrible beasts are of use in the countries they properly belong to, as I have read in a book of travels; and people hunt them for the sake of their skins: but you find by the Psalmist, they generally go about in the night; so that man may pursue his daily work in safety; for, *when the sun ariseth, the lions* (and other beasts too, I suppose) *who go roaring about all night, and seek their meat from* GOD!—when the sun ariseth, I say, *they get them away together, and lay them down in their dens, while man goeth forth to his work, and to his labour, until the evening.* Well might David say, O LORD! *how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the* EARTH *is full of thy riches: and so is the great and wide sea also, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and*

and great: there go the ſhips; and there is that Leviathan, whom thou haſt made to take his paſtime therein; theſe wait all upon thee, and thou giveſt them their meat in due ſeaſon; that thou giveſt them they gather; thou openeſt thine hand, and they are filled with good."

"What is a Leviathan?" ſaid Tom Lang.

"I do not know," ſaid Mr. Simpkins; "but ſome great creature that lives in the ſea, without doubt."

"I do love David's pſalms," ſaid Mrs. Simpkins; "while they are reading one's heart feels his words: what he ſays ſeems ſo true, that I could fancy them my own thoughts."

"Yes, Kitty," ſaid her huſband, "they are very delightful; for whether one is in joy or ſorrow, diſpoſed for prayer or praiſe, there is ſomething ſuitable to be found in the pſalms. And I think, when they are well ſung, they are quite charming. I wonder pſalmody is ſo much neglected, for I know nothing that helps more to lift the thoughts to God."

"But why," ſaid Richard Bruce, "did David curſe his enemies ſo? After reading in the New Teſtament that *we ſhould love our enemies, bleſs, and curſe not*; I don't know how to repeat theſe curſes at church."

"I conſider them in quite another light," ſaid Mr. Simpkins: "my good maſter, Mr. Brown, told me, that they were meant as *curſes* againſt thoſe idolatrous nations who preſumptuouſly oppoſed GOD when he diſplayed his miracles in the world; and that David pronounced them in God's name, not his own: as king of Iſrael he was expreſsly appointed to cut thoſe idolaters off. To Chriſtians theſe curſes are no more than *admonitions* to avoid thoſe crimes which provoked divine juſtice to root the heathens out; and, by reading the pſalms carefully, you will eaſily diſcover what thoſe crimes were. It would be very wicked in *us* to denounce theſe

curſes

curſes againſt our *private enemies*; and very preſumptuous to utter them againſt any that we regard as GOD's *enemies*; becauſe we have no command, we are not inſpired to do it, as David was. Therefore, Richard, let us *take warning* by the *curſes*; but *bleſs and love our enemies like Chriſtians*; and let us try to imitate the goodneſs of God. by feeding and providing for every living creature that is by him committed to our care.

CHAP. XIII.

In the manner above related, did good farmer Simpkins, endeavour to improve his family, and regulate his own heart; and the firſt quarter of a year ſoon paſſed away. At Chriſtmas 'ſquire Harvey came to reſide at his own eſtate, the repairs of his houſe being at that time completed.

'Squire Harvey was a very worthy gentleman; and his lady was extremely humane and charitable. The day after Chriſtmas-day they invited all their tenants; among them they particularly diſtinguiſhed farmer Simpkins and his wife; the 'ſquire admired his humility and good ſenſe; and Mrs. Harvey was charmed with the modeſty and neatneſs of Mrs. Simpkins; and when ſhe was gone, the lady remarked, that her dreſs was perfectly *in character*. "Really," ſaid Mrs. Harvey, "ſhe made a very reſpectable appearance, ſo that you might judge her to be the miſtreſs of a family, and a very reputable perſon; but there was no attempt at faſhion and finery as in the woman who lives at the other little farm; ſhe whom we ſaw the other day in a one-horſe chaiſe.

"You mean, I ſuppoſe, Mrs. Mills," ſaid the 'ſquire.

"The very ſame," replied the lady. "It is very ſtrange to me," continued Mrs. Harvey, "that women will ever be ſo ſilly as to dreſs above their ſtation! If they did but know how ridiculous it makes

makes them in the eyes of their ſuperiors, and how much envy it creates in their equals, they would not do it; for I imagine it is chiefly intended to give them conſequence in the world; whereas, in effect, it takes away what they might otherwiſe claim as their due."

"Very true," replied 'ſquire Harvey; "but when vanity and the love of dreſs have got poſſeſſion of a female heart, who can driv' them out?"

"I own it is a hard taſk," replied Mrs. Harvey; "but I wiſh it were poſſible to perſuade the lower orders of people to be contented with ſuitable apparel; it would ſave them a deal of uneaſineſs. I ſhall try what can be done with the children when we have Sunday ſchools among us; for I look upon it as a thing of real importance to happineſs, among all ranks of people, to dreſs in a manner becoming their ſtation in life. The extravagant love of dreſs ſpoils numbers of good ſervants, and keeps a labouring man in continual diſtreſs. A girl," continued the lady, "who indulges it, is liable to a thouſand temptations, and if ſhe becomes a wife involves her huſband in debts, which embitter his days, and give riſe to perpetual bickerings and wranglings between them, which would never have happened, would ſhe have been contented with ſuch clothes as his circumſtances could afford."

"I am afraid," ſaid 'ſquire Harvey, "that if you give your people advice on the ſubject, they will only think you do it out of jealouſy."

"I hope they will not be ſo fooliſh," anſwered Mrs. Harvey, "as I have nothing but their intereſt and happineſs in view: I only wiſh to leſſen their wants, which they increaſe to no purpoſe. But I think the beſt way will be to get Mrs. Simpkins to talk to them; ſhe is a pattern of propriety and neatneſs. I ſhould much like to ſee her at her own houſe; and will aſk Mrs. Williams to go with me."

The next day Mrs. Harvey ſent to requeſt Mrs. Williams

Williams to go with her in the coach, and ſhe readily complied with the invitation.

Mr. Williams was the clergyman of the pariſh, whom 'ſquire Harvey had lately preſented to the vicarage: he and his lady were both moſt excellent people: to ſum up their characters in one word, they were *Chriſtians indeed*.

This worthy divine had already reſolved to conſider his pariſhioners as his children, as far as related to their eternal ſalvation, and the relief of thoſe worldly neceſſities which his charitable offices could extend to. Both he and Mrs. Williams were therefore exceedingly pleaſed to hear there was ſuch a good farmer and his wife in the village.

When the ladies arrived at Mrs. Simpkins's they found her, like a notable dame as ſhe was, taking care of a poor little calf; which, being now old enough, ſhe was weaning from its mother, with a view to the bringing it up. Mrs. Simpkins was rather ſurpriſed at ſeeing a coach ſtop, and two ladies alight from it: however, as her conſcience told her ſhe was doing her duty, ſhe did not flurry herſelf about being in her working dreſs; neither did ſhe make apologies, as if ſhe thought they were coming to make a viſit to her as their equal, but very civilly ſhewed them into the parlour, and ſaid ſhe would light a fire in a minute; but they inſiſted on ſitting down in the kitchen, which was very neat; and they ſeated themſelves. Mrs. Simpkins ſaid ſhe would wait on them in a minute; for ſhe could not be eaſy without giving Tom Lang a great charge to drive the cows ſo far from home that ſhe might not hear the lowing of the calf; for ſhe ſaid it would be teaſing them both ſadly to keep them near together: neither could ſhe bear to hear their moanings. She then ran up ſtairs, and tied on a white apron, and waited on the ladies, to know if they would accept of any refreſhment her houſe afforded; but they ſaid, that the greateſt treat ſhe could give them would be

to

to ſhew them her houſe. To this ſhe with great pleaſure conſented, and the ladies were highly entertained, as I make no doubt my readers will be, with the deſcription which I ſhall give them in the following chapter.

CHAP. XIV.

THE houſe conſiſted of a very commodious kitchen, with a good pantry and waſh-houſe adjoining, and a delightful dairy. There was alſo a neat, middle-ſized parlour, four bedchambers, and two garrets, with very convenient cloſets.

In the kitchen was an open chimney, which admitted of two forms, one on each ſide; on theſe the men and boys ſat very comfortably of a winter's evening, and ate their bread and cheeſe, while they liſtened to the converſation which paſſed at an oaken table, round which were uſually placed the farmer, his wife, and mother.

Two iron dogs, (as they are called,) with bright knobs, ſerved to keep a comfortable wood-fire together. The chimney-piece was ornamented with a braſs peſtle and mortar, and ſome candleſticks of the ſame metal; and over theſe hung the baſting-ladle, &c. all which bore additional witneſs to the neatneſs of the houſewife: as it was Chriſtmas-time, the chimney-piece was likewiſe adorned with holly, &c. all theſe were ſet off by white corners, and a neat red hearth. On one ſide of the kitchen was a deal dreſſer, on which was ſpread a cloth as white as ſnow; above it were ſhelves, furniſhed with pewter diſhes and plates, which vied with ſilver for brightneſs; and beneath it ſtood a copper porridge-pot and a few ſauce-pans, which, though they had been bought ſecond-hand, looked as if juſt new out of the brazier's ſhop.

In another part were ſhelves for earthen diſhes, and the

the baſons which were in common uſe. The chairs were of deal, with ruſh bottoms, and one of them had elbows to it; this was intended for the maſter of the family, that he might be diſtinguiſhed from his domeſtics. The floor was paved with large tiles, which were kept as neat as poſſible; faſtened to the ceiling was a bacon-rack; and near the window hung two cages, in which were the birds Mrs. Simpkins had brought from Mrs. Mills's; they ſoon got well with the kind treatment they met with, and ſung delightfully. There was alſo in the kitchen a wooden ſcreen, which ſerved in winter as a ſhelter from the cold air that blew in when the door was left open, as it was frequently obliged to be, and which the farmer feared would give his mother the rheumatiſm. The walls and ceiling were nicely whitewaſhed; but Mrs. Simpkins had a great diſlike to white walls, and had deſired her huſband to buy her a few coloured prints, which he readily did. As my readers may be curious to know the ſubjects he fixed upon, I will inform them.

The firſt of them was a print repreſenting our Saviour's humility, and the Pope's pride; over this he hung the Golden Rule, and the ſummary of the law and the prophets. On one ſide of it was a very droll print, called the happy marriage; and on the other, a dialogue entitled Death and the Lady, with the print to it. There was another print entitled Keep within Compaſs; and one repreſenting a miſer raking gold together, and a ſpendthrift throwing it about. Mr. Simpkins had alſo bought, to paſte up among them, *the Way to Wealth*, taken from *Poor Richard's Almanack*. Intermixed with theſe were a variety of painted ſtars, ſuch as boys put upon kites, which had been given to Mr. Simpkins by his ſchool-fellows, and which he had carefully preſerved.

Mrs. Harvey and Mrs. Williams were exceedingly entertained with the prints, and thought them very edifying.

Mrs.

Mrs. Simpkins then ſhewed the ladies her dairy, and even her pigſties. It is unneceſſary to deſcribe the former, any farther than by ſaying, that every utenſil in it was as neat as poſſible; and that the milk, cream, and butter, had a moſt inviting appearance: but as it may ſeem odd that ſhe ſhould exhibit her pigſties, I muſt inform my readers that they were clean beyond any idea that can be formed from the appearance of pigſties in general, for they were paved, and waſhed down every day.

As the coldneſs of the weather made it diſagreeable to be long together in the open air, the ladies wiſhed to return into the houſe; and, having warmed themſelves, they proceeded to view the other apartments.

Mrs. Simpkins took them into her parlour, which was a very pleaſant one in ſummer, for it had two large caſement windows, that looked into a delightful garden, which abounded with fruit and flowers: juſt without ſide theſe windows grew a honeyſuckle, a ſweetbriar, a roſe tree, and a jeſſamine. The curtains were ſmall red and white check, which drew upon rods, and hung down in the day-time juſt below the frames. In the chimney was a very neat pair of dogs, with braſs knobs, and fire-irons to match: the inſide of the fireplace was ſet with Dutch tiles, on which were deſcribed a variety of ſcripture hiſtories; and in the fireplace was a large jar with boughs of holly, ivy, &c. Under the window ſtood a large oaken table, which was poliſhed like a looking glaſs, that hung over it; and on the other ſide was a cane couch, with cuſhions of patchwork, made out of bits Mrs. Simpkins had ſewed together, and joined whilſt ſhe was a ſervant; there were alſo ſix chairs of the ſame kind.

In one corner was a cupboard; in this were ranged, in exact order, twelve beautiful delft plates, ſome diſhes, a few baſons, and likewiſe a ſet of blue and white china tea-things, which had been given to Mrs.

Mrs. Simpkins on her marriage: alſo two glaſs mugs, and a few drinking-glaſſes. In the oppoſite corner was a Dutch cuckoo-clock: the top of the cupboard was ornamented with plaſter images, painted; theſe were bought of a man that travelled the country; and on the mantle-ſhelf were jars, and a pair of parrots of the ſame ſort. Over the chimney-piece, in a black frame, hung a print of the King and Queen, and all the Royal Family, in ſome parts adorned with gold and coloured froſt, to imitate precious ſtones I will not take upon myſelf to ſay that the faces in this print were exact likeneſſes; but it ſerved at once to teſtify and keep alive the loyalty which glowed in the breaſt of our worthy farmer; who declared, that it did his heart good to look at their majeſties, and all their royal offſpring.

At the ſide of the room, oppoſite to the window, hung the EVERLASTING COVENANT, and the TOKEN OF THE COVENANT; between which, in a neat frame and glaſs, was a ſampler, which Mrs. Simpkins had wrought at the charity-ſchool; the bolton and filks having been given her by her godmother: it was a very pretty one, and worked with ſuch exactneſs, that it was difficult to tell the wrong ſide from the right.

All round it was a border of true darning in ſquares; at the top a large alphabet in common-braid, and another of eyelet holes; then a row of figures: next to them followed theſe texts of ſcripture in one-thread braid.

"*Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord ſhe ſhall be praiſed.*"

"*Bleſſed are the meek, for they ſhall inherit the earth.*"

"*Bleſſed are the peace-makers, for they ſhall be called the children of God.*"

Then followed in eyelet-holes:

"*Katherine Sparks wrought this ſampler in the year of our Lord* 1748, *aged* 10 *years.*"

By

By way of concluſion was added this verſe from Dr. Watts's ſongs:

" *Thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,*
Who taught me betimes to love working and reading."

As this ſampler was not ſo long as the Covenant, Mrs. Simpkins wrought a ſmaller one, at her leiſure hours, to hang under it; containing the following verſe, with a border ſomething like wheat-ears:

" *God ſpeed the Plough*
And Dairy too."

On each ſide of the Covenant was hung a ſchool-piece, written by Mr. Simpkins when at ſchool, and curiouſly flouriſhed by his maſter; one contained our Saviour's Golden Rule: and the other our duty to God and our neighbour, in verſe, from Dr. Watts's ſongs.

There were, beſides, four little prints, repreſenting a hay-field, a harveſt-field, ſheep ſhearing, and a farm-yard.

The beſt chamber was much in the ſame ſtyle with the parlour. The bed was green harrateen, the window-curtains white linen. On the bed was a very pretty patch-work quilt; which, as well as other things in the houſe, had been Mrs. Simpkins's mother's, who died a little after Mr. Brown. Here was no toilet, as at Mrs. Mills's, but a little table, covered with a napkin; on which ſtood a ſmall ſwing glaſs, and a pin-cuſhion-box, ornamented with ſplit-ruſhes, and pieces of coloured ſilks. There was alſo a neat wainſcot cheſt of drawers and two chairs, which, with two ſtools, completed the furniture of the room, excepting the prints, which chiefly conſiſted of ſubjects taken from the hiſtory of our Saviour. The other apartments were furniſhed plain and neat; but contained nothing deſerving of a particular deſcription.

Mrs. Harvey and Mrs. Williams juſtly extolled the neatneſs of the houſe, and ſaid that, if it would not hinder buſineſs, they would ſit half an hour; as old Mrs. Simpkins had, while they were viewing the different

different places, removed the holly and lighted a fire in the parlour. Mrs. Simpkins aſſured the ladies her mother could do all that was wanted, and that ſhe ſhould be very proud of the honour. She then brought out a nice little white-bread cake and a pat of butter, and expreſſed her concern that ſhe had no wine, but hoped ſhe ſhould be able to make ſome the next year. The ladies ſaid, that if ſhe had had wine they ſhould not have drank any, but begged ſhe would indulge them with a little milk; this ſhe immediately fetched in one of her glaſs mugs; after which the ladies deſired her to be ſeated, and Mrs. Harvey told her ſhe had a favour to beg, which was, that ſhe would diſpoſe of five guineas for her among the poor women of the village: and told her that ſhe ſhould herſelf look in upon them, and ſee if they made a proper uſe of it; and Mrs. Williams ſaid, that ſhe intended to viſit them alſo, as ſoon as ſhe was ſettled in her houſe: in the mean time, if Mrs. Simpkins ſhould meet with any particular inſtance of diſtreſs, ſhe begged to be made acquainted with it.

Having finiſhed the buſineſs they came about, the ladies took leave, and returned home, charmed with the delightful view they had had of rural ſimplicity; and Mrs. Simpkins purſued her work, pleaſed to find ſuch good ladies thought her worthy of their notice.

CHAP. XV.

When Mr. Simpkins came home, his wife told him of the benefaction that had been left with her; and they both agreed that it would be beſt to diſtribute it that very afternoon, as the weather was cold, and therefore moſt likely the poor people were in great diſtreſs. Mrs. Simpkins and her mother got dinner immediately, and ſet out directly, after leaving the farmer to keep houſe, who ſaid he ſhould take the opportunity of writing a letter to his old friend Dick Howe;

Howe; which he did, and gave him an account of his happy ſituation, and his marriage with Kitty.

In the courſe of their ramble the mother and daughter ſaw a variety of ſcenes of diſtreſs, and rejoiced many hearts by the ſeaſonable relief which the 'ſquire's lady had enabled them to beſtow; the thoughts of which afforded them ſo much ſatisfaction, that, though they returned a good deal fatigued, they did not at all grudge the trouble, but were thankful to God for making them inſtrumental to the comfort of their indigent neighbours, whoſe miſery had ſo moved the heart of Mrs. Simpkins, that ſhe could not help expreſſing to her huſband a wiſh that ſhe could make an addition to Mrs. Harvey's donation.

The good farmer told her this was a charitable wiſh, and God would accept the will for the deed; and he hoped ſhe would not make herſelf uneaſy at not having money to beſtow, ſince Providence had ordered it otherwiſe, and it was her duty to ſubmit, and be contented with all the circumſtances of her condition: beſides, he ſaid, ſhe might have opportunities of doing as much good among her poorer neighbours as if ſhe had money to give them: "for GOD," ſaid he, "knows every one's wants and ſees into every one's heart; and as our good maſter, Mr. Brown, uſed to ſay, '*The wretched and the charitable generally find one another out at proper times:*' ſo that you have nothing to do, my dear Kitty," continued the farmer, "but to keep yourſelf diſpoſed for charitable actions; and there is no doubt God will give you occaſions of practiſing them."

Mrs Simpkins ſaid all this was very true; yet ſhe ſhould not be rightly eaſy till ſhe could contribute her own mite to the relief of miſery; and before ſhe cloſed her eyes, ſhe prayed in ſecret to God, who ſeeth in ſecret, beſeeching him to grant her the means of helping her poor neighbours. It immediately occurred to her, that ſhe might eaſily afford to make a little caudle for a lying-in woman; that ſhe could ſpare

ſome ſkimmed milk for ſome ſtarving children; that if ſhe ſaved the pot-liquor when ſhe boiled a leg of pork, or a leg of mutton, it would with a few peas, make ſome tolerable ſoup. This plan made her quite eaſy, and ſhe went into a comfortable ſleep; and the very next morning began putting it in execution, and from that time became a benefactreſs to the neighbourhood in many reſpects.

Old Mrs. Simpkins was occupied with the ſame thoughts; but not being a houſekeeper, and having no money but what her good ſon gave her, ſhe did not know what to do; at laſt ſhe reſolved to beſtow ſome good advice, which, ſhe obſerved, many of her neighbours ſtood in need of; and which her experience in a ſtate of poverty qualified her to give; and alſo to do ſome odd jobs of ſewing or knitting for them when ſhe had time.

In two days theſe worthy women went out again to ſee the effects of Mrs. Harvey's bounty, that they might give an account of their ſtewardſhip.

Old Mrs. Simpkins had obſerved in the village ſhe lived in before, that there was a great deal of ſelfiſhneſs and want of charity among the poor women in general. If a gift of coals, bread, or clothes, was to be diſtributed, they were ready to tear each other to pieces to obtain the preference. If private benefactions were beſtowed upon particular perſons, thoſe perſons immediately became objects of envy; then you would hear ſuch railing againſt them as was quite ſhocking; and every fault that could be remembered for years back was brought out againſt them, and reports ſpread to their diſadvantage, in hopes that their benefactors would be deterred from beſtowing any more favours upon them. She obſerved, with concern, that the ſame ſpirit prevailed in this village alſo; ſhe therefore took a deal of pains to perſuade her poor neighbours to be more generous. She told them that ſhe was very ſure, if they would be induſtrious, cleanly, and good-humoured,

moured, ſo as to make home comfortable to their huſbands—if they would bring up their children in the fear of God, and help one another to the utmoſt of their power, they would not want half ſo much aſſiſtance from the pariſh, or the rich, as they generally did.

To this the women uſually replied, that they were as good as their betters, and that God did not expect charity from poor folks. The good old woman allowed that poor people could not beſtow like the rich; but ſhe inſiſted that they often could, and ſhould, *give alms*, and appealed to their own conſciences, whether it was not frequently in their power to ſpare a halfpenny or a farthing. This they could not deny: Well then, ſhe would ſay, if all the poor in the village would ſpare a halfpenny when they could afford it, a loaf, or ſome other thing, might be purchaſed for a poor wretch, who, at that time, had not a farthing to keep him from ſtarving. A day might come, ſhe ſaid, when each of theſe perſons might ſtand in need of the ſame aſſiſtance, when by the ſame means he might receive a loaf paid for beforehand, for the ſmall price of a halfpenny.

Old Mrs. Simpkins alſo obſerved, that poor women might help one another in many other ways—by ſitting up of nights with the ſick, ſweeping their rooms, letting their great girls look after a child for a ſick neighbour, or ſending a boy of errands for them, or any other thing which theſe diſtreſſed people could not do for themſelves: in return for which they might juſtly claim help from them in time of need. She added, that her huſband often ſaid the poor were God's family in a very particular manner; but that, if they expected he ſhould treat them as his children, they muſt endeavour to live as ſuch, and to be affectionate to their brethren, and not to wiſh to *bite* and *devour* one another, and nouriſh ſpite and envy in their hearts againſt them. She ſaid alſo, that ſhe had lived many years in the world, and could

fay with king David, "*I have been young, and now am old, yet did I never fee the righteous forfaken, and heir feed begging bread:*" that is to fay, *obliged to take up the trade of a beggar to gain a livelihood:* though, to be fure, the beft people might fometimes be reduced to great ftraits, in order to try their patience and truft in God; but it always happened that relief and comfort came to them, and fometimes in a very unexpected manner; of which fhe could name many inftances. The worthy woman therefore entreated the poor people to be kindly affectionate one to another; not merely with felfifh views, but for Chrift's fake, who would regard the meaneft offices done to their fellow-chriftians, in obedience to his commands, and in imitation of his example, as done to himfelf. Thefe perfuafions were fecunded by Mrs. Simpkins; and many women attended to the good advice which was given them, and found the happy effects of it, for they were beloved by their neighbours, and their own confciences told them they were approved by God: but others kept on grumbling and murmuring at every thing that went befide them, by which means they were defpifed by their equals, and neglected by their fuperiors; and the evils of poverty fell with greater weight upon them, as they had neither the bleffings of God to remove them, nor the benevolence of mankind to lighten them.

Mr. Simpkins took equal pains with the men in the village, and excited them to many good actions: he alfo employed as great a number of them as he could without extravagance, and gave the preference to thofe who were kindeft to their neighbours.

CHAP. XVI.

My readers will doubtlefs be curious to know in what manner the good farmer and his family paffed the Chriftmas holidays; I fhall therefore remind them that

that Mr. Simpkins had been fully inſtructed by the worthy clergyman, whoſe name has ſo frequently appeared in this hiſtory, in every part of Chriſtian doctrine and practice that was level to his capacity; among other things, he taught him to conſider Chriſtmas not as a ſeaſon of licentious riot, but as a time ſet apart for the enjoyment of innocent feſtivity, and the cultivation of Chriſtian hoſpitality; in which the huſbandman might relax from his uſual labours, and give up his mind to decent merriment. Agreeably to this idea of Chriſtmas, Mr. Simpkins allowed his men and boys to go in turns to ſee their friends; and he, his wife, and his mother, made little excurſions to the village they formerly lived in, and alſo viſited, and received viſits from, their new neighbours; and all were regaled with mince-pies and other good cheer, and amuſed themſelves with many a merry ſong and diverting ſtory: but Mr. Simpkins and his family declined card-playing, as they were not ſkilled in any game, and thought cards rather diſturbed hoſpitality than promoted it. On this account Mr. and Mrs Mills were not among the number of their viſitors, neither did they receive any invitation from them.

Chriſtmas-day itſelf was paſſed in a different manner from the reſt of the holidays; for Mr. Simpkins had been taught to regard it as a great ſolemnity, and would not willingly have miſſed obſerving it religiouſly on any account. Before they went to church he read to his family the hiſtory of our Lord's birth, as recorded by St. Matthew and St. Luke, and deſired them to take particular notice of that part which related to the angels appearing to the ſhepherds, and then tell him, whether, if they had been thoſe ſhepherds, they ſhould, inſtead of *ſeeking for the* SAVIOUR, as the angels directed them, have ſent for a fiddler to play to them—have ſat down to cards—or gone to an al houſe to get drunk?

They all anſwered, that it would have been very

improper to do so. "Well then," said the farmer, "it cannot be right for us to practise those things on the day that is appointed by our church for the commemoration of our Saviour's birth; for you may observe that the angel said, *Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to* ALL PEOPLE; therefore *people* are concerned to *seek their Saviour* as the shepherds did. He is not now to be found in Bethlehem, but we may find him in Heaven: the Scriptures will direct our hearts to him, and there we may read *the great things which came to pass*. I beg," added he, "that you will attend with great devotion to both the prayers and sermon at church."

Richard Bruce said he thought it very right to spend Christmas-day in that manner, but he wished to know which was the very day of Christ's nativity. Mr. Simpkins replied that, provided they kept one day, it was not at all material whether they observed the exact day or not, for all days are the same in the sight of our great Redeemer; "and, indeed," said he, "Christ has not absolutely enjoined us to keep any day, but left our own reason to direct us in this particular: yet there is no doubt but he will be pleased with our commemoration of his birth, as it naturally leads us to thankfulness for the benefits we derive from it."

On this day the good farmer, his wife, and mother, and Richard Bruce, received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; and in the evening, he read in Nelson on the Feasts and Fasts; after which he and his wife sung an hymn suitable to the day; he then took leave of Roger Hicks and Tom Lang, who were to have the first holidays, and begged they would not disgrace that holy season by any improper words and actions, but to be *merry and wise*.

It has already been related that Mr. and Mrs. Simpkins received an invitation to dine at 'squire Harvey's the day after Christmas-day, and that Mrs. Harvey and Mrs. Williams paid a visit at the farm,

and

and left a donation for the poor. A few days after this was diſtributed they called again, and were ſo well pleaſed with the account they received, as to deſire Mrs. Simpkins would go with them in the coach, to point out the moſt deſerving objects, to whom they would diſtribute the ſame ſum with their own hands. Mrs. Simpkins, though not in her beſt clothes, was very neatly dreſſed, and expreſſed her readineſs to go, but ſaid ſhe could very well walk; this the ladies would not allow; ſo ſhe ſtepped into the coach, and the whole party were received with great joy by their poor neighbours. The ladies returned home perfectly ſatisfied with their excurſion, and left Mrs. Simpkins at her own houſe: ſhe was happy in the reflection that the miſeries of her poor neighbours met with ſuch ſeaſonable relief; and her mother was a partaker of her joy.

Thoſe good women did not confine their benevolence to their own ſpecies; all the time the ſevere cold laſted they did every thing that could comfort and defend their poulty, nurſed up their little calves with great tenderneſs, and ſaw that the boys fed the cows regularly: they alſo ſcattered crumbs and grain for the flocks of birds, which hunger drove to ſeek their charitable aſſiſtance; among theſe were two redbreaſts, which particularly engaged Mrs. Simpkins's attention. Theſe pretty creatures came every day, and ſoon were ſo tame as to enter the room and feed out of her hand; and when every other kind of bird was ſilent, would ſing ſo ſweetly that it was quite delightful to hear them: but at laſt it happened that one was miſſing, and when the other appeared it did not ſtay to be fed and ſing as uſual, but flew away as if diſappointed at not finding its mate. Mrs. Simpkins was alarmed at this circumſtance, and thought ſome accident had happened; ſhe therefore reſolved to go in ſearch of the loſt bird as ſoon as ſhe could ſpare half an hour: but this ſhe could not do till the afternoon; when to her grief, ſhe found in

the garden the poor little creature in a bird-trap, where she lay squeezed to death by a brick that had fallen on her. Mrs. Simpkins carried it into the house, and as soon as the family assembled, produced it, and desired to know which of them had occasioned its death. Tom Lang confessed that he had set the trap for birds, but with no design to catch poor Robin; for he knew it was unlucky to kill red-breasts, because *the Robin and the Wren are God Almighty's cock and hen.*

"I never could find out for what reason they were called so," said Mr. Simpkins; "but for my part, I regard every bird that flies as GOD ALMIGHTY'S *cock or hen.* God made them; and we read in the Testament, that *not a sparrow falls to the ground but our heavenly Father knows it:* and therefore it is, and ever shall be, a rule with me not to kill any bird unless I find a necessity for doing so, in order to preserve my corn, and other things, for the benefit of man and beast; and as for setting traps to catch them, or torturing them in any other way, I would not do it; nor will I suffer it to be done by any belonging to me: no; while they live let them fly about in the open air, build their nests, rear their young, and be as happy as their Maker designed them to be." Mrs. Simpkins was very angry, and told Tom he ought to be punished for so cruel an action: but he promised to set no more traps, and was forgiven; though not without many injunctions to keep his promises, attended with many lamentations for the loss of poor Robin. "No wonder her mate would not eat his breakfast, said old Mrs. Simpkins; "poor thing! he has gone sorrowing about all day; I dare say we shall have no more of his singing for one while." Tom Lang kept his word, and never set any more traps; but he often made his mistress angry by his unlucky tricks; amongst which was that of blacking the ceilings and walls of the outhouses with the smoke of a candle; a silly custom that many boys

are

are addicted to. She said she wondered they could take delight in making places look so filthy; and the farmer declared, that whoever did it at his house should white-wash the place himself after his day's work was done.

Another circumstance happened, during the shooting season, which vexed Mrs. Simpkins a good deal. She was walking with her husband through a field, where they found a whole covey of young partridges starved to death in their nest; they heard afterwards Roger Hicks had set a snare and caught the old one. Mr. Simpkins was greatly displeased, and told Roger he despised a poacher at his heart. Roger said he saw no harm in poaching, for he thought poor men had as much right to game as rich ones.

"In former days, Roger," said the farmer, "this might be the case; but if a man lives under a government, he is bound to obey its laws; and you know there are laws in respect to killing of game, and therefore we should keep those among the rest.

"Properly speaking," continued he, "I do think it is the farmer's business to kill the game, for he is likely to be a sufferer by the birds; but if gentlemen will take the trouble of destroying them for us, with all my heart; I am not so fond of killing as to grudge them the pleasure, and they are welcome to eat the game after they have done; for, in my opinion, a good leg of boiled pork and a barn-door fowl, is worth all the partridges and pheasants in the kingdom; don't you think so, Roger?"

Roger replied, that, to own the truth, it was not for the sake of eating the birds; but he did not like to be put upon.

"Then you act from spitefulness and pride," said the farmer: never give way to these; for they will answer no purpose in life, Roger, but to vex yourself. Depend upon it gentlemen will not care for your anger; and if they catch you poaching, they will make you suffer for it. Instead of murmuring

becauſe one law in the conſtitution is not to your mind, think how many excellent ones there are to defend the perſon and properties of the loweſt people in the kingdom. Remember that a gentleman cannot *kill* you without forfeiting his own life: but I have been told, that in ſome countries many a poor man is killed, and no account taken of him, becauſe they have not ſuch good laws as we have: and I have heard that all the poorer people are ſlaves, while we are free-born Engliſhmen. So let the gentlemen ſhoot away. Poor ſouls! many of them would ſit and lounge about till they died, if the pleaſure of the field did not invite them abroad. Conſider, Roger, that we countrymen enjoy the fields all the year round; and are, in general, healthy and cheerful; while many of thoſe above us are dying with gout and vapours. The partridges and pheaſants muſt be deſtroyed, becauſe they would otherwiſe diſtreſs us, by devouring the fruits of our labour: and we might be obliged to loſe many a day's work in hunting them. Let us, therefore, quietly yield the game to the higher ranks of people, and rejoice that ſomething will bring them abroad. I dare ſay, Roger," continued the farmer, "that you would not wiſh any man to lie ſick a bed for a month or two, merely to give you an opportunity of killing a few birds and hares, which you ſet no value upon: therefore, if you find yourſelf hurt when you ſee gentlemen ſhooting or courſing, or hunting, think to yourſelf they are doing it for their health."

Roger did not much reliſh this doctrine; but ſaid he was ſorry for the poor little birds that had been ſtarved in their neſts, and would leave off ſetting ſnares.

CHAP. XVII.

After the Chriſtmas holidays were over, all parties returned to their different occupations, which they

they purſued with great induſtry; and when the ſpring came on, Mr. Simpkins had the happineſs of ſeeing his graſs grow very thick, and every kind of grain and roots, which he had ſown and planted, ſpringing forth in a moſt promiſing manner. His live-ſtock was alſo increaſed by the addition of two calves, eight lambs, twenty-two pigs, and a conſiderable number of poultry.

It is impoſſible to deſcribe with what gratitude and thankfulneſs the good farmer, his wife, and mother, received the numerous bleſſings which were ſhowered down upon them by the bountiful providence of God: their zeal in his ſervice increaſed; and they delighted, more than ever, in keeping his Sabbaths, in ſetting a good example, and in teaching their houſehold to know and fear the Giver of all good things.

The caſe was very different with farmer Mills; he was as negligent out of the houſe as his wife was in it; and his ſervants being as careleſs as himſelf, the ground was not properly manured; the conſequence of which was, that his crop in general made a very poor appearance: while his neighbour Simpkins's promiſed a hundred fold increaſe. This raiſed the envy of Mills; and his wife's was excited by the notice which was taken of Mrs. Simpkins and her mother by all the gentry of the village, while ſhe and her huſband were univerſally deſpiſed by all ranks of people; as they not only incurred the ridicule and contempt of the rich by their affectation, but the hatred of the lower ranks by their injuſtice and oppreſſion; for they *withheld the wages of the labourer*, and *ground the faces of the poor*. Full of theſe malicious ſentiments, they became the profeſſed enemies of farmer Simpkins and his wife, who, at firſt, were vexed at it; but, in a little time, they got the better of this vexation; for they ſaid they could not expect to have the good-will of every

body; neither was the goodwill of wicked people worth having.

As farmer Mills did not keep up his fences properly, his cattle not having feed enough in his fields, often ſtrayed into the grounds of Mr. Simpkins, and broke his hedges to regale themſelves in his rich paſtures. As the good farmer knew how badly the poor beaſts were kept, he could not get up his heart to pound them, but deſired his men and boys to watch them well, to let them feed a little while, where they did no damage, and then drive them home, and ſtop the gaps they had made. He ſaid that he looked upon what he thus allowed them to eat, as ſo much given in charity. Nay, he carried his humanity farther; for when he ſaw a poor beaſt drawing a load which he could ſcarcely move with, he would order a horſe of his own to give him a lift through a ſandy lane or clayey road; and if he ſaw a poor jackaſs, or a horſe fallen under his load, would relieve them juſt the ſame as if they belonged to himſelf; and if by chance he ſaw them ſtraying into other people's ground, would ſend or take them home, leſt they ſhould be ill uſed; and all this he did in compliance with the divine precepts, which he had written down in his little pocket book, as has been related.

Early in the ſpring Mr. Simpkins found it neceſſary to increaſe the number of his labourers, and for this purpoſe he hired ſeveral men and boys: the firſt morning he got them together he addreſſed them as follows:

"I am now going, my lads, to ſend you into my fields, where I hope you who are huſbands and fathers will earn money enough to keep your families comfortably; and that you, who are not yet grown to man's eſtate, will be able to gain ſomething towards relieving your parents from the expenſe of maintaining you. I beg you will conſider yourſelves as fellow-ſervants, and be good-natured and ready

to

to do a good turn for one another; and I hope you will uſe my cattle well, otherwiſe I ſhall certainly turn you off. I likewiſe hope that you will not be cruel to any dumb creature that may fall in your way. Some of you boys," continued he, "will be employed in ſcaring crows, and keeping ſmall birds from the lent corn; but I charge you not to ſpoil a birds's neſt."—"May we keep jackdaws, maſter?" ſaid one boy, "By no means," ſaid the farmer; "unleſs you would like yourſelf to have a leg cut off, and be condemned to hop all your life. It is the nature of thoſe birds to fly, and I dare ſay they like flying as well as you do running; therefore do as you would be done by.—But come, let us ſpend no more time in talking; the ſun calls you forth to the field; but I wiſhed to let you know my mind; for *a good beginning makes a good ending*."

The farmer then allotted each labourer his day's work, and walked from field to field overlooking them, till the hour of breakfaſt; when he returned home to his dear Kitty.

When Joe Martin went down into the cellar to draw a little beer for breakfaſt, he diſcovered two frogs; he inſtantly ſeized the poor creatures, and took them in his hat to the barn yard, without ſaying any thing to Mrs Simpkins; at the ſight of this prize, two of the new boys, who had ſat down on a bench to eat the bread and cheeſe they had brought with them, jumped up and began exulting over the frogs, reſolving to puniſh them for the offence they had been guilty of in getting into the cellar. Mrs. Simpkins, hearing their noiſe, ſuppoſed they were quarrelling, and went out to ſee; when ſhe beheld Joe Martin pelting one frog with ſtones, and Ben Cheſter, one of the new boys, holding the other on a pitch-fork, which he had run quite through its body; Mrs. Simpkins immediately called out to them to deſiſt, and made them kill the latter directly, as it was too far gone to recover: the other ſhe obliged

Joe

Joe to fling into a ditch, were it ſunk to the bottom, and happily eſcaped from its cruel enemy. When this was done, ſhe expreſſed her diſpleaſure to both boys, and aſked them whether they ſhould like to be pelted with ſtones, or to have a pitch-fork run into them? They owned they ſhould not. "Well then," ſaid ſhe," how can you have the barbarity to beat a poor frog to a jelly, or pierce it through and through? Don't you know that frogs can feel as well as you?"

"I thought, Miſtreſs," ſaid Joe, "that we might do any thing with ſuch naſty poiſonous creatures as frogs."

"They are naſty things, in a houſe to be ſure," ſaid Mrs. Simpkins; "but I don't know that they are poiſonous: I have heard ſay they are good food; and that they, and toads too, are uſeful in eating up many things that would make water unwholſome; therefore, though I ſhould not chuſe to feed on frogs, as I have heard French people do, I never will order any to be killed, unleſs they abound ſo as to become a plague; in which caſe we muſt deſtroy them in our own defence: for my part, I never killed a beetle or a worm without ſaying to myſelf, is it likely to do a real injury to mankind?"

Mrs. Simpkins then made a thorough ſearch in her cellar, and found another frog, which ſhe immediately ordered Joe Martin to fling into the ditch to its former companion.

When the farmer came home to dinner, he ſaid he had juſt been reprimanding a boy for ſpoiling an ant's neſt. He declared that he could not bear to deſtroy ſuch induſtrious creatures; but ſaid he had watched many a one when he was a boy himſelf, and had ſeen them do ſuch things, that he often thought of king Solomon's words, *Go to the ant, thou ſluggard; conſider her ways and be wiſe.* "It is my belief," continued the farmer," that there is not a living creature upon the face of the earth but

what

what has pleaſure in life; what right, therefore, have we to rob them of this bleſſing while they do us no harm? God Almighty has given us leave to kill ſuch things as are good for us to eat; and we certainly may deſtroy thoſe that will hurt us; but he never ſaid, *kill for your diverſion only:* on the contrary, we are commanded to be *merciful, even as our Father which is in heaven is merciful:* that is to say, to the *utmoſt of our power.*"

"I dare ſay, then," ſaid his wife, "you never ſpun cock-chaffers upon pins?"—"Indeed, I did not," replied he: "I uſed to aſk my companions, who did ſo, whether they would like to have a ſpit run through their arm, and to be twirled about in that manner? Neither could I find any delight in hunting for ſnakes, and ſuch kind of creatures, on purpoſe to kill them: I believe they are very harmleſs, and we have but few in this country; ſo we may ſafely let them alone."

"May we not kill waſps, maſter?" ſaid Tom Lang.

"Not merely for the ſake of killing," replied the farmer; "and, at any rate, be ſure to put them to a *quick* death: I never could bear to ſee waſps cut in two by ſciſſars, and left to linger in torment."

"What do you ſay in reſpect to moles, ſnails, and caterpillars?" ſaid his wife.

"I ſay," replied he, "juſt the ſame as I do of other creatures; if they really *harm us, deſtroy them*; if not, why ſhould we kill or torment them?"

"What do you think, then, of angling with live worms?" ſaid old Mrs. Simpkins.

"I think," anſwered the farmer, "that it is a horrid barbarous cuſtom. Worms appear to me," continued he, "to have an uncommon deal of life in them: they are very difficult to kill. Cruſh part of them, the other part will ſurvive and caſt it off: and even pull them in two, both parts will live a long while. Only think then, mother, what the

poor

poor creatures muſt ſuffer. In the firſt place, they are put to the ſame kind of pain which we ſhouſd endure if pulled to pieces by horſes: but, inſtead of being releaſed from their miſery by death after this torment, their life is doubled, as one may ſay, and each part condemned to the additional agony of being fixed to a hook, which we may compare to our being put on a large iron ſtake. Whilſt writhing about on this hook, in great pain no doubt, firſt one fiſh, and then another, bites a bit off its poor mangled divided body; which is at laſt ſwallowed up by one unfortunate creature, who in its turn becomes the object of our pity, if pity can find a place in the breaſt of an angler. But I have ſeen many people, Kitty, and people who I ſhould have thought knew what humanity was, ſerve a poor worm as I have deſcribed, and tear a fiſh's entrails with a barbed hook; and then throw it gaſping for breath on a ſunny bank without the leaſt appearance of concern."

"Is there no quick way of killing worms for anglers?" ſaid Mrs. Simpkins.

"I do not know," replied the farmer, "but thoſe who are ſkilful can make artificial flies and worms too; ſo they have no occaſion to torment living ones."

Mrs. Simpkins ſaid ſhe was very happy in having found a quick way of killing eels; which was to take them by the head and tail, and give them a ſudden pull; this breaks the marrow that runs through the back-bone, and they die in an inſtant.

"It is certainly our duty," anſwered the farmer, "to ſtudy the quickeſt way of killing every thing that we are under the neceſſity of putting to death, that it may be over before they have any dread of pain, and that they may enjoy happineſs as long as they live. We ſhould conſider that dumb creatures have not, like us, the hope of a glorious immortality to ſweeten their ſufferings."

"Very

"Very true," said Mrs. Simpkins, "and we should consider also, Thomas, that we must give an account, in another world, how we have used or abused the things in this. What our own hearts, on proper reflection, condemn us for here, I think we may justly expect God will judge us for hereafter —Why else is conscience given us?

"If we would attend to our conscience within us, Kitty" said the farmer, "we should seldom be at a loss to know how to act in respect to the duty of *mercy*; especially, as we have also a plain *written rule* to go by, *Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.*"

Having eat his dinner, and sufficiently rested himself, Mr Simpkins again went out to look after his labourers.

CHAP. XVIII.

SHROVETIDE now approached, and Mr. Simpkins gave strict orders to all his men and boys not to fling at cocks; and declared he would turn away him who did, and never employ him in his service again. When he sat down with his family on Sunday evening, he renewed the subject, and said he could not discover from whence that cruel custom took rise; but he supposed by the season, at which it was practised, that it must be on account of the cock's crowing when St. Peter denied Christ; and he was of opinion that the apostle himself, if alive, would be one of the last to countenance such barbarity in his cause: for the crowing of the cock, though it occasioned Peter *to weep bitterly*, was in the end a mean of much good to him, by awakening him to repentance, and calling him back to his duty; "and therefore," added Mr. Simpkins, "I should think that Christians ought rather to *honour* the *cock* than *ill-treat him.* For my part," continued he, "I never hear

hear the crowing of a cock at Shrovetide, but I think of St. Peter, and it reminds me not to be confident in my own *ſtrength* and *reaſon*; but to ſeek for *divine grace* to bring me to a proper ſenſe of my ſins, to keep me from preſumption, and to ſtrengthen my mind to continue ſtedfaſt in the faith and duty of a Chriſtian.

"I have often thought," ſaid Richard Bruce, "that it was very remarkable, in St. Peter in particular, to deny Chriſt; becauſe of all the diſciples he was the moſt zealous."

"He was ſo, Richard," replied the farmer; "but if you remember he had boaſted of his own ſtrength, and therefore God withdrew his aid, in order to convince him of the weakneſs of *human nature* when unaſſiſted by *divine grace*. Beſides, St. Peter ran himſelf into temptation, which was very wrong, when Chriſt had told him that he had not ſtrength to reſiſt it. He ſhould in ſuch a caſe have retired and prayed to God to deliver him from evil, inſtead of putting himſelf in the way to be queſtioned at the palace of the high prieſt."

"To be ſure," ſaid Richard Bruce, our Lord's diſciples had no buſineſs there, unleſs they had had the courage to offer themſelves as witneſſes of his innocence."

"No doubt," replied the farmer, "St. Peter was very much to blame, and we ſhould all take warning by his example; though we have not our Lord to ſpeak directly to us on particular occaſions, we have a number of warnings in the Scripture to keep us from preſumption at all times, and we pray every day not to be led into temptation; therefore, when it is in our power, we ſhould avoid all places where we are likely to be tempted to commit ſin."

"Well," ſaid Mrs. Simpkins, "Peter was certainly greatly to blame; but how commendable his behaviour was afterwards! He did not fly in a paſſion with the cock, and threaten to wring his neck off for

for putting him in mind of his Lord's words; neither did he perſiſt in denying Chriſt; but immediately, on his Lord's looking at him, humbled himſelf, and ever afterwards was ready to lay down his life in his cauſe, and at laſt actually did ſo. It is plain, I think, that he had a very tender conſcience."

"It is ſo, my dear," replied the farmer; "and we may learn from this part of his conduct the advantage of leading a life of piety, and of liſtening to the whiſpers of conſcience. A *hardened ſinner* would have acted very differently. Only think how many admonitions and reproofs our Saviour threw away upon the Jews. I remember," added Mr. Simpkins, "that in a book I read in often and often at Mr. Brown's, the Ass was called the *beaſt of humility*; and the COCK, *the bird of repentance*. It would be well if we would ſuffer them to be our monitors, inſtead of treating them as too many do."

"I am ſure," ſaid Tom Lang, "a cock taught me one good thing, and that was early riſing. When I went to ſchool I had a little book full of pictures of birds and beaſts; among the reſt was a cock with this verſe:

The cock doth crow to let you know,
If you be wiſe, 'tis time to riſe.

And as ſure as ever I hear the creatures crow of a morning, it comes to mind, and up I jump."

"Then I hope you will never fling at cocks, Tom," ſaid his maſter. "No," anſwered Tom; "nor will I fling at leather ones any more, which I muſt needs ſay I have done many a time, becauſe I did not like to fling at live ones. I never could bear to ſee a poor bird taken from his dunghill, where he was ſcratching and ſtrutting about as bold and as happy as could be, and his legs tied together, ſo that he could not get away, and then cudgels flung at his head, till he died by inches. Nay, I have ſeen boys break both legs of a cock, and faſten ſticks to prop him

him up, and then throw at him again till he died. Poor creatures! how much they muſt ſuffer!"

"Don't talk of it," cried Mrs. Simpkins, "for it makes my heart ache. I ſhall keep my fowls in the poultry yard all Shrovetide, for fear they ſhould be ſerved ſo; and I think you are quite right, Tom, not to fling at any thing in the ſhape of a cock, for that looks like *would-be cruelty*.

"May we have pancakes on Shrove Tueſday, miſtreſs?" ſaid Joe Martin. "I have no objection, Joe," anſwered Mrs. Simpkins, "to your having pancakes at any time, when I have eggs to ſpare; which happens to be the caſe now, and therefore I will indulge you; but as for having them on Shrove Tueſday in particular, that is all nonſenſe."

"Yes," replied the farmer, it is nonſenſe to eat any particular food on certain days, whether it is done out of ſuperſtition, or mere cuſtom. It can make no difference in the ſight of God, what kind of food a *Chriſtian* eats; becauſe we have no command to abſtain from any ſort."

"All round London," ſaid Roger Hicks, "they eat croſs buns on Good Friday. What can that be for, maſter?"

"I have heard of them," anſwered Mrs. Simpkins. "Rachel Smithers told me they have a croſs marked in the middle; to put folks in mind of our Saviour's croſs, I ſuppoſe; but ſhe ſaid people ſeemed to eat them without thinking any thing about religion; for they open their ſhops and go about their buſineſs juſt as uſual."

"That is very ſhocking, and very indecent too," ſaid Mr. Simpkins. "What! when our church calls upon us to commemorate the ſufferings which our bleſſed Redeemer ſubmitted to for our ſakes, ſhall we go about our worldly affairs, regardleſs of his dying love? I think if we only read the hiſtory of the crucifixion on that day, it would be enough to make us act otherwiſe."

"Surely,

"Surely, if any day in the year deſerves to be kept with more ſolemnity than another, it is that of our Saviour's death. Not that we ſhould mourn for it on *his account:* on the contrary, he told the women who followed him to his crucifixion, that *they ſhould not weep for him, but for themſelves.* We ſhould therefore make Good Friday a day of humiliation, for thoſe ſins which made his death neceſſary for our redemption. And Eaſter-day ſhould be obſerved as a day of joy and thankſgiving for *his* reſurrection, which is an earneſt of *our own.* But people are apt to conſider holidays as ſeaſons devoted to idle mirth, deſigned to be ſpent entirely in frolicking. To be ſure it is very agreeable to reſt now and then from labour; and we have no occaſion to pray all day long in holiday time; but I think Good Friday, Eaſter-day, Chriſtmas-day, and Whitſunday, demand particular attention."

While Mr. Simpkins gave theſe uſeful leſſons to his family, farmer Mills abandoned his ſervants to their own will, and his cocks to their cruelty; and many a noble fowl lay weltering in his blood, deſtroyed by their wanton barbarity: not only ſo, but he went himſelf to a cock-fight (a ſport he was remarkably fond of): at this inhuman meeting no leſs than four cocks fought till they dropped down dead; and many others loſt their eyes, or were ſo maimed that they were never well any more.

When Richard Bruce heard of this, he ſaid that, though he did not approve of cock-fighting, he did not think it ſo bad as throwing at cocks; becauſe it was the nature of cocks to fight, and they ſeem to do it of their own accord.

"They are too apt to fight, indeed," replied the farmer, "and want no weapons beſides what nature has furniſhed them with; and therefore I think it is very cruel to cut their ſpurs away and arm them with ſteel. A good-natured perſon would rather be ſorry to ſee them pecking and ſpurring one another, and would

would endeavour to part them. If it is wrong to work up men of paſſionate tempers into a rage; and put weapons in their hands, it muſt be wrong to ſerve birds ſo. When we ſee to what extreme of violence anger will lead even ſuch feeble things as fowls, we ſhould take warning to govern our own inclinations to wrath; and rejoice that we have not only *reaſon* to govern our turbulent paſſions, but may have *divine grace* to reſtrain them, if we will pray for it."

"I do not think," ſaid Mrs. Simpkins, "that there is a creature in the world but what we may learn ſomething or other from."

"Indeed there is not, Kitty," anſwered the farmer, "if we we will make uſe of our reaſon and underſtanding; but, inſtead of that, men are apt to *copy* animals in what they ſhould ſtrive to *correct* in them; and to ſink themſelves even below the creatures whom they are appointed to govern."

On Shrove Tueſday Mrs. Simpkins, agreeably to her promiſe, treated the men and boys with pancakes; when ſhe and her mother had ſuch a job of frying, that they had cauſe to rejoice that Shrovetide came but once a year.

CHAP. XIX.

THERE was a moſt glorious hay harveſt, and Mr. Simpkins's crop was uncommonly plentiful; ſo that he had a good deal to ſend to market, beſides reſerving a ſufficient ſtock for his own cattle in the enſuing winter; and as he was early in carrying it in, he ſold it for a good price, and was enabled to buy another horſe and two cows: his two former cows were in full milk, ſo that Mrs. Simpkins every week carried butter to market; ſhe had likewiſe plenty of poultry, eggs, and ſucking pigs, to ſell; and her ſauſages were quite famous, not merely for their flavour, but on account of her neatneſs.

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There was belonging to the farm a large piece of garden ground planted for an orchard, but by Mr. Simpkins's excellent management, it produced a variety of vegetables in high perfection, before they were plentiful in general; part of theſe he ſold to great advantage; ſo that with one thing or another he got forward apace, and began to lay by money towards his year's rent; which was a great pleaſure to him.

Farmer Mills, on the contrary, was unſucceſsful in every thing; he neglected getting in his hay while the ſun ſhined, and wet weather came on and ſpoiled it; his ſheep almoſt all died of the rot; and his ſubſtance waſted away by degrees till he was involved in great difficulties. Inſtead of endeavouring to extricate himſelf by induſtry and frugality, he drank harder than ever, and often came home ſuddled. This his wife found fault with; and he in return railed againſt her for dreſſing ſo fine: ſo they led a very uncomfortable life together; and of courſe their children were badly looked to, and the ſervants left to do as they pleaſed. As for the Sabbath day, it was, in this family, devoted to vice and licentiouſneſs. The houſe was either filled with riotous gueſts, or the farmer and his wife went journies to viſit people like themſelves, whom they had not the leaſt friendſhip for. The ſervants, thinking that they were juſtified in doing the ſame as their maſter and miſtreſs, either romped about at home, ſwearing and talking all manner of profaneneſs and indecency; or went about frolicking to alehouſes with the maids, or other young women, whoſe ſweethearts they pretended to be; but of whom they made game as ſoon as they left them.

As for the boys, they diverted themſelves with abuſing the poor jackaſs, hunting the cats, ſetting the dogs together, ſpoiling birds' neſts, and ſuch kinds of cruel diverſions; or elſe played at chuck-farthing, toſſing-up, &c. and ſoon learnt to game

and

and drink, and were always fighting and quarrelling.

While the maſter, miſtreſs, and ſervants, purſued theſe bad courſes, their cattle ſuffered a variety of hardſhips, beſides thoſe already related. The cows were neglected to be milked, the calves to be ſuckled; the horſes were often left without fodder, or obliged to run races with unfeeling fellows upon their backs, who, perhaps, knocked them about the head with ſticks, or threw them into a violent heat, and turned them in this condition into an open field, or tied them to an empty rack or manger, without ſo much as a little clean litter to refreſh them.

We may be ſure that *the bleſſing of* God did not attend this diſſolute family; none of their affairs proſpered; and, with all their pretences to gaiety, they knew not what happineſs was; for happineſs is only to be found with thoſe who ſerve God and love his creatures.

Among Mr. Mills's horſes was one that he kept for his own riding; this was better fed than the reſt, but it had endured a number of tortures; for, though he was really a handſome beaſt, his maſter could not be contented with him as nature had formed him, but would have him altered to his own fancy; ſo he had him docked and nicked, and his ears cropped, by which means he cut what is eſteemed a handſome figure upon the road, where the farmer was very proud of exhibiting him, at horſe-races in particular; and, in order to ſhew his mettle, he would whip and ſpur him till he went at a furious rate. Farmer Mills, like many other thoughtleſs people, would often ſuffer his horſe to drink freely of water juſt as he was ſetting out; and this was the caſe one Sunday morning when he was going to a diſtant village to join a drinking party. No ſooner was he mounted than away he went full gallop, and ſoon coming to a hill, inſtead of drawing in his horſe, he kept preſſing the poor animal to keep up his pace

till

till he quite loſt his wind; and in going down at the ſame rate on the other ſide he fell, and rolling over his cruel rider broke his thigh; but ſoon jumping up, galloped home. Mills lay for ſome time in a dreadful condition; till farmer Simpkins, who was walking with his family to church, accidentally ſaw him. He ordered Roger Hicks to go home with one of the boys immediately, and get a cart with ſome clean ſtraw; and Mrs. Simpkins entreated her mother to return and ſend a feather-bed alſo: ſhe then, by her huſband's deſire, went to break the affair to Mrs. Mills, and Richard Bruce was diſpatched for the doctor.

Mrs. Mills was dreſſing herſelf, being in expectation of company, when the horſe returned without his rider; and ſhe was ſetting off with the ſervants to look for her huſband, when Mrs. Simpkins met her and told her of the accident in as cautious a manner as poſſible. Mrs. Mills was in dreadful agitation when ſhe ſaw her huſband, and Mrs. Simpkins endeavoured to compoſe her. In a ſhort time the cart arrived, into which Mills was lifted, and laid on the feather bed, where he groaned with agony, and vented a thouſand curſes on the horſe, forgetful of the many unprovoked blows and cuts which he had at different times beſtowed upon the poor beaſt; and that in the preſent inſtance no fault could juſtly be laid to him.

When Mills arrived at his own houſe he was, with great pain and difficulty, conveyed up ſtairs, and the ſurgeon ſoon arrived, who, with his aſſiſtant, ſet the limb, but pronounced it a very dangerous fracture. As ſoon as this operation was performed he deſired his patient might be kept quiet; and old Mrs. Simpkins offered to ſit by him till a nurſe was procured, and Mr. Mills's mother, whom Richard Bruce was gone to fetch, ſhould arrive. In the mean time, farmer Simpkins and his wife did all they could to comfort Mrs. Mills, who now began to feel the dreadful

effects of her own ſin and folly; and was convinced that thoſe whom ſhe had deſpiſed for their plain apparel had minds adorned with humanity and tenderneſs; which are more ornamental than the moſt coſtly garments.

In this manner the day paſſed away, ſo that Mr. Simpkins and his family were prevented from going to church both morning and afternoon. But they did not think it neceſſary to ſtay at Mills's when he had got his wife's mother and other relations about him; ſo left the houſe with many good wiſhes, and aſſurances of being ready to do any thing in their power to help or comfort them.

CHAP. XX.

The firſt thing Mr. Simpkins did, after he returned home, was to ſee with his own eyes that the horſes, which had been uſed, were fed and properly taken care of; and when evening came on, he got his family about him, reſolving to ſuit his inſtructions to the preſent melancholy occaſion. Accordingly, when they were all ſeated, he obſerved to them what a ſad accident had happened: on which Roger Hicks called out, that it was a judgment upon Mills for uſing his beaſt ſo ill, and upon a Sunday too.

"Don't ſay ſo, Roger," replied the farmer: "to be ſure a beaſt has a right to the Sabbath as well as a man; but God Almighty only knows what are *judgments* and what are *not*; and we are commanded *not to judge others, leſt we ſhould be judged ourſelves:* we ought rather to receive theſe things as warnings; and I hope you will all do ſo, and keep the Sabbath-day holy; and then for that day at leaſt you will be ſafe from ſuch accidents as theſe. Let us read the fourth commandment," ſaid he.

"I can

"I can say it by heart, master," cried Joe Martin. "Do so, my boy," replied the farmer; "but mind the sense of it as well as the words."

When Joe had ended it, "This commandment," said the farmer, "is particularly addressed to heads of families; it is therefore the duty of a master to see that it is observed, not only by himself, but by all that are in the house with him; and this is the reason why I make it such a point with me that you should all go to church every Sunday, twice a-day; and hear me read in the evening."

"Have not we been guilty of a sin, master," said Tom Lang, "in driving a cart on the Sabbath-day!"

"Not at all, Tom," replied the farmer: "as it was an act of mercy, our Lord Jesus Christ himself has allowed us to do such things; and has told us that God *prefers mercy to sacrifice*; that is to say, to public worship: so that when we see a fellow-creature in distress we may stay from church to help him, without offending God Almighty: nay, we may even stay from church to save the life of a beast, if occasion requires; for our Saviour justifies such actions by his discourses addressed to the Jews, when they found fault with him for healing diseased people on the Sabbath; and he has given us a general rule to go by; namely, *to do well on the Sabbath-day*."

"True, master," said Richard Bruce; "and our Saviour says also, *The son of man is lord even of the Sabbath-day*: the meaning of which is, as I heard our parson say in a sermon, that every man is so far lord of the Sabbath-day, that though mercy and sacrifice are both commanded, yet when it so happens that the one cannot be done without leaving the other undone, we should give mercy the preference. And he observed, that our Lord said likewise, *The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath*; by which the parson told us we were to understand, that man was not created for the sake of

keeping a ſabbath; but the ſabbath, after man was created, was ordained for the ſake of man and beaſt alſo."

"But have we a right, my dear Thomas," ſaid Mrs. Simpkins, "to make our beaſts work on the Sabbath day."

"If we want their aſſiſtance in any merciful act we doubtleſs may," replied the farmer. "It ſtands to reaſon, Kitty, that, if a man may help a beaſt, a beaſt ought to help a man: but for my own part I ſhall, in the preſent caſe, take the burthen upon myſelf, as one may ſay; for I intend, to-morrow afternoon, to let both the horſes and the ſervants have a holiday, in lieu of the reſt they have been deprived of to-day; and that ſhall be my rule on all occaſions, when neceſſity requires my ſetting them to work on the Sabbath-day."

"You are very good, maſter," ſaid Roger Hicks; "but, for my part, I do not deſire any ſuch thing; and if you think God Almighty will not be angry with me, I ſhall be willing to work on the ſabbath at any time."

"I thank you, Roger," ſaid the farmer; "but I hope that will not often happen; for we muſt not do on the ſabbath what may be done on other days, that would be ſinful, becauſe God Almighty has *hallowed* the Sabbath-day. God firſt *bleſſed* it, that the labouring man and beaſt might enjoy reſt, and then *hallowed* or *ſanctified* it to holy duties. Therefore, if I, who am a maſter, work on the Sabbath-day, I ſin; becauſe I do not *hallow* it according to the commandment; and if I do no work myſelf, yet ſet my ſervants and cattle to work on that day, I ſin likewiſe; becauſe I take away the bleſſing. I muſt neither work nor require work from *man* or *beaſt*; for though a beaſt has no notion *of keeping the Sabbath-day holy*, he has a right to *reſt* as a *bleſſing*. And I think," added he, "we may learn from this commandment that we ſhould not at any time overload our cattle, or

work

work them beyond their ſtrength; for the end of it ſeems to be *to teach mercy*; which is a duty at all times."

"But how are we ſure, maſter," ſaid Roger Hicks, "that we really keep the Sabbath-day that God appointed?"

"Whether we do or not," replied Mr. Simpkins, "does not ſignify at all, provided we keep the day that is ſet apart as a Sabbath in the church we belong to, and hallow one day in ſeven. With God all days are alike; and, as the Scriptures tell us, even ſabbaths are an abomination to him, if we are not merciful."

"Pray, maſter," ſaid Joe Martin, "what is meant by *the ſtranger that is within thy gate?* We have no ſtrangers here."

"I take it to mean," anſwered the farmer, "a viſitor or lodger that one may happen to have ſtaying at one's houſe; alſo a hireling day-man, or journey-man, who does not ſo properly belong to the family as thoſe who live conſtantly in the houſe; and I ſuppoſe they are mentioned to warn maſters of families not to harbour ungodly people, and to teach them to allow their workmen proper wages, that they may be able to afford to keep the Sabbath-day without working on it. So you ſee, my lads," continued he, "God Almighty has graciouſly ordained that all ſorts of people ſhould have leiſure to obey his command of keeping the Sabbath-day holy."

"All ſorts of people do not *find* leiſure, maſter," replied Roger Hicks; "for I remember once that when I lived at a farmer's near London, there was more work done on a Sunday in the market-gardens, than on any day in the week; and I have known baſket-makers at work for them all day beſides."

"Thank God," ſaid the farmer, "I never was in the way of ſuch things. But how came it about?"

"Why, maſter," replied Roger, "the poor folk ſaid, their maſters would not employ them on week-days if they did not work on Sundays; and their

maſters ſaid that rich people would have freſh fruit on Mondays, and therefore they muſt ſend it to market: ſo there was a neceſſity for gathering it; and they could not pack it without pottles and baſkets, which the baſket-makers could not make faſt enough without working on Sundays."

"Dear me," cried old Mrs. Simpkins, "one would think London was an heathen land: I hope we ſhall never have ſuch doings among us. I ſhould be afraid that God Almighty would ſend ſome heavy judgments upon us; for I have heard Thomas read many and many a time that Sabbath-breaking was one of the things which provoked the Lord to puniſh the Jews as he did; and God is no reſpecter of perſons."

"Well" ſaid the farmer, "whoever is the firſt inſtigator to the crimes you mention, Roger, has a deal to anſwer for. It is a terrible thing for poor folks to be driven to ſuch extremities; but if they are really well inclined, they may, while they are gathering fruit, think of God and religion, and even pray in their own hearts, and lament their lot."

"Aye, maſter," replied Roger, "they *may* do a ſomething towards keeping the Sabbath-day holy, even while they are at work; but inſtead of that, all Sunday long there is ſuch profane indecent talk among them, that it is enough to make a ſober perſon's hair ſtand an end to hear it; and, after the day's work is over, when they certainly have time to read and pray, they generally go away to alehouſes and get drunk."

Mr. Simpkins ſaid this agreed with the account Dick Howe gave of the London people, in a letter he received from him the day before: he then produced the letter, and read as follows.

"*Dear Thomas*,

"I AM glad to find you are not too proud to own an old friend now you are got up in the world; and I thank you kindly for your letter. You cannot think how glad I was to hear you were married to

Kitty:

Kitty: God bleſs you both, and ſend you many happy days together. What comfort it muſt be to you to be able to keep your mother; I ſhould be glad to work for one too, but as I have none, I ſhall try, when my time is out, to do ſomething for my couſin's family. I don't live with my couſin now, for he was ſo good as to turn me over to a maſter in London, where he thought I ſhould learn more, and get better wages when my time is out: and I am vaſtly well uſed, and my maſter and miſtreſs go to church every Sunday, and ſome of the men are very ſober: to be ſure there are good and bad of all ſorts in London, and many temptations for young men; but I hope I ſhall withſtand them all.

"When I had been in London a month, I longed for a breath of freſh air; ſo I aſked my maſter to let me go into the country, and he conſented on my promiſe not to get into bad company. John Chandler, one of our men, walked with me a few miles out of town, and we went into a church that lay in our way: but, dear heart! how ſurpriſed I was to ſee the road, nothing but coaches, and chaiſes, and horſes, driving and poſting as if it were an horſerace. Stage coaches crammed full within ſide, and loaded without, enough to kill the poor beaſts that drew them; poſt-chaiſes bowling along, driven by unfeeling poſt-boys, who whipped the poor horſes without mercy, let them be ever ſo tired; nay, even if the ſkin of their ſhoulders was quite rubbed off in places —I am ſure nobody would ever have thought it was Sunday.

"After church, as we wanted a bit of dinner, we went to an ordinary, which is a ſort of club where each perſon pays a ſhilling, and eats what is put before him: here we had very good victuals, but I can't ſay ſo much for the company: there were a number of 'prentices, who, on Sundays, dreſs out and make believe to be gentlemen; and to ſhew their gentility ſwear and talk all manner of bad ſtuff.

"The houſe we went to was near the banks of the Thames, and the window looked on the river: here I ſaw another ſight I ſhould not have expected.—There were a number of boats with flags flying, as if they were going to Lord Mayor's ſhow; theſe were rowed by young men, dreſſed in trowſers and jackets, like ſailors; but Jack Chandler told me they were moſtly 'prentices and journeymen, and that they would either go to ſome place to fit angling all day, or elſe to a public houſe to drink; but they could not ſtay ſo long as the coaches, becauſe of the tide, ſo I ſaw them go back; and, if it had not been Sunday, I could have had ſome fun in ſeeing them run aground, and ſuch awkward tricks.

"While we were at dinner ſome phaetons (as they call them) drove into the yard of a large inn over the way, with young men and women in them, and ſome girls on horſeback. I thought theſe ſmart folks were nothing leſs than lords and ladies and dukes; but I ſoon found they were rakiſh ſparks and bold huſſies—I was quite grieved to ſee ſuch ſights, and begged John Chandler would go to church again, which he did; and, would you believe it, Tom! the pews were almoſt all empty, though there was a very fine parſon.

"In the evening the road was worſe than before; the chaiſes and horſes racketing after one another; the drivers drunk, and many of the girls the ſame, with faces as red as ſcarlet, and their hair all about their ears. "Well," ſaid I, "Jack, let us make haſte home; if this is the way Londoners paſs the Sunday, the Lord have mercy on their ſouls—no wonder ſo many turn highwaymen, and that ſo many poor wretches are hanged!

"Since that day I have gone ſeveral times along with another journeyman of a Sunday, to his mother's houſe, where for nine-pence I get a bit of dinner comfortably; and as I go to church twice, and keep ſober company the reſt of the day, I think there is

no

no harm in leaving the ſmoky town now and then.

"I have wrote you a long letter, for I can write faſter than I uſed to do, as my maſter lets me go to an evening-ſchool, and pays for me; and I keep his books. If I have any holidays at Whitſuntide, I will come and ſee you. My kind reſpects to all friends, and I remain,

"Your loving friend,

"Richard Howe."

"What ſhocking doings!" cried old Mrs. Simpkins; "it makes my blood run cold in my heart to think what ſuch poor wicked wretches will do when the laſt trumpet ſhall ſound, and they are called to give an account of themſelves to their heavenly judge."

"Ah, poor creatures!" ſaid Richard Bruce, "they think nothing of another world; but I hope their children who come after them will be taught better at the Sunday-ſchools."

"Well," ſaid the farmer, "it is now time to go to bed, therefore let us join in prayer to God that he will give us grace to obſerve the ſabbath properly; and let us alſo pray that he will reſtore poor farmer Mills, and preſerve us from ſuch dreadful accidents as we have ſeen this day." He then kneeled down, and all the family joined with him very devoutly; afterwards they retired to reſt.

CHAP. XXI.

As ſoon as Mr. Simpkins had ſet his labourers to work the next morning, he went to inquire after farmer Mills, and found he had had a very bad night: after this he kept growing worſe and worſe, ſo that in a few days the ſurgeon found it neceſſary to cut off the limb, in order to prevent a mortification. This dreadful operation, though performed with great ſkill, was followed by a fever, occaſioned by the bad ſtate

his blood was in through intemperate living and impatience under misfortune: this fever deprived him of his ſenſes in a great meaſure, but could not deſtroy his conſcience: inſtead of talking of heaven as many good people do, when light-headed, at the point of death, his mind was full of horror, and it was ſhocking to hear the dreadful fears he expreſſed. Mr. Simpkins entreated Mr. Williams to attend him; which he readily did ſeveral times, but could never find him compoſed enough to join in prayer; but juſt before he expired he cried out—"O that I had ſerved my Maker! that I had kept his ſabbaths!"

Mr. Simpkins, who called in every day, happened to be there at this awful period, and was exceedingly affected with the unhappy end of this wicked man. He ſtrove to comfort his widow, but ſhe was averſe from ſuch conſolation as he could offer, and gave way to the moſt violent tranſports of grief or rather paſſion, from the idea that ſhe muſt change her gay courſe of life. Mrs. Simpkins and her mother joined their beſt endeavours with thoſe of the good farmer, to bring this wretched woman to ſentiments ſuitable to her condition; but ſhe had no idea of reſignation to the divine will; ſhe had no confidence in Him who is a huſband to the widow; they therefore left her, hoping that the violence of her grief would naturally ſpend itſelf: however, Mrs. Simpkins took the two little children home with her, and kept them till their father was buried.

Though, as I ſaid before, Mr. Simpkins was far from being fond of caſting reflections upon others, he thought it his duty to ſet ſo ſtriking an example before the young people who were under his care; he therefore deſcribed to them the latter end of farmer Mills, and entreated them to accuſtom themſelves to keep the Sabbath-day holy, as it was the moſt likely mean of preſerving them from wickedneſs and vice. He told them that if they did not ſpend the greateſt part of it in religious employment it would be a day

of

of *idleneſs* inſtead of *reſt*; and idleneſs would expoſe them to the temptations of the devil. "I believe," added he, "it is a true ſaying, that the *devil never finds a man idle but he ſets him to work*;" and I believe too, that there are more *preſumptuous* ſins committed on the Sabbath-day than on any day of the year; for it is a very common thing to hear profane people glorying over religious ones, for the *ſlavery* they ſuppoſe the latter to be under, and their own *freedom from reſtraints*, which is as much as *defying* God, and ſinning *in ſpite of his commands*."

Mrs. Simpkins ſaid, that though ſhe was not in Mills's room at the laſt, ſhe ſaw enough to make her frequently ſay to herſelf, *Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my laſt end be like his!*

Old Mrs. Simpkins ſaid, that only fooliſh people mock and jeer and ſcoff at religion, for ſhe was certain that there was nothing like it to bear up the mind under misfortune; and when ſhe was trying to comfort Mrs. Mills, ſhe could not help thinking what conſolation ſhe had received from religion when ſhe loſt one of the beſt huſbands that ever was.

"Ay, miſtreſs," ſaid Richard Bruce, "religion is the beſt cordial for grief, and the beſt ſweetener of pleaſure. I will be bound to ſay, that religious people enjoy *proſperity* as much again as wicked people do."

"That is certainly the caſe, Richard," replied the farmer; "for in proſperity a righteous man rejoices in having the means of doing good to others; and he lifts up his heart with thankfulneſs to the giver of all good things; and you know the Pſalmiſt ſaid, *a pleaſant and a joyful thing it is to be thankful*. But a wicked man in proſperity, thanks only how he may indulge his vices, and runs into all kinds of riots, which muſt make him unhappy in the midſt of his ſeeming mirth. But what muſt he feel at the hour of death! He cannot look forward to a world of everlaſting happineſs; and all beyond the grave is gloom and horror."

"If people really believed in a future ſtate," ſaid

Mrs. Simpkins, "I think they never could lead such careleſs lives."

"The misfortune is, Kitty," replied the farmer, "that few like to think of a future ſtate till they are juſt entering upon it; inſtead of living in conſtant preparation for it."

"What do you think of a death-bed repentance, maſter?" ſaid Richard Bruce.

"I think," replied the farmer, "that it is very dangerous to truſt to it, Richard. No one, who lives in a courſe of ſin, can poſſibly tell what their diſpoſition will be at the laſt, if their ſenſes are continued; and their heads may be ſo bad from the firſt, that they may not be able to think; they may drop down dead ſuddenly; or may be killed by an accident."

"I have heard people plead the example of the penitent thief on the croſs, in favour of a death-bed repentance," ſaid Richard.

"This example," anſwered the farmer, "encourages ſinners to ſeek the mercy of God through Chriſt at their laſt moments, if their penitence is ſincere; but you find by the other thief who was crucified with our Lord, that, unleſs there is a diſpoſition in the mind to improve divine grace, it is offered in vain. God does not force ſinners to repent, whether they will or no; and I hope none of my houſehold will run ſuch a hazard as to drive off repentance to ſo dangerous a time, but ſerve their Maker and keep his ſabbaths before that awful hour arrives; that they may not have cauſe to lament their omiſſions, when too late, like poor Mills. Let me perſuade you, my lads," ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to the boys, "*to remember your Creator in the days of your youth*; pray for divine grace, ſtudy the holy ſcriptures, and uſe your beſt endeavours to copy the life of your bleſſed Redeemer. *Fear God and keep his commandments; for this will bring you peace at the laſt.*

The boys ſeemed properly affected with this diſcourſe; and indeed they were both much improved.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

In a ſhort time after the funeral, all Mills's effects were ſeized by the creditors, and Mrs. Mills was obliged to leave the houſe. A ſale was made to pay the debts, and the furniture fetched a good deal of money; but the live ſtock was ſo very bad, that none but Mr. Simpkins would bid for the cattle; ſo that he bought three horſes and two cows for a very ſmall ſum; the riding horſe was forfeited to the lord of the manor, on account of having occaſioned the death of a man.

When farmer Simpkins's ſervants drove off the poor ſkeletons of cows and horſes, the neighbouring farmers laughed at his purchaſe; however, when he did what his conſcience told him was right, he cared not for the ridicule of the world; for he thought the poor beaſts had ſuffered enough, and he wiſhed to give them a little good treatment.

At firſt he did not ſet the horſes to work, for he ſaid many ſabbaths were due to them, and it was ſurpriſing to ſee what difference a week or two made in them: when he got them a little in heart he ſet them to light work, and never put them in the ſame team with his ſtrong cattle; by degrees they got ſtout and able, and were as good as horſes that he muſt have given a high price for: ſo Mr. Simpkins had ample amends for his charity, beſides the pleaſure of doing good. The cows alſo improved as much, and paid him in milk, butter, and cheeſe.

Farmer Mills had a dog which he had taught to bark at Mr. Simpkins whenever he ſaw him; and indeed the latter was obliged to walk with a good oaken ſtick to prevent his biting him. In the hurry and confuſion occaſioned by Mills's accident, this dog, which was chained up in a ſtable at a diſtance from the houſe, was left two days without victuals. Mr. Simpkins, miſſing him, inquired what was become

come of his enemy; and, as ſoon as he heard that he had been forgotten, he begged to be ſupplied with ſome bones, which he carried himſelf and gave to him. The poor creature received this welcome gift with a thankful and a grateful heart; he wagged his tail, he barked, he howled with joy, and licked the feet of his benefactor, who kindly releaſed him from his confinement. It is impoſſible to expreſs the tranſport of the poor creature, who appeared as if his nature was entirely altered; and from that hour he was a good and truſty ſervant to Mr. Simpkins, and never could be driven from his houſe, but guarded it well, and was his maſter's walking companion many years, till he died of old age. The two greyhounds were purchaſed by a ſporting gentleman in the neighbourhood. What little poultry there was Mr. Simpkins purchaſed. The kittens, which Mrs. Simpkins ſaw uſed ſo cruelly, were both dead; the puppy had been given away, and the old cat was hunted to death by the boys while their maſter lay a dying.

As for the ſervants, they of courſe loſt their places; and it was ſo long before they could get others, that they ſuffered many diſtreſſes; for nobody, who loved regularity, would hire perſons who had lived in ſo diſorderly a family.

At Whitſuntide, Richard Howe obtained leave to paſs a fortnight with his friends; one week of which he ſpent very happily with Mr. Simpkins, who was heartily rejoiced to ſee him ſuch a neat creditable looking young fellow; and he told him there was no doubt he would make his way in the world. Richard told a number of ſtories about the ways of the London people, which made the boys ſtare again, and the reſt of the family lift up their hands with wonder and concern; he alſo deſcribed the fine buildings and the lamps, and all the ſights he had ſeen, which diverted them very much; ſo that when the time came for his departure, they were all very ſorry to

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loſe ſo agreeable a companion. The ſheep ſhearing happened while Richard Howe was there, on which occaſion Mr. Simpkins allowed the lads and laſſes a dance in the barn, and joined with them. When his friend was going, the farmer ſhook him heartily by the hand, and they encouraged each other to continue to lead religious ſober lives.

Mrs. Simpkins, about this time, received a letter from Mrs. Brown, informing her that ſhe was not very well, and had been adviſed to try change of air; therefore, if ſhe could accommodate her, ſhe ſhould be glad to board with her for a month or two, and would bring Rachael Smithers with her, whom her daughter, Mrs. Bennet, had given up to her on Kitty's marriage. This would have been joyful news to Mrs. Simpkins, had not the pleaſure been damped by her concern for the lady's illneſs; however, ſhe got the beſt bed well aired, and in a few days her good miſtreſs arrived. Mrs. Brown was very indifferent, and the journey had fatigued her a good deal; but by the great care and attention that was paid her, and the goodneſs of the air, her health mended every day, and ſhe was ſoon able to partake of the happineſs of this worthy family. The farmer continued his Sunday evening inſtruction, which Mrs. Brown inſiſted ſhould be given in the parlour, as uſual; and ſhe often joined her own to them. The harveſt-time came on ſoon after her arrival, when Rachael Smithers was of great uſe to Mrs. Simpkins and her mother, who began to find the work too heavy, as the ſtock of every thing increaſed, and they had currant wine to make, and other good things, which their garden enabled them to have at little expenſe. Mrs. Brown had great entertainment in walking in the fields to ſee the reapers cutting down the corn; it was likewiſe very pleaſing to obſerve the farmer encouraging them by his kindneſs to purſue their buſineſs with alacrity, building up the ſhocks, and every now and then ſtopping to view them,

them, with a countenance that expreſſed the gratitude of his heart for the plentiful increaſe which God had graciouſly granted him. When they began carrying in the harveſt, the gleaners were permitted to come into the field, and found a treaſure there; for the good farmer had literally obeyed the divine precepts concerning them, which he had written down in his pocket-book. An incident happened reſpecting one of theſe, which I cannot help relating, as it will afford a leſſon which may be uſeful to many.

Among the gleaners was a lad whom Mr. Simpkins obſerved to throw down a bee, after having ſucked its bag of honey: as the poor inſect was dead, Mr. Simpkins ſaid nothing to the boy at the time, but let him purſue his work till he had gathered as much corn as he could well carry: another gleaner aſſiſted him to lift it on his head; and he ſet off with his load, pleaſing himſelf with the thoughts of the pleaſure he ſhould have in contributing towards the ſupply of the family, who were at that time in great diſtreſs. What then muſt be his ſurpriſe and diſappointment in finding his ſtore ſeized by farmer Simpkins, while the reſt of the gleaners were ſuffered to proceed? Every one wondered at this action in ſo kind a neighbour, and ſtopped to hear it explained. On this, the farmer ſaid to the boy—"Do you remember what you did to the poor bee this morning? He was like you, carrying home his gleanings, when, with great barbarity, you caught him, robbed, and murdered him. For this cruelty I mean to puniſh you; for I will never ſee any innocent creature ill uſed on my grounds without taking its part." The boy begged and entreated that he might have the corn, as his mother, who was a widow, had not any money to buy bread; and promiſed, that he would never more kill a bee. On this, the good farmer reſtored his gleanings; but deſired him and every one preſent, to remember that bees worked as hard, and were as capable of feeling, as themſelves; which,

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he said, he would convince them of, if they would come, the first leisure day, to see his wife's bees, which were then at work in some glass hives that Mrs. Brown had made her a present of.

Mrs. Brown, who was by, was extremely delighted at the farmer's method of bringing this matter home to the boy's own feeling, and told the gleaners, that it was a pity to destroy such industrious creatures as bees, merely for the sake of sucking their bags of honey, which had cost them so much pains to collect from flower to flower. "If this boy had even robbed the bee without killing him," continued the lady, "the poor creature would have been ruined; for the queen of the hive suffers none of her subjects to return without honey: she allows no idleness in her dominions. I am sure, Mr. Simpkins," added Mrs. Brown, "that none of these good people, who know what labour is, and who have felt the comforts of enjoying the fruits of their industry, will ever destroy bees, when they are shewn how ingenious and labourious they are."

The harvest being now completed, the last load was carried home in great triumph, and an excellent supper, consisting of cold buttock of beef, a leg of mutton and other good things, was provided: to which was added plenty of nut-brown ale, which went cheerfully round, accompanied with many a song. The farmer himself sung *Harvest-home*. When he had finished, Roger Hicks said there was something in that song which he could never understand; *Serious* bids *play*: he could not think what *seriousness* had to do with a harvest feast!

Mrs. Brown, who went into the kitchen to view the merry party, was greatly diverted at Roger's innocent mistake; and the farmer told him that he had asked a learned gentleman the meaning of the word, who told him that *Ceres* was the name of a heathen goddess, who they fancied took care of corn fields. "Let us have nothing heathenish here,"

cries

cries Roger: "Well then," said the farmer, "for the future I will sing—*For now we may play, and keep holiday. &c.*" All the company allowed it to be a good alteration; and Roger was called upon to sing *Sir John Barleycorn*, which he did with a great deal of humour. When he had finished it, "Now," said the farmer, "I shall be even with you, Roger; for what have *solemn vows* to do in a *jesting* song?" This set all the company to thinking how it could be altered; and Richard Bruce said, "If I was a printer, I would print the third line of the first verse thus; *And they all agreed, but not in wrath.*"—"This will do excellently well," said the farmer: but how would you alter the second verse, Richard?" This puzzled them for some time; and at last Tom Lang said that he thought it might be "*And then declared ev'ry one:*" which alteration was also approved; and Roger was desired to sing it again, with these amendments. "Very well, Roger," said the farmer; "and now, that you have made a nobleman of Sir John, let me advise you to take care that he does not knock you down." Roger replied, that he knew his tricks too well to let him do that. After which a variety of other songs were sung; to most of which objections were made: on this Richard Bruce said that he thought it was a great pity some good person would not look over ballads, for there were a great many that wanted but little alterations to make them very pretty: but now-a-days a man was afraid to lay out a halfpenny in songs, lest half of his bargain should be wickedness or truth."

Among the labourers was a man named William Smith, who esteemed himself a great scholar, and politician. On the company joining in chorus with Mr. Simpkins in *God save the king*, William Smith observed, that, as for the king, he had nothing to say against him, but he believed his ministers were no better than they should be; for he had read a great deal about them in the newspapers, which he took in every week.

Mr.

Mr. Simpkins replied, that for his part he did not pretend to know much about the king's miniſters; nor, indeed, did he think any man could who lived at ſuch a diſtance from them; and he made it a rule *not to talk evil of the rulers of the land*, but ſhould pay the taxes with cheerfulneſs, while he could enjoy the fruits of his own induſtry, and *ſit in peace under his own vine and his own fig-tree:* and he deſired no politics might be talked at his table."

Richard Bruce ſaid, "that he thought newſpapers were ſtupid things; he ſaw nothing diverting in them, except about men who rode upon four horſes at once, flying about in air balloons, and ſuch kind of things; and he had ſome thoughts they were put in to make countrymen ſtare. But come," ſaid he, "'tis my turn to ſing now." On this he immediately ſtruck up *The ploughman's delight*; which reſtored the cheerfulneſs that politics had nearly put an end to.

In this manner the evening paſſed away till the clock ſtruck eleven, the hour fixed upon for their departure; when every one of the men returned home quite ſober, though cheerful. When they were gone, Mr. Simpkins obſerved to Richard Bruce, that good ale was certainly to be reckoned among **the** bleſſings of life, provided it was taken in moderation, and that it was very proper for working people; but as for drams, a man might as well pour melted lead down his throat, for they would as ſurely deſtroy him, though not ſo quickly: he therefore begged his ſervants never would be tempted to drink them. He then deſired them to collect their thoughts and join with him in a ſhort prayer, in which he returned thanks to God for the bleſſings he had ſhowered down on the land, and for the ſhare of them which was allotted to himſelf. Mrs. Brown declared herſelf extremely delighted with the ſcene of ruſtic feſtivity, from which all boiſterous noiſy mirth, and intemperate exceſs, were baniſhed; and each party retired to bed with contented and cheerful hearts.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

THE orchard was as fruitful as the fields had been, ſo that, after ſelling a good deal of fruit at market, Mrs. Simpkins was enabled to lay by apples enough for her uſe in the winter, and to make a ſmall caſk of cyder. She had alſo made a little grape wine; but the latter was intended only to treat friends with.

When Michaelmas came, the farmer found that he had not only more than double the ſtock he begun with, but had money ſufficient to pay his year's rent, and the intereſt of the ſum he borrowed of 'ſquire Harvey. This, on the quarter-day, he carried to his landlord, who was ſo pleaſed with his punctuality, that he told him, nothing ſhould be wanting on his part to make him happy.

Mrs. Brown ſtaid till the weather began to be cold, when ſhe returned in good health to her daughter; and Rachael Smithers went with her. At her departure, Mrs. Brown made Mrs. Simpkins a preſent for her board, with many acknowledgments for the pleaſure ſhe had received in her family.

As ſoon as Rachael Smithers was gone, Mrs. Simpkins found it neceſſary to hire a maid; for having eight cows, and a great deal of dairy work, ſhe could not manage it without more aſſiſtance than her mother-in-law was able to give: ſhe therefore looked out among the poor neighbours for a ſtrong plain dreſſing girl; but there was not one to her mind old enough, ſo ſhe hired Lydia Tompkins, who ſeemed to be an induſtrious modeſt young woman, but inclined to a fault, which has of late years crept in among the laborious poor, even in villages far diſtant from London, of affecting to follow the faſhions of people in higher ranks in life. Mrs. Simpkins made it a condition of her hiring Lydia, that ſhe ſhould wear ſuch caps, and other clothes, as ſhe herſelf approved, to which the girl's mother conſented, rather

rather than lose a good place for her child. Mrs. Tomkins was a well meaning woman, and had complied with her daughter's desire of wearing gauze caps and handkerchiefs, from an idea that they were cheaper than cloth ones; not considering that they would scarcely bear washing; and when dirty, had a much more mean and untidy appearance than linen. She had also bought some left-off things, which she thought *bargains*, of a lady's maid. All these gewgaws Mrs. Simpkins required to be laid aside: in the room of which she bought Lydia (by the bounty of Mrs. Harvey and Mrs. Williams) a camlet gown, and other things of a piece with it: and when the girl came to her place, Mrs. Simpkins encouraged her by telling her that she had been a poor girl herself, and had always been praised by her betters for dressing in that plain way: and old Mrs. Simpkins said, that, for her part, she thought a fine cap made a patched gown look still meaner. That it did not signify having one piece of finery, if a woman could not be fine from head to foot: that poor folks' money was hardly earned, and should not be lightly spent. She also advised Lydia to go every day with her hair, not only combed clean, but put up smoothly, her handkerchief pinned even, and her shoes up at the heels. "Modesty requires that you should dress in this manner, Lydia," said Mrs. Simpkins; "for it will be a likely mean to keep you from romping and hoydening. We may see the bad effects of loose attire in many young women, who grow quite bold by it. If you want to imitate your betters, child," added she, "copy them in *goodness*. No dress will make *ladies* of *poor folks*, but the very meanest may become a *Christian*, which is a much higher character; and one way of pleasing God, is to shew, by wearing suitable apparel, that we are contented with the state of life he has thought fit to place us in."

As Mrs. Simpkins was a very kind mistress, and dressed plain herself, Lydia readily followed her advice,

vice, became a very good ſervant, and lived with Mrs. Simpkins ſix years: and at laſt married to an honeſt induſtrious man.

Richard Bruce and Roger Hicks continued ſo firmly attached to their maſter, that no advance of wages will tempt them to leave his ſervice. Tom Lang looks up to him as a parent; and Joe Martin is grown very good tempered.

Mr. Simpkins's cattle become old in his ſervice; and, by having proper reſt and kind treatment, are fit for work longer than they would otherwiſe be: when they can do no more, he keeps them without work, till age and infirmities render their lives uncomfortable; in which caſe he puts them to as quick and eaſy a death as poſſible; and never ſells them in their old age, leſt other maſters ſhould abuſe or ill-treat them, well knowing that, if they are not fit for *his* work, they are not fit for *any* work.

Mr. Williams teſtifies great regard for the worthy farmer, who has in his turn gone through all the pariſh offices with great humanity and integrity; the poor never mention him, his wife, or mother, without bleſſings; their ſuperiors reſpect them; their equals love them.

Old Mrs. Simpkins enjoys good health though advanced in age, and has lived to ſee ſix grandchildren, namely, four ſons and two daughters, who are educated by their pious parents to the imitation of thoſe virtues which have rendered themſelves ſo valuable to the world: and as theſe amiable children grow up, they aſſiſt their father and mother in their reſpective employments, ſo as to eaſe their labours and lighten their cares: and, in love to each other, they are patterns to all brothers and ſiſters.

In the courſe of years, Mr. and Mrs. Simpkins have ſhared with their neighbours the uſual diſappointments by inclement ſeaſons: but while others, according to the cuſtom with ſome farmers, murmur and repine, they are always contented and reſigned,

ſigned; obſerving, that weather which is bad for one thing is good for another; and, through the bleſſing of Providence, their loſſes have either been leſs than could have been expected, or made up to them ſome other way: ſo that every year proſperity has increaſed their ſtore, and enabled them to be more liberal to their indigent fellow-creatures; and Mr. Simpkins is become an opulent farmer, and rents a conſiderable part of Mr. Harvey's eſtate: but neither he nor his wife ever forgot from whom their riches flow, or in what manner Chriſtians ſhould enjoy them. Sickneſs and ſorrow ſometimes fall to their lot; but every affliction is borne with patient ſubmiſſion to the Divine will, and every deliverance acknowledged with grateful thankſgivings.

May the examples and inſtructions contained in this hiſtory have due influence on thoſe for whoſe uſe they are deſigned, and excite them to the practice of *univerſal benevolence!* And may every reader, like farmer Simpkins and his wife, *have the conſtant teſtimony of a good conſcience*, and *a well-grounded hope of everlaſting happineſs through the merits of our* DIVINE REDEEMER.

THE END.

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